

Quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,

Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem . 1 Motte soup



Quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,

Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem . 1 Motte soup

The Third and Last VOLUME OF THE

WORKS

Mr. Abraham Cowley?

BEING

The Second and Third PARTs thereof.

PART II.

What was Written and Publish'd by Himfelf; now Reprinted together.

The Tenth Edition.

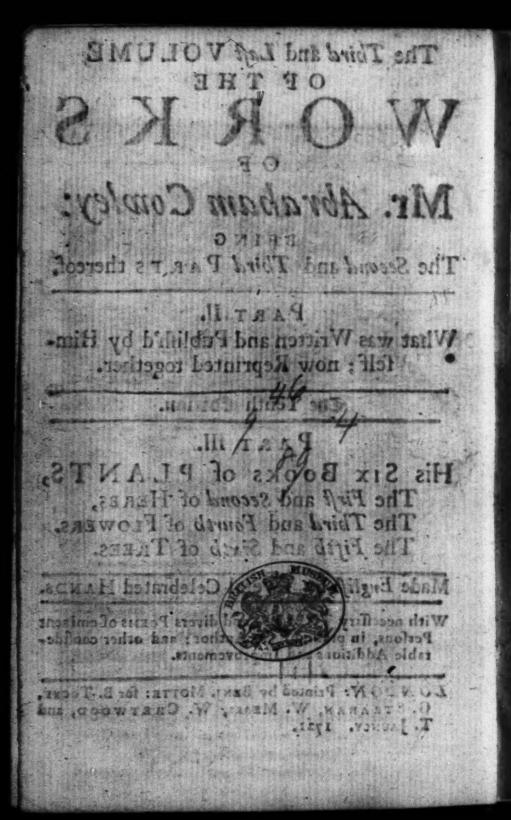
PART III.

His Six Books of PLANTS,
The First and Second of Herbs,
The Third and Fourth of Flowers.
The Fifth and Sixth of Trees.

Made English by Several Celebrated HANDS.

With necessary TABLES, and divers Pozms of eminent Persons, in praise of the Author; and other considerable Additions and Improvements.

LONDON: Printed by BENJ. MOTTE: for B. TOOKE, G. STRARAN, W. MEARS, W. CHETWOOD, and T. Jauncy. 1721.



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Book sellers to the Reader.

THE following Poems of Mr. Conley being much enquired after, and very scarce, (the Town haddly affording one Book, though it hath been Nine times printed) we thought this Tenth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We prefume one Reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was, because the Propriety of this Copy belong d not to the same Person that publish d those; but the Reception they have found appears by the several Impressions through which they have pass d. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his Riper Tears, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in Obscurity. We presume the Author's Judgment of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing Grains of Modesty) give them no small Character. His Words are in his Preface before his former publish'd Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th Discourse treating of himself. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenious Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Coulty will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his Mind; so that by this Supplement to his other Volume, you have the Picture of that so defervedly eminent Man from almost his Childhood to his

Abraham Coulie

Latest Tears; the Bud and Bloom of his Spring, the Warmth of his Summer, the Richness and Perfection of his Autumn. But for the Reader's farther Curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Presace to them, publish'd by himself. And to contribute all we can to our Reader's Satisfaction, we have endeavour'd to make these Poems something more acceptable, by several new Additions, particularly many Useful Explanatory Notes to the Third Part, not in former Editions.

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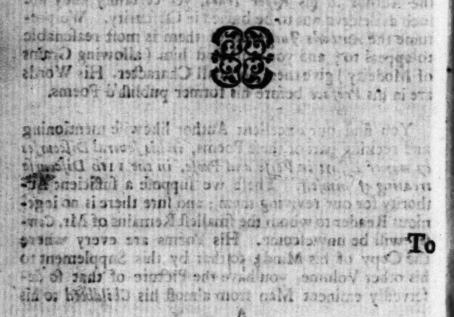
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To the READER.

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EADER (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know, have been angry (I dare not afume the Honour of their Envy) at my Poetical Boldels, and blam d in mine, what commends other Fruits, . Farliness. Others, who are either of a weak Faith, or frong Malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which ne ver founds but when 'tis blown in, and read me nor as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem anonymum. To the first I answer, That 'tis an envious Frost that nips the Blotfoms, because they appear quickly: To the Latter, That he is the worst Homicide who strives to murther another's Fame: To both, That it is a ridiculous Folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon or Sun hine brighter. The small Fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this Wind. For the Iteh of Poche by being angred increases; by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventur don this English Edition. What the it be neglected? It is not, I am fure the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been employ'd by Cooks and Grocers, If in all Mens Judgments it fuffer Shipwrack, it shalf something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one Argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute Unbelievers; which is, That as mine Age, and confequently Experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesse slagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my Piramus and Thisbe; nay, I would do it my felt, but that I hope a Pardon may cally be gotten for the Errors of Ten Years of Age. My Confiamin and Philetus confesses me two Years older when I wrote it. The rest were made since upon several Occasions, and perhaps do not bely the Time of their Birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their Fate lies in your Hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my Labour in composing them. Farewel.

Abraham Cowley.

To the Memory of the Incomparable

a alalala Irlainia interiorial a la lalalala (alalalala)

Mr. COW LEY.

ITH artless Hand, and much disorder'd Mind (Parden illustrious Man) I come, To try, if worthy Thee I ought can find That groveling I might offer at thy Tomb; For yet, nor yet thou never hadft thy Due, Tho courted by the understanding Few, And they fometimes officious too: Much more is owing to thy mighty Name, Than was perform'd by noble Buckingbam; He chose a Place thy facred Bones to keep Near that where Poets, and where Monarchs fleep. Well did thy kind Meconas mean To thee, and to himself; and may that Tomb Convey your mutual Praise to Ages yet to come: But Monuments may betray their Truft, And like their Founders crumble into Duft. Were I t' advise Posterity, That should at all times acceptable be,

And like their Founders crumble into Duft.

Were I t'advise Posterity,

That should at all times acceptable be,

Quickly to comprehend their great Concern,

Cowley should be the first Word all their Sons should

[learn.

That charming Name would every Grace inspire,
Enslame their Souls with supernatural Fire,
And make them nothing, but what's truly Good, admire;
Early their tender Minds would be possess'd
With glorious Images, and every Breast
Imbibe an Happiness not to be express'd:
Of these (blest Shade) when thou wert here
An intregarded Sojourner,
Thou hadst so large a Part,

Andrew Carrier

To the Memory of Mr. COWLEY.

That thou doft hardly more appear Accomplished where thou art; But that thy radiant Brow, Encircled with an everlatting Wreath, Shews thee triumphant now O'er Disappointments and o'er Death. When with Aftonishment we cast an Eye ed of smill A On thine amazing Infancy, and of mostly with a A

We envy Nature's Prodigality the part its now should be To Thee, and only Thee,

In whom (as in old Eden) fill were feen Allew tolod? All things florid, fresh, and green,

Bloffoms and Fruit at once on one immortal Tree. Law of really alleged and was

Herculean Vigour hadft thou when but young, and and In riper Years more than Alcides firong.

Then who shall fing thy wondrous Song For he that worthily would mention Thee in the Should be diverted of Mortality, drong stobie val

No meaner Offerings should he bring a continued Than what a Saint might pen, an Angel fing

Such as with Chearfulness thy felf hadft done, and and If in thy Life-time thou hadft known

So bright a Theme to write upon silerit and the Tho' thou haft fung of Heroes, and of Kings and mill In mighty Numbers mighty Things.

Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)

Of all thy pleasant Toil the sweet Reward, The Ankels Hope have And ever venerable be.

Till the unthinking World shall once more lie Immerst in her first Chaos of Barbarity. 201 bas sands

A Curle now to be dreaded, for with Thee Dy'd all the levely Decences of Poetry. Misupato 2 of 1

Tho. Flatman.

Till con diviner Cander out of the

To the Memory of the AUTHOR.

O fertile Wits and Plants of fruitful Kind Impartial Nature the same Laws assign'd; Both have their Spring before they reach their Prime, A Time to bloffom, and a bearing Time: An early Bloom to both has fatal been, Those soonest fade, whose Verdure first was seen. Alone exempted from the common Fate, The forward Cowley held a lafting Date : For Envy's Blaft and pow'rful Time too ftrong, He bloffom'd early, and he flourish'd long. In whom the double Miracle was feen: Ripe in his Spring, and in his Autumn green: With us he left his gen'rous Fruit behind, The Feast of Wit and Banquet of the Mind; While the fair Tree transplanted to the Skies, In Verdure with th' Elyfian Garden vies ; The Pride of Earth before, and now of Paradife. Thus faint our strongest Metaphors must be, Thus unproportion'd to thy Muse and Thee. Those Flow'rs, that did in thy rich Garden smile, Wither, transplanted to another Soil. Thus Orpheus Harp that did wild Beafts command Had loft its Force in any other Hand. Saul's frantick Rage harmonious Sounds obey'd, His Rage was charm'd, but 'twas when David play'd, The Artless fince have touch'd thy facred Lyre, We have thy Numbers, but we want thy Fire. Horace and Virgil where they brightest shin'd, Prov'd but thy Oar, and were by thee refin'd : The Conqueror that, from the general Flame, Sav'd Pindar's Roof, deferv'd a lafting Name, A greater Thou that didft preserve his Fame, A dark and huddled Chaos long he lay, Till thy diviner Genius powerful Ray Dispers'd the Mists of Night, and gave him Day.

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, &c.

No Mists of Time can make thy Verse less bright, Thou shin'st like Phabus with unborrow'd Light. Henceforth no Phabus we'll invoke but thee, Auspicious to thy poor Survivers be! Who unrewarded plow the Muses soil, Our Labour all the Harvest of our Toil; And in Excuse of Fancies slag'd and tir'd, Can only say, (a) Augustus is expir'd.

(a) Written just when King Charles was dead,

CONCRETE DE CONCRETE DE CONTROPO CON CONTROPO CON CONTROPO CONTROP

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile POEMS, and the Translation of his Plantarum.

A PINDARIQUE.

Hen young Alcides in his Cradle lay, And grafp'd in both his Infant Hands Broke from the Nurse's feeble Bands, The bloody gasping Prey: Aloft he those first Trophies bore, And squeezes out their pois nous Gore : The Women shreek'd with wild Amaze, The Men as much affrighted gaze, But had the wife Tireflas come Into the crowded Room, With deep prophetick Joy; H' had heard the Conquest of the God-like Boy, And fung in facred Rage What ravenous Men and Beafts engage: Hence he'd propitious Omens take, And from the Triumphs of his Infancy

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, &c.

Portend his future Victory
O'er the foul Serpent weltring wide in Lerna's dreadful
[Lake.

Alcides Pindar, Pindar Cowley fings, And while they firike the vocal Strings, To either both new Honours brings. But who shall now the mighty Task sustain? And now our Hercules is there. What Atlas can Olympus bear? What Mortal undergo th' unequal Pain? But 'tis a glorious Fate To fall with fuch a Weight: Tho' with unhallow'd Fingers, I Will touch the Ark, although I die. Forgive me, O thou fhining Shade, Forgive a Fault which Love has made. Thus I my faucy Kindness mourn. Which yet I can't repent, Before thy facred Monument And moisten with my Tears thy wondrous Urn.

Begin, begin, my Muse, thy noble Choir,
And aim at something worthy Pindar's Lyre,
Within thy Breast excite the kindling Fire,
And san it with thy Voice!
Cowley does to Jove belong,
Jove and Cowley claim my Song.
These fair First-Fruits of Wit young Cowley bore,
Which promis'd if the happy Tree
Should ever reach Maturity,
To bless the World with better, and with more.
Thus in the Kernel of the largest Fruit,
Is all the Tree in little drawn,
The Trunk, the Branches, and the Root;
Thus a fair Day is pictur'd in a lovely Dawn.

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, &c. Taffo, a Poet in his Infancy, and the same of the Did hardly earlier rife than thee Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright, Or in his dawning Beams or Noon-day Light. The Mules did young Cowney raile, They stole thee from thy Nurse's Arms, Fed thee with facred Love of Praise, And taught thee all their Charms. As if Apollo's felf had been thy Sire, They daily rock'd thee on his Lyre. Hence Seeds of Numbers in thy Soul were fixt, Deep as the very Reason there, the state a moderally No Force from thence could Numbers tear, Even with thy Being mixt. show of lot a fley of And there they lurk'd, till Spencer's facred Flame Leapt up and kindled thine, Thy Thoughts as regular and fine, Thy Soul the same, Later and entract Like his, to Honour, and to Love inclin'd, was to D As foft thy Soul, as great thy Mind. Bur desir da while to reach the ministile Whatever Cowley writes must please, ab'aisis all Sure, like the Gods, he speaks all Languages. Whatever Theme by Cowley's Muse is dreft, Whatever he'll effay; Or in the fofter, or the nobler way, He still writes best. If he ever firetch his Strings To mighty Numbers, mighty Things, So did Virgil's Heroes fight, Such Glories wore, tho' not fo bright. If he'll paint his nobler Fire, Ah, what Thoughts his Songs inspire, Vigorous Love and gay Defire. Who would not, Cowley! rain'd be? Who would not love, that reads, that thinks of thee? Whether thou in th' old Roman dost delight, Or English, full as strong, to write.

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, &c.

Thy Master-Strokes in both are shown, Cowley in both excels alone, . Pirgil of theirs, and Waller of our own. editor Virgo transit year

But why should the foft Sex be robb'd of thee? Why should not England know, How much the does to Cowley owe?

How much fair Boscobel's for ever facred Tree ? The Hills, the Groves, the Plains, the Woods. The Fields, the Meadows, and the Floods, The Flowry World, where Gods and Poets ufe; To court a Mortal or a Muse?

It shall be done. But who? ah, who shall dare, So vast a Toil to undergo,

And all the World's just Censure bear,

Thy Strength, and their own Weakness show? Soft (b) Afra, who had led our Shepherds long, Who long the Nymphs and Swains did guide, Our Envy, her own Sex's Pride,

When all her Force on this great Theme ih' had try'd. She firain'd a while to reach th' inimitable Song,

She strain'd a while, and wifely dy'd. Those who survive unhappier be. Yet thus, great God of Poche, With Joy they facrifice their Fame to thee.

(b) Mrs. A. Belm.

S. WESLET.

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erctary of Penta.



II. Lout a pleasant Loverty is to be preferr'd before diff. contented Richet. III. To bis Mifrel.

On the Uncertainty of Fortune, A Translation. All Dermondation of the Times the lies is under the Reisn of our Greenal's King Charles L. VI. On the Shortness of him's Life.



CONSTANTIA

PHILETUS

To the READER.

I Call'd the Buskin'd Muse, MELPOMENE,
And told her what sad Story I would write a
She wept at hearing such a Tragedy.
Tho' wont in mournful Ditties to delight.
If thou distike these sorrowful Lines: then know My Muse with Tears, not with Conceits, did stown

And as she my unabler Quill did guide,
sher bring Tears did on the Paper sall,
If then unequal Numbers he espy'd,
Ob Reader! do not that my Error call,
But think her Tears desac'd it, and blame then
My Muse's Grief, and not my missing Ren.



Sing two confiant Lovers various Fate,
The Hopes and Fears that equally attend
Their Loves; their Rivals Envy, Pa-

I fing their woful Life, and tragic End.
Aid me, ye Gods, this Story to rehearfe.
This mournful Tale, and favour every

In Florence, for her stately Buildings sam'd,
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Sky,
There dwelt a lovely Maid, Constantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the Beauty of all Italy.
Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn.

Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn, With Pallas Soul in Cytherea's Form.

And framing her attractive Eyes fo bright,
Spent all her Wit in Study, that they might
Keep Earth from Chaos and eternal Night;
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious Light.
Expect not Beauty then, since she did part,
For, in Her, Nature wasted all her Art.

Her Hair was brighter than the Beams which are
A Crown to Phabus, and her Breath fo fweet,
It did transcend Arabian Odours far,
Or smelling Flow'rs wherewith the Spring does greet
Approaching Summer; Teeth like falling Snow
For white were placed in a double Row.

Her Wit excelling Praise, ev'n all admire,
Her Speech was so attractive, it might be
A Cause to raise the mighty Pallas Ire,
And stir up Envy from that Deity.
The Maiden-Lilies at her Sight
Wax'd pale with Envy, and from thence grew white.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high,
As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,
And to her virtuous Mind's Nobility
The Gifts of Pate and Nature doubled were;
That in her spotless Soul and lovely Face,
You might have seen each Deity and Grace.

A Scornful Boy Adonis viewing her
Would Venus still despise, yet her desire,
Each who but saw, was a Competitor
And Rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's Fire.
The glorious Beams of her fair Eyes did move
And light Beholders on their way to Love.

Among her many Suitors, a young Knight, Bove others wounded with the Majesty
Of her fair Presence, presseth most in sight;
Yet seldom his Desire can satisfie
With that blest Object, or her Rareness see;
For Beauty's Guard is watchful fealousse.

Oft-times, that he might see his Dearest Fair, and Upon his stately Jennet, he in th' way, Rides by her House, who neighs, as if he were Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia.

But his poor Master, tho' he see her move, His Joy dares shew no Look betraying Love.

Soon as the Morning left her rolle Bed,
And all Heaven's smaller Lights were driven away:
She, by her Friends and her Acquaintance led,
Like other Maids, would walk at Break of Day.

Aurora blush'd to see a Sight unknown,
To behold Cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Th' obsequious Lover follows still her Train,
And where they go; that way his Journey seigns.
Should they turn back, he would turn back again,
For with his Love his Business still remains.
Nor is it strange he should be loth to part
From her, whose Eyes had stole away his Heart.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a Race
Of Noble Ancestors; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The Glory which in his great Stock did shine:
Small his Estate, unfitting her Degree,
But blinded Love could no such Difference scee

Yet he by Chance had hit this Heart aright,
And dipt his Arrow in Conftantia's Eyes,
Blowing a Fire that would destroy him quite,
Unless such Flames within her Heart should rife,
But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
The he have shot him right, her Heart he'll miss.

Unto Love's Altar therefore he repairs, And offers up a pleafing Sacrifice; Intreating Cupid with inducing Prayers, To look upon and ease his Miseries.

Where having pray'd, recovering Breath again, Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

Whom all Celeftial Deities obey, Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear; Oh! force Confiantia's Heart to yield to Love, Of all thy Works the Master-piece 'twill prove.

And let me not Affection vainly fpend, to die and But kindle Flames in her like those in me in the bork Yet if that Gift my Fortune doth transcend, Grant that her charming Beauty I may fee; For ever view those Lyes whose charming Light, More than the World befides, does please my Sight.

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Those who contemn thy facred Deity, Laugh at thy Power, make them thine Anger know: I faultless am, what Honour can it be, Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe. Here Tears and Sighs speak his imperfect Moan, In Language far more moving than his own.

Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home Just like a Ship while every mounting Wave adding Tols'd by enraged Boreas up and down.

Threatens the Mariner with a gaping Grave; Such did his Cafe, such did his State appear, Alike diffracted between Hope and Fear.

Thinking her Love he never shall obtain, One Morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain, orig a galwold And thus fond Ecobe answers him again. It should should It mov'd Aurora, and the wept to heat, all joy mil

Dewing the verdant Grafe with many a Teat.

and PHILETUS.

ECCHO.

H! What has caus'd my killing Miseries?

EYES, Eccho said. What has detain'd my Ease?

EASE, strait the reasonable Nymph replies;

That nothing can my troubled Mind appeale;

PEACE, Eccho answers. What, is any nigh?

Philetus said: She quickly atters, I.

Is't Eccho answers? Tell me then thy Will:

I WILL, she said. What shall I get (says he)

By loving still? to which she answers, ILL,

Ill: shall I void of wish'd for Pleasure die?

I. Shall not I who toil in ceafelefs Pain, and deliver Some Pleasure know? NO, the returns again.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou ly'st (faid he)
THOU LY'ST, she said. And I deserved her Hate,
If I should thee believe. BÉLIEVE, said she.
For why? thy Words are of no Weight.

WEIGHT, the answers. Therefore I'll depart. To which, resounding Ecche answers, PART.

Then from the Woods with wounded Heart he goes, Filling with Legions of fresh Thoughts his Mind: He quarrels with himself, because his Woes Spring from himself, yet can no Med cine find.

He weeps to quench those Fires that burn in him, But Tears do fall to th' Earth, Flames are within.

No Morning banish'd Darkness, nor black Night
By her alternate Course expell'd the Day,
In which Philetus by a constant Rite
At Cupid's Altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his Pain,
But Care and Sorrow was his only Gain.

But now, at last, the pitying God, o'ercome By constant Votes and Tears, six'd in her Heart A golden Shaft, and she is now become A Suppliant to Love, that with like Dart He'd wound Philetus, does with Tears implore Aid from that Power the fo much feorn'd before.

Little she thinks, she kept Philetus's Heart
In her scorch'd Breast, because, her own she gave
To him. Since either suffers equal Smart,
And a like Measure in their Torments have:
His Soul, his Griefs, his Fires, now hers are grown;
Her Heart, her Mind, her Love is his alone.

Whilst Thoughts 'gainst Thoughts rise up in Mutiny,
She took a Lute (being far from any Ears)
And tun'd his Song, posing that Harmony
Which Poets attribute to Heavenly Spheres.
Thus had she sung when her dear Love was slain,
Sh' had surely call'd him back from Styr again.

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Not to Love, for he is blind;
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward Torment of my Mind.
And all the fenfless Walls which are
Now round about me, cannot hear.

For if they could, they fure would weep,
And with my Griefs relent:
Unlefs their willing Tears they keep,
Till I from Earth am fent.
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My Fate, fince I taught them before.

I willingly would keep my Store,
If the Flood would land thy Love,'
My dear Philetus, on the Shore
Of my Heart; but should'st thou prove.
Afraid of Flames, know the Fires are
But Bonsires for thy coming there.

Then Tears in Envy of her Speech did flow From her fair Eyes, as if it seem'd that there Her burning Flame had melted Hills of Snow, And so dissolv'd them into many a Tear; Which, Nilus like, did quickly overflow, And quickly caus'd new Serpent Griefs to grow.

Here stay, my Muse, for if I should recite
Her mournful Language, I should make you weep
Like her, a Flood, and so not see to write
Such Lines as I, and th' Age requires, to keep
Me from stern Death, and with victorious R hime,
Revenge their Master's Death, and conquer Time.

By this time, Chance and his own Industry
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her Brother, so that he
Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view.
And, as Time serv'd, shew'd her his Misery:
This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering State,
He said; How shall I thank thee for this Gain,
O Cupid, or reward my helping Fate,
Which sweetens all my Sorrow, all my Pain?
What Husbandman would any Pain refuse,
To reap at last such Fruit, his Labours Use?

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful State,
Seeing his Griefs link'd, like an endless Chain,
To following Woes, he would, when twas too late,
Quench his hot Flames, and idle Love distains
But Capid, when his Heart was set on Fire,
Had burnt his Wings, who could not then retire.

The wounded Youth, and kind Philocrates
(So was her Brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
So true and constant in their Amities,
And in that League, so strictly joined were;
That Death it self could not their Friendship sever,
But as they liv'd in Love, they dy'd together.

If one be melancholy, th' other's fad;
If one be fick, the other's furely ill,
And if Philerus any Sorrow had,
Philocrates was Partner in it still;
Pylades Soul and mad Orefies was
In these, if we believe Pythagorus.

Oft in the Woods Philetus walks, and there will be exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind:

With speaking Tears his Griefs he doth declare, and with sad Sighs instructs the angry Wind

To sigh, and did even upon that prevail,

It groan'd to hear Philetus mournful Tale.

The Crystal Brooks, which gently ran between
The shadowing Trees, and, as they through them pals,
Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
Giving a Colour to the verdant Grass.
Hearing Philetus tell his woful State,

In shew of Grief ran murm'ring at his Fate.

I b lowel answers him again, and shews,
In her best Language and sad History,
And in a mournful Sweetness tells her Woes,
Denying to be pos'd in Misery:
Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus cries,
With him both Gries, and Gries's Expression vies.

Willing in Ills, as well as Joys to share,

Nor will on them the Name of Friends bestow,

Who in light Sport, not Sorrow Partners are.

Who leaves to guide the Ship when Storms arise.

Is guilty both of Sin and Cowardise.

Put when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he Yielded to Tyrant Passion more and more,
Desirous to partake his Malady,
He watches him in hopes to cure his Sore,
By Counsel, and recal his pois nous Dart,
When it, alas, was fixed in his Heart.

When in the Woods, Places best fit for Care,
He to himself did his past Griess recite,
Th' obsequious Friend strait follows him, and there
Doth hide himself from sad Phileens sight.
Who thus exclaims; for a swoln Heart would break,
If it for vent of Sorrow might not speak.

Oh! I am loft, not in this Defart Wood,
But in Love's pathlels Labyrinth, there I
My Health, each Joy and Pleasure counted Good
Have loft, and which is more, my Liberty;
And now am forc'd to let him facrifice
My Heart, for rash believing of my Eyes.

Long have I staid, but yet have no Relief,
Long have I lov'd, yet have no Favour shown,
Because she knows not of my killing Grief,
And I have fear'd to make my Sorrows known.

For why, alas, if the should once but dare
Disdainful Looks, 'twould break my captiv'd Heart,

But how should she, e're I impart my Love,
Reward my ardent Flame with like Desire;
But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
Laugh at my flowing Tears, or scorn my Fire;
Why, he who hath all Sorrows born before,
Needeth not fear to be oppress with more.

Philocrates no longer can forbeat,
Runs to his Friend, and fighing, Oh! (faid he).
My dear Philetus be thy felf, and swear
To rule that Passion which now masters theo,
And all thy Reason; but if it can't be,
Give to thy Love but Eyes, that it may see.

Amazement strikes him dumb, what shall he do?
Should he reveal his Love, he sears twould prove
A Hindrance; and should he deny to shew,
It might perhaps his dear Friends Anger move:
These Doubts like Scylla and Charybdis stand,
While Cupid, a blind Pilot, doth command.

At last resolved; How Stall I speak, said he T'excuse my felf, dearest Philocrates: That I from thee have hid this Secrefie? Yet cenfare not, give me first Leave to ease [known My Cafe with Words, my Grief you should have E're this, if that my Heart had been my own,

I am all Love, my Heart was burnt with Fire From two bright Suns, which do all Light disclose; First kindling in my Breaft the Flame, Delise; 11 11 But like the rare Arabian Bird, there role, and the aver From my Heart's Ashes never-quenched Love

Which now this Torment in my Soul doth move.

Oh! let not then my Pession cause your Hate, and che !! Nor let my Choice offend you, or detain vo I swid and Your ancient Priendship, 'tis, alas, too lates and Ancast. To call my firm Affection buck again of bared averd I Bare No Physick can secure my weaken'd State, who and The Wound is grown too great, too desperate, all !!

But Counsel, faid his Friend, a Remedy, Sino il word will Which never fails the Patient, may at least you bear a If not quite heat your Mind's Infirmity, and I not would Asswage your Torment, and procure some Reft, to a grad But there is no Physician can apply that only set you W. A Med cine e've be know the Mulady. and you dished!

Then hear me, faid Phileter; but why? Stay, I will not toil thee with my History; For to remember Sorrows past away, A raicties valled and aleh Is to renew an old Calamity.

He who acquainteth others with his Moan, was to be to Adds to his Friend's Grief, but not cures his own

But, faid Philocrates, 'tis best in Woe, and to make A To have a faithful Partner of their Care : That Burthen may be undergone by Two. Which is perhaps too great for One to bear. I should mistrust your Love, to hide from me Your Thoughts, and tax you of Inconstancy.

What shall he do? or with what Language frame Excuse? He must resolve not to deny, But open his close Thoughts, and inward Flame. With that, as Prologue to his Tragedy, He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his Torments Ire, When they, alas, did blow the raging Fire.

When Years first styl'd me Twenty, I began
To sport with catching Snares that Love had set,
Like Birds that stutter round the Gin, till ta'n,
Or the poor Fly caught in Arachne's Net.
Even so I sported with her Beauty's Light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much Sight.

First it came stealing on me; whilst I thought
"Twas easy to repel it; but as Fire,
Tho but a Spark, soon into Flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher:
Which so has scoreh'd my Love-struck Soul, that I
Still live in Torment, yet each Minute die.

Who is it, said Philocrates, can move
With charming Eyes such deep Affection?
I may, perhaps, affist you in your Love;
Two can effect more than your self alone.
My Counsel this thy Error may reclaim,
Or my salt Tears quench thy destructive Flame.

Nay, said Philetus, oft my Eyes do flow, Like Nilus, when it fcorns the oppos'd Shore; Yet all the watry Plenty I bestow Is to my Flame an Oil that feeds it more. So Fame reports of the Dodonean Spring, That lightens all those which are put therein.

But being you desire to know her, the
Is call'd (with that his Eyes let fall a Shower,
As if they fain would drown the Memory
Of his Life-keeper's Name) Constantia; more
Grief would not let him utter; Tears the best
Expressers of true Sorrow, spoke the rest.

To which his noble Friend did thus reply:

And was this all! What e'er your Grief would eafe, and
Tho' a far greater Task, believe t for thee aid account
It should be soon done by Philocrates:

Think all you wished perform'd, but see, the Day, II
Tir'd with its Heat, is hastning now away.

Home from the filent Woods; Night bids them go, and But fad Philetus can no Comfort find,
What in the Day he fears of future Woe,
At Night in Dreams, like Truth, affeights his Mind. O
Why doft thou vex him, Love? Cou'dft thou but fee,
Thou would'ft thy felf Philetus Rival be.

Philocrates pitying his doleful Moan,
And wounded with the Sorrows of his Friend,
Brings him to fair Constantia; where alone
He might impart his Love, and either end
His fruitful Hopes, nipt by her coy Disdain,
Or by her liking, his wisht Joys attain.

Fairest (said he) whom the bright Heavens do cover,
Do not these Tears, these speaking Tears despise,
These heaving Sighs of a submissive Lover,
Thus struck to the Earth by your all-dazling Eyes.

And do not you condemn that ardent Flame,
Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now
Am forc'd to shew't, such is my inward Smart,
And you alone (fair Saint) the Means do know
To heal the Wound of my consuming Heart.
Then, since it only in your Power doth lie
To kill, or save; Oh help! or else I die.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;
I for your Pain am grieved, and would do,
Without Impeachment of my Chaffity,
And Honour, any thing might pleasure you.
But if beyond those Limits you demand,
I must not inswer (Sir) nor understand,

Believe me, virtuous Maiden, my Delire
Is chafte and pious, as thy Virgin Lought,
No Flash of Luft, 'tis no distributed Brought;
Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought:
But as thy Beauty pure, which let not be
Eclipsed by Disdain, and Cruelry.

Oh! How shall I reply (she cry'd) thou'st won My Soul, and therefore take thy Victory:
Thy Eyes and Speeches have my Heart o reome,
And if I should deny thee Love, then I should be a Tyrant to my self; that Fire Which is kept close, burns with the greatest Ire.

Yet do not count my yielding, Lightness now,
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
Thy pleasing Carriage won me long ago,
And pleading Beauty did my Liking move; I simight
Thy Eyes, which draw like Loadstones with their
The hardest Hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

Oh! I am rapt above the Reach, faid he,
Of Thought, my Soul already feels the Blifs [thee
Of Heaven, when (Sweet) my Thoughts once tax but
With any Crime, may 't lose all Happiness
It wish'd for; both your Favour here, and dead,
May the just Gods pour Vengeance on my Head.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their Fate)
Constantia's Father entred in the Room,
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his State,
Kisses her Cheeks, more red than setting Sun; [Water,
Or else the Morn, blushing through Clouds of
To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

Just as the guilty Priloner searful stands
Reading his fatal Theta in the Brows
Of him, who borh his Life and Death commands,
E're from his Mouth he the sad Sentence knows.
Such was his State to see her Father come,
Nor wish'd for, nor expected in the Room.

Th' inrag'd old Man bids him no more to dare
Such bold Intrusion in that House, nor be
At any time with his lov'd Daughter there,
Till he had given him such Authority.
But to depart, since she her Love did shew him,
Was living Death, with ling ring Torments to him.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
He chears his Friend, bidding him banish Fear,
And by some Letter his griev'd Mind appease,
And shew her that which to her friendly Ear
Time gave no leave to tell; and thus his Quill
Declares to her the absent Lover's Will.

LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

Truft (dear Soul) my Absence cannot move You to forget, or doubt my ardent Love ; For were there any means to fee you, I Would run through Death, and all the Mifery Fare could inflict, that fo the World might fay, In Life and Death I lov'd Conftantia. Then let not (dearest Sweet) our Absence part Our Loves, but each Break keep the others Heart; Give Warmth to one another, till there rife From all our Labours, and our Industries, The long expected Fruits; bave Patience (Sweet) There's no Man whom the Summer-Pleasures greet, Before be tafte the Winter ; none can fay, Bre Night was gone, be faw the rifing Day. So when we once have wasted Sorrow's Night, The Sun of Comfort then shall give us Light, Reading his fals? Transfer the

sharanner warst har still a I need o Philetus,

This when Conftantia read, the thought her State Most happy by Philetus Constancy, And perfect Love: She thanks her flattering Fate, Kisses the Paper, till with kissing the The welcome Characters doth dull and stain, Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

Y Our Absence (Sir) tho it be long, yet I
Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy;
Nor need you fear, that I should yield unto
Another, what to your true Love is due.
My Heart is yours, it is not in my Claim,
Nor have I Power to take it back again.
There's nought but Death can part our Souls, no Time
Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline:
But for the Harvest of our Hopes I'll stay,
Unless Death out it, e're 'tis ripe, away.

Pertheratorio

Conftantia.

Oh! how this Letter feem'd to raise his Pride!

Prouder was he of this than Phaston,

When he did Phabus flaming Chasiot guide,

Unknowing of the Danger was to come.

Prouder than Fason, when from Colebos he

Returned with the Fleece's Victory.

But e're the Autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the fweating Plowman's greediest Prayer;
And by the Fall, disrob'd the grudy Ground
Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear,
Them kind Philocrates to each other brought,
Where they this Means to enjoy their Freedom
[wrought.

Sweet fair one, faid Philerus, fince the time.

Favours our Wish, and does afford us leave
T'enjoy our Loves, Oh let us not refign
This long'd for Favour, nor our felves bereave
Of what we wish'd for, Opportunity,
That may too foon the Wings of Love out fly

CONSTANTIA

For when your Father, as his Custom is, voi Bol sale A For pleasure doth pursue the tim rous Hare, and and a If you'll refort but thicker, Pll not mile mostly of? To be in those Woods ready for you, where wit nen'T We may depart in Safety, and no more With Dreams of Pleafure only, heal our Sore."

To this the happy Lovers foon agree; But e're they part, Philetus begs to hear with A From her enchanting Voice's Melody, what may have told One Song to fatisfie his longing Bar . of at show , said on . She yields; and finging, added to Defire, The lift ning Youth increas'd his amorous Fire

leve's nonchi hat Death campail cae Dos

SONG. A Charles Ime, file with greater Speed away, Airante) Add Feathers to thy Wings ; Till thy hafte in flying brings That wifht for and expected Day. I it's word 140 Comforts Sun we then shall fee, Tho at first it darkned be, With Dangers, yet, those Clouds but gone Our Day will put his Luffre one man popular Then the Death's farl Night appear, And we in lonely Silence reft.

Our raville d Souls no more shall fear, But with lafting Day be bleft. And then no Friends can part us more, Nor no new Death extend his Power; Thus there's nothing can differer, Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together,

Fear of being feen Philetus homeward drove, 112 199w2 But e're they past, the willingly doth give and arrove to As faithful Pledges of her couffant Love) Many a los Kifs; then they each other leave, Rapt up with fecret Joy that they have found A Way to heal the Torment of their Wound,

and PHILETUS.

But e'er the Sun thro' many Days had run,

Conftantia's charming Beauty had o'ercome

Guifardo's Heart, and feorn'd Affection won,

Her Eyes foon conquer'd all they shone upon,

Shot through his wounded Heart such hot Defire,

As nothing but her Love could quench the Fire.

In Roofs which Gold and Parian Stone adorn (Proud as the Owner's Mind) he did abound, In Fields to fertile for their yearly Corn, As might contend with feoreh'd Calabria's Ground; But in his Soul, that should contain the Store Of surest Riches, he was base and poos.

N

M.

Him was Confiantio urg'd continually
By her Friends to love; fometimes they did intrest
With gentle Speeches, and mild Courtefte,
Which when they fee despis d by her, they threat.
But Love too deep was seated in her Heart
To be worn out with Thought of any Smart.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,
To feek for Sport, and hunt the started Game;
Guifardo and Philocrates were there,
With many Friends, too tedious here to name.
With them Confiantia went, but not to find
The Bear or Wolf, but Love all Mild and Kind,

B'ing entred in the pathless Woods, while they
Pursue their Game, Philetus, who was late
Hid in a Thicket, carries strait away
His Love, and hastens his own hasty Fate,
That came too soon upon him, and his Sun
Was quite eclips d before it fully shone.

Confrantia mis'd, the Hunters in a maze,
Take each a several Course, and by curst Fate
Guisardo runs, with a Love carried Pace
Tow'rds them, who little knew their woful State.
Philetus, like hold learns, soaring high
To Honours, found the Depth of Misery.

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For when Guisardo sees his Rival there,
Swelling with envious Rage; he comes behind
Philetus, who such Fortune did not fear,
And with his Sworda Way to's Heart does find.
But e'er his Spirits were possess of Death,
In these few Words he spent his latest Breath.

O see, Constantia, my short Race is run,
See how my Blood the thirsty Ground doth dye,
But live then happier than thy Love hath done,
And when I'm dead, think sometimes upon me.
More my short time permits me not to tell;
For now Death seizes me, my Dear, sarewel.

As foon as he had spoke these Words, Life sted
From his piere'd Body, whilst Constantia she
Kisses his Cheeks, that lose their lively Red,
And become pale and wan; and now each Eye,
Which was so bright, is like, when Life was done,
A Star that's fall'n, or an eclipsed Sun.

Thither Philocrates was driv'n by Fate,
And faw his Friend lie bleeding on the Earth;
Near his pale Corps his weeping Sifter fate,
Her Eyes shed Tears, her Heart to Sighs gave Birth.

Philocrates, when he faw this, did cry,
Friend; I'll revenge, or bear thee Company.

Just Jove bath sent me to revenge this Fate:
Nay, stay Guisardo, think not Heaven in Jest,
"Lis vain to hope Flight can secure thy State;
Then thrust his Sword into the Villain's Breast.
Here, said Philocrates, thy Life I send
A Sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd Friend.

But as he fell, Take this Reward, said he,
For thy new Victory; with that he flung
His darted Rapier at his Enemy,
Which his his Head, and in his Brain-pan hung.
With that he fells, but lifting up his Eyes,
Farewel Confiantia, that Word said, he dies.

What shall she do? She to her Brother runs, His cold and lifeless Body does embrace; She calls to him that cannot hear her Moans, And with her Kisses warms his clammy Face.

My dear Philocrates, she weeping cries, Speak to thy Sister; but no Voice replies:

Then running to her Love with many a Tear,
Thus her Mind's fervent Passion the express'd,
O stey (blest Soul) stay but a little here,
And take me with you to a lasting Rest.
Then to Elystum's Mansions both shall stie,
Be married there, and never more to die.

But seeing them both dead; she cry'd, Ah me,
Ah my Philetus I for thy sake will I
Make up a full and perfect Fragedy,
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didst die:
I'll follow thee, and not thy Loss deplore,
These Eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
And thy Confiantia live when thou wast slain;
No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,
That will reflect upon my valued Fame.
Then piercing her sad Breast, I come, she cries,
And Death for ever clos d her weeping Eyes.

Her Soul b'ing fled to its eternal Reft,
Her Father comes, and seeing this he falls
To th' Earth, with Grief too great to be exprest.
Whose doleful Words my tired Muse me calls
T' o'erpass, which I now gladly do, for fear
That I should toil too much the Reader's Ear.

PIRAMUS

a Doctor Doctor Tok Constitution of the Constitution of the Doctor Doctor

to the South Batte

To the Right Worlhipful, my very Loving Mafter Mr. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

Chief Master of Westminster-School.

Since Proces forme Calenda over the thou dill

SIR.

I'll fullow thee, and not thy I als deplore, T Childifo Muse is in ber Spring; and yet Can only show some budding of her Wit. One Frown upon ber Work (learn'd Sir) from you, Like some unkinder Storm Shot from your Brow, Would turn ber Spring to withering Autumn's sime, And make ber Blossoms perish e'er their Prime. But if you smile, if in your gracious Eye She an auspicious Alpha can descry; How foon will they grow Fruit? How fresh appear, That had such Beams their Infancy to chear : Which being sprung to Ripeness, expect then The earliest Offering of ber grateful Pen. W holeh dan W

Your most Duriful Servent.

ABR. COWLEY.

PUMARIE

WHEN

HEN Babylon's high Walls creeked were
By mighty Ninus Wife; two Houles join'd,
One Thisbe liv'd in, Piramus the Fair
In th' other; Earth ne'er boafted fuch a Pair.
The very fenfeless Walls themselves combin'd,
And grew in one, just like their Master's Mind.

Thisbe all other Women did excel;
The Queen of Love less lovely was than she,
And Piramus more sweet than Tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them so well;
But Venus envying they so Fair should be,
Bids her Son Cupid shew his Cruelty.

The all-subduing God his Bow doth hend,
Whets and prepares his most remorfless Dart,
Which he unleen into their Hearts did send,
And so was Love the Cause of Beauties End.
But could be see, he had not wrought their Smart;
For Pity sure would have o'ercome his Heart.

Like as a Bird which in the Net is ta'en,
By firuggling more entangles in the Gin;
So they who in Love's Labyrinth remain,
With firiving never can a Freedom gain.
The way to enter's broad, but being in,
No Art, no Labour can an Exit win.

These Lovers, the their Parents did reprove
Their Fires, and watch'd their Deeds with Jealousie.
The in these Storms no Comfort can remove
The various Doubts and Fears that cool hot Love;
The he not hers, nor she his Face could see,
Yet this cannot abolish Love's Decree.

For Age had crack'd the Wall which them did part,
This the unanimate Couple foon did fpy,
And here their inward Sorrows did impart,
Unlading the fad Burthen of their Heart.
The Live ha blind this thems he can deferm

The Love be blind, this shows he can descry.

A way to lessen his own Milery.

Oft to the friendly Granny they refort,
And feed themselves with the Celestial Air
Of odoriferous Breath; no other Sport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short;
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each others Breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their Fate;
And sometimes they accus'd Imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their Flames, but all too late,
Their Arrow could not be recall'd; their State
Was sirst ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

They curs'd the Wall that did their Kiffes part,
And to the Stones their mournful Words they fent,
As if they faw the Sorrow of their Heart,
And by their Tears could understand their Smart;
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their Sighs (alas!) would it relent.

Thus in effect they faid; Curs'd Wall, O why
Wilt thou our Bodies fever, whose true Love
Breaks thorough all thy flinty Cruelty:
For both our Souls so closely joined lie,
That none but angry Death can them remove,
And tho' he part them, yet they'll meet above.

Abortive Tears from their fair Eyes out-flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely Splendor of their Sight.
Which feem'd like Titan, whilft fome watry Cloud
O'erspreads his Face, and his bright Beams doth shroud.
Till Vesper chase away the conquer'd Light,
And forceth them (tho' loth) to bid Good Night.

But e'er Aurora, Usher to the Day,
Began with welcome Lustre to appear,
The Lovers rife, and at the Cranny they
Thus to each other their Thoughts open lay,
With many a Sigh and many a speaking Tear,
Whose Guef the pitying Morning blush'd to hear,

Dear Love (said Piramus) how long shall we Like fairest Flowers, not gather'd in their Prime, Waste precious Youth, and let Advantage slee! Till we bewail (at last) our Cruelty Upon our selves; for Beauty, tho it shine Like Day, will quickly find an Evening-time.

Therefore (sweet Thisbe) let us meet this Night At Ninus Tomb without the City Wall, Under the Mulberry-tree, with Berries white Abounding, there t'enjoy our wish'd Delight. For mounting Love stopt in its Course doth fall, And long'd for, yet untasted, Joy kills all.

What the our cruel Parents angry be?
What the our Friends (alas!) are too unkind?
Time that now offers quickly may deny,
And foon hold back fit Opportunity.
Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find.
Occasion once past by, is hald behind.

She foon agreed to that which he required;
For little Wooing needs where both confent;
What he fo long had pleaded, the defired:
Which Venus feeing, with blind Chance conspired,
And many a charming Accent to her fent,
That the (at last) would frustrate their Intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's Means undone,
Striving to close those Eyes that make her bright?
Just like the Moon, which seeks t'eclipse the Sun,
Whence all her Splendor, all her Beams do come:
So she, who fetches Lustre from their Sight,
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious Light.

Unto the Mulberry-Tree fair Thisbe came;
Where having refted long, at last she 'gan Against her dearest Piramus t'exclaim,
Whilst various Thoughts turmoil her troubled Brain;
And imitating thus the Silver Swan;
A little while before her Death she Jang.

SONG.

Ome, Love, why flayest thou? the Night.
Will vanish e'er we taste Delight:
The Moon obscures her self from Sight,
Thou absent, whose Byes gave ber Light,

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en,
Love's Joy's thine own, as well as mine,
Spend not therefore thy Time in vain.

And for her Lover's Stay fent many a Sigh, and Her Piramus the thought did tarry long;
And that his Absence did her too much wrong.

Then betwirt Longing Hope and Jealousie, She fears, yer's loth to tax his Loyalty.

Sometimes the thinks that he hath her forfaken; Sometimes that Danger bath befallen him; Sometimes that he another Love has taken, Which being but imagin'd foon doth waken Numberless Thoughts, which on her Heart did fling Fears, that her future State too truly fing.

While the thus muting fat, san from the Wood
An angry Lion to the crystal Springs
Near to that Place; who coming from his Food,
His Chaps were all belimear'd with crimion Blood:
Swifter than Thought, sweet This be strait begins
To fly from him, Fear gave her Swallow's Wings.

As she avoids the Lion, her Desire

Bids her to stay, lest Piramus should come,

And be devour d by the stem Lion's Ire,

So the for ever burn in unquencht Fire;

But Fear expels all Reasons, the doth run

Into a darksome Cave ne'er seen by Sun.

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With haste she let her looser Mantle fall;
Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,
With bloody Teeth he tore in pieces small,
Whilst Thisbe ran and look'd not back at all.
For could the sensless Beast her Face descry,
It had not done her such an Injury.

The Night half wasted, Piramus did come;
Who seeing printed in the yielding Sand
The Lion's Paw, and by the Fountain some
Of Thisbe's Garment, Sorrow struck him dumb:
Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful Graver's artful Hand.

Recovering Breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Washing with Tears the forn and bloody Weed;
I may, said he, my self for her Death blame,
Therefore my Blood shall wash away that Shame:
Since she is dead whose Beauty doth exceed
All that frail Man can either hear or read.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said;
Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due Debt
Unto thy constant Love to which 'tis paid:
I strait will meet thee in the pleasant Shade
Of cool Elysium; where we being met,
Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.

Then thro' his Breast thrusting his Sword, Life hies From him, and he makes haste to seek his Fair. And as upon the colour'd Ground he lies, His Blood had dropt upon the Mulberries:

With which th' unspotted Berries stained were, And ever fince with Red they colour'd are.

At last fair Thisbe left the Den, for fear Of disappointing Piramus, since she Was bound by Promise for to meet him there. But when she saw the Berries changed were From white to black, she knew not certainly It was the Place where they agreed to be.

With what Delight, thro' the dark Cave she came, a Thinking to tell how she escap'd the Beast; But when she saw her Piramus lie slain, Ah! how perplext did her sad Soul remain! She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her Breast, And every Sign of raging Grief-express'd.

She blames all powerful Fove, and strives to take
His bleeding Body from the moisten'd Ground.
She kisses his pale Face, till she doth make
It red with Kissing, and then seeks to wake
His parting Soul, with mournful Words; his Wound
Walhes with Tears, that her sweet Speech confound.

But afterwards recovering Breath, said she,
Alas! what Chance bath parted Thee and Me?
O tell what evil hath befain to thee,
That of thy Death I may a Part'ner be:
Tell Thisbe what has caus'd this Tragedy.
He hearing Thisbe's Name, lifts up his Eye,

And on his Love he rais'd his dying Head;
Where striving long for Breath, at last said he,
O Thisbe, I am basting to the Dead,
And cannot heal that Wound my Fear bath made;
Farewel, sweet Thisbe, we must parted be,
For angry Death will force me soon from thee.

Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,
Leaving his Love to languish here in Woe.
What shall she do? How shall she ease her Heart?
Or with what Language speak her inward Smart?
Usurping Passion Reason doth o'erslow,
She vows that with her Piramus she'll go.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was slain, With Piramus his crimson Blood warm still; And said, O stay (blest Soul) a while refrain, That we may go together, and remain In endless foy, and never fear the lil Of grudging Friends.— Then she her self did kill.

o tell what Grief their Parents did fuffain, Vere more than my rude Quill can overcome, fuch they did weep and grieve, but all in vain. or Weeping calls not back the Dead again. Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done, And these few Words were writ upon the Tomb.

E P. L. T. A. P. H.

Bluffed, and for Shame T Nderneath this Marble Stone, din I slid Lie two Beauties, join'd in one.

Two whose Loves Death could not sever, For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

Two whose Souls, b'ing too Divine For Earth, in their own Sphere now fine.

Who have left their Loves to Fame, bles I sled ! And their Earth to Earth again. and allioM avi



are noughly, with the resur Berb, whole Power

Here in full Surgery, Leville they Liquor flows, Nor knows trebb; bete fite broad fire before Distilling boney, here does Negam pall

With copions Correct through the verdant Graf extract of Cla system SYLVA

She like me on ogon wing a Postfur On whom I rade, knowing where ever Did go, that Flore mall accus a Men pe be. No honer was my April a Courses come

To the clear Burching of Element

SYLVA: Or, Divers Copies of Verses made upon fundry Occasions.

A Dream of ELYSIUM.

Habus expell'd by the approaching Night, Blush'd, and for Shame clos'd in his bashful Light While I with leaden Morpheus overcome, The Muse whom I adore, enter'd the Room; Her Hair with loofer Curiofity, Did on her comely Back dishevel'd lie: Her Eyes with fuch attractive Beauty shone, As might have wak'd fleeping Endymion. She bade me rife, and promis'd I should see Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity, A. We Mortals fo admire at; Speaking thus, She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegafus, On whom I rode; knowing where ever She Did go, that Place must needs a Tempe be, No fooner was my flying Courfer come To the bleft Dwellings of Elyfum ! When strait a Thousand unknown Joys refort, And hemm'd me round; Chaft Loves innocuous Sport. A thousand Sweets, bought with no following Gall, Toys, not like ours fhort, but perpetual. How many Objects charm my wand'ring Eye, And bid my Soul gaze there eternally? Here in full Streams, Bacchus, thy Liquor flows, Nor knows to ebb; here Fove's broad Tree bestows Distilling Honey, here doth Nestar pals With copious Current through the verdant Grafs. Here Hyacinth his Fate writin his Looks, And thon, Narcifus, loving still the Brooks, Once lovely Boys; and Acis now a Flower, Are nourish'd, with that rarer Herb, whose Power

Grated thee, War's potent God; here grows fpotless Lily, and the blushing Rose; 15. all those diverse Ornaments abound, That variously may paint the gaudy Ground. No Willow, Sorrow's Garland, there hath room, bak Nor Cypress, sad Attendant of a Tomb. None but Apollo's Tree, and th' Ivy Twine Embracing the stout Oak; the fruitful Vine, And Trees with golden Apples loaded down, gh On whose fair Tops sweet Philomel alone, Unmindful of her former Mifery, speed and this waters. Tones with her Voice a ravishing Harmony.; voil out 1018 Whilst-all the murmuring Brooks that glide along. Make up a burthen to her pleafant Song. No Screech-Owl, fad Companion of the Night, No hideous Raven with prodigious Flight Prelaging future Ill. Nor, Progne, thee Yet spotted with young leys Tragedy, with the state of There's nothing there at is not pure, all Innocent, and Rare. to the wolf rning my greedy Sight another way, had guidelaw of I Under a row of Storm-contemning Bay, I w the Thracian Singer with his Lyre Teach the deaf Stones to hear him, and admire, Him the whole Poets Chorus compais'd round, 1 on 10 4 do whom the Oak, all whom the Laurel crown d. I mo There banish'd Ovid had a lasting Home, well you had die W ter than thou couldst give, ungrateful Rome Iva cidii 4 and Lucan (spight of Nero) in each Vein Had every Drop of his spilt Blood again, ner, Sol's First-born, was not Poor or Blind, faw as well in Body as in Mind. Tally, grave Cato, Solon, and the reft; grand with all Greece's admir'd wife Men, here posses'd a large Reward for their past Deeds, and gain 100 A ife, as everlatting as their Fame. of only of 104) I y these the valiant Heroes take their Place; if a sved flut who ftern Death and Perils did embrace and yell asses

From War, and purchase an Eternal Peace. Next them, beneath a Myrtle Bower, where Doves, And gall-less Pigeons build their Netts, all Love's True faithful Servants with an amorous Kifs, And foft Embrace, enjoy their greediest Wish. Leander with his beauteous Hero plays, and to letterin Nor are they parted with dividing Seas, ov and Attended Porcia enjoys her Bentus, Death no more you at 11.41 Can now divorce their Wedding as before. Thisbe her Piramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he ELANDE ELECTRONICE Embrac'd, each bleft with t'others Company; and every Couple always Dancing, fing [] Eternal Pleasures to Elygum's King. V Halley bestock But fee how foon these Pleasures fade away, of borne land How near to Evening is Delight's that Day ? son all The watching Bird, true Nuncius of the Light, and and Strait crow'd, and all then vanish'd from my Sight. My very Muse her self forsook me too, Me Grief and Wonder wak'd; what should I do? Oh ! let me follow thee (faid I) and go From Life, that I may dream for ever fo. 1.0 11 months With that my flying Mufe I thought to clasp de and and Within my Arms, but did a Shadow grafp. od nati tall Thus chiefest Joys glide with the swiftest Stream; And all our greatest Pleasure's but a Dream.

On His Majesty's Return out of Scotland.

Reat Charles, there stop, ye Trumpeters of Fame, (For he who speaks his Titles, his great Name, Must have a breathing Time) Our King; stay there, Speak by Degrees, let the inquisitive Ear

held in Doubt, and e're you fay, Is come, Let every Heart prepare a spatious Room ample Joys; then lo fing as loud Thunder shot from the divided Cloud. Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian Waves The Ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves Great Neptune's Court, let every Sparrow bear from the three Sifters weeping Bark a Tear. t spotted Lynces their sharp Talons fill, ith Chrystal fetch'd from the Promethean Hill. et Cytherea's Birds fresh Wreaths compose, litting the pale-fac'd Lily with the Rofe. the self-gotten Phanix rob his Nest, bil his own Funeral Pile, and all his best Myrrh, of Frankincente, of Caffa bring, To frew the Way for our returned King. Let every Post a Panegyrick wear, seh Wall, each Pillar, Gratulations bear; id yet let no Man invocate a Mule, e very Matter it felf will infuse facred Fury. Let the merry Bells or unknown Joys work unknown Miracles) ing without help of Sexton, and prelage new-made Holy-day for future Age. And, if the Ancients us'd to dedicate golden Temple to propitious Fate, the return of any Noble-men, f Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then aife up a double Tropbee; for their Fame as but the Shadow of our CHARLES his Name. ho is there where all Virtues mingled flow? here no Defects or Imperfections grow? hose Head is always crown'd with Victory atch'd from Bellona's Hand, him Luxury Peace debilitates; whose Tongue can win My's own Garland, Pride to him creeps in. n whom (like Atlas Shoulders) the propt State As he were Primum Mobile of Fate)

Solely relies; him blind Ambition moves,
His Tyranny the bridled Subject proves.
But all those Virtues which they all posses'd
Divided, are collected in thy Breast;
Great CHARLES! Let Casar boast Pharsalia's Fight,
Honorius praise the Parthians unseign'd Flight.
Let Alexander call himself Fove's Peer,
And place his Image near the Thunderer,
Yet while our CHARLES with equal Balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and Afrea; and maintains
A noble Peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is most near, most like the Deity.

A SONG on the fame.

TEnce clouded Looks, bence briny Tears, Hence Eye, that Sorrow's Livery wears. What the a while Apollo please To wist the Antipodes? Let be returns, and with his Light Expels what he hath caus'd, the Night. What the' the Spring vanish away, And with it the Earth's Form decay? Tet his new Birth will soon restore What its Departure took before. What the' we miss'd our absent King A while? Great Charles is come agen, And, with his Presence makes us know The Gratitude to Heaven we owe. So doth a cruel Storm impart And teach us Palinurus Art. So from falt Floods, wept by our Eyes, A joyful Venus doth arife.

ally own Garland. Bridged Managed anne. 2000

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The WISH. I SH. I wow I

1. 1. 12.15.15.16.16.16.16.16.16.16.16.16.16.16.16.16.	
Eft the mis-judging World should chance to say, we	
I durft not but in secret Murmurs pray, a eldmin ba	F.
To whilper in Fowers Ear, a good aware M. nad T	
ho' as he ules Men, 'is heland that fliw I doum we	T
gape at fuch a great One's Fall, on head no tug o	I
This let all Ages hear.	
hat I abhor, what I defire to be: challend should an	1
From Ularge Coalgangephilaland strong Unori	
For fwallowing up your shiften, tho he way qu gainolism?	
in preach two Hours, and yet his Sermon be the model	7.5
But half a quarter long and small lie em saleM	
no from his old Mechanick Trade, or one nevert bee	-
Vision he's a Pastor made, a band tomad vada only a	
His Faith was grown fo ftrong.	77
y, the he think to gain Salvarion,	A
calling the Pope, the Whore of Babylon, brid o to ayawl	
would not be a School-mafter, tho' to him down out mot	G
s Rods no less than Confuls Fasces feem on ni blod daily	H
Tho he in many a Place now of may O . and	
arns Lily oftner than his Gowns, doin wy monor his most ha	A
Il at the last he makes the Nouns, will but the direction	1.6
Fight with the Verbs apace.	
y, the he can in a poetick Heat, abely trued mov mes	- No.
gures, born fince, out of poor Virgil beat. In in M 1.	4
From the grand with the man and mark	
would not be a Justice of Peace, the he wild world not be a furtice of Peace, the he	1
And Crates with his Clark Appearant to rotte I ad	T
And Stakes with his Clerk draw; y tho' he fit upon the Place	
Judgment with a learned Face.	A
Intricate as the Law. and he descrete out months	3
Intiticate as the Law.	

and whilst he mules Enormities demurely, many vino and I seaks Priscian's Head with Sentences lecurely 1 101 wal on I can be a seak of C 5

S YALWIAY 8 I would not be a Courtier, tho' he Makes his whole Life the trueft Comedy: Altho' he be a Man In whom the Tailor's forming Art, gaigen dim ods fin And nimble Barber claim more part ni tud Ton finb I Than Nature her felf cansus to raghtwo T Tho' as he uses Men, 'tis his Intent tell dilw I down woll To put off Death too, with a Complement. Houl to square 10 From Lawyers Tongues, tho they can spin with Ease The shortest Cause into a Paraphrale ; saily grodde I mil From Ulurer's Conscience (For fwallowing up young Heirs forfall 1 and too bloow ! Without all Doubt they 'Il cheakat laft) the own datere and Make me all Innocence, not postano a tier and; Good Heaven; and from thy Eyes, O fuffice, keep it out For the they be not blind, they're of affeep. E WAS LITE From Singing Men's Religion, who are said on the Always at Church, just like the Crows, caule there They build themselves a Neft. From too much Poetry, which frinesories and son blugw With Gold in nothing but its Lines, O nedt alal on sho Hair Free, O you Powers, my Breeffen ni ad 'odT And from Aftronomy which in the Skies and rendo glid sure Finds Fish, and Bulls, yet doth but tanfalize. hal adran lit Fight with the Verbs From your Court-Madam's Beauty, which doth carry At Morning May, at Night a January, soun mod , angi-From the grave City brown with a sed ton bluow (For though it want an R, it has bivib villeupil diw no The Letter of Pythagorai) to Cett his Clerk bol Keep me, O Fortune now o the proposed of only yell And Chines of Beef innumerable lend mening hamplat 10 Or from the Stomach of the Guard defend me, single This only grant me; that my Means may lie and flide be A Too low for Enty, for Contempt too high a sample and Some Honour I would have,

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ot from Great Deeds, but Good alone, b' Unknown are better than ill known;

Rumor can ope the Grave.

Acquaintants I would have, but when't depends

Not from the Number, but the Choice of Friends.

Books should, not Business, entertain the Light, and Sleep, as undisturbed as Death, the Night.

My House a Cottage more han Palace, and should fitting be or all my Use, not Luxury.

0

My Garden painted o'er
With Nature's Hand, not Art's, that Pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine Field.

Thus would I double my Life's fading Space, For he that runs it well, twice runs his Race.

And in this true Delight,
These unbought Sports, and happy State,
would not fear, nor wish my Fate,
But boldly say each Night,
To morrow let my Sun his Beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them; I bave sto'd to day.

A Poetical Revenge.

WEstminster-Hall a Friend and I agreed
To meet in; he (some Business 'twas did breed His Absence) came not there; I up did go
To the next Court, for the I cou'd not know
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
(As most Spectators do at Theatre)
Things very strange; Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and help'd me to a Place.
But being newly settled at the Sport,
A Semi-Gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
In Sattin Suit, redeem'd but Yesterday;
One who is rayish'd with a Cock-pit Play,

Who prays God to deliver him from no Evil Besides a Tailor's Bill; and fears no Devil Besides a Serjeant, thrust me from my Seat : At which I gan to quarrel, till a neat Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take For Barrefter) open'd his Mouth and Spake : Boy, get you gone, this is no School: Oh no; For if it were, all you Gown'd-men would go Up for falle Latin; they grew strait to be Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me An Action of Trespals, till th' young Man Aforesaid, in the Sattin Suit, began To ftrike me; doubtless there had been a Fray, Had I not providently skipp'd away,
Without replying; for to foold is ill, Where every Tongue's the Clapper of a Mill, Mow and And can out-found Homer's Gradious; fo Away got I; but e'er I far did go, I flong (the Darts of wounding Poetry) These two or three sharp Curses back : May he Be by his Father in his Study took of val will find and At Shakespear's Plays, instead of my Lord Coke; May he (though all his Writings grow as foon the land As Fleckno's out of Estimation) Get him a Poet's Name, and so ne'er come Into a Serjeant's, or dead Judge's room. May he become fome poor Phyfician's Prey; Who keeps Men with that Conscience in delay As he his Client doth, till his Health be As far-fetcht as a Greek Noun's Pedigree. Nay, for all that, may the Disease be gone Never but in the long Vacation. May Neighbours use all Quarrels to decide; But if for Law any to London ride, Of all those Clients may not one be his, Unless he come in Forma Pauperis. Grant this, ye Godsthat favour Poetry, That all these never-ceasing Tongues may be

Brought into Reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a Thread-bare Black; but spare
Them who bear Scholars Names, left some one take
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

for that phone the Wings

To the Dutchess of Buckingham.

Shall perhaps mock Death, or Time's Dart) my

If I should say, that in your Face were seen

Nature's best Picture of the Cyprian Queen;
If I should swear under Mineroa's Name,
Poets (who Prophets are) foretold your Fame,
The future Age would think it Flattery,
But to the present which can Witness be, ig stomen's bank
Twould seem beneath your high Deserts as far, I mad W
As you above the rest of Women are, viid slow and 10

When Mannors Name with Villiers join'd I fee, How do I reverence your Nobility! But when the Virtues of your Stock I view, (Envy'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you) I half adore them; for what Woman can, Belides your felf, (nay I might fay, what Man By Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and Years excel solodw al In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in Living well? Oh, how had this begot Idolatry, If you had liv'd in the World's Infancy; bib it out doin W When Man's too much Religion, made the Beff of or one Or Deities, or Semi-gods at leaft? ing minume ode liel bak But we, forbidden this by Piety, who his dead y 1940 nl Or, if we were not, by your Modelty, Will make our Hearts an Altar, and there pray Qui nod W Not to, but for you, not that England may Enjoy your Equal, when you once are gone; But what's more possible, t' enjoy you long.

A Name to me, and I made Yours to live.

To bis very much bonoured Godfather, Mr. A. B.

Love (for that upon the Wings of Fame,
Shall perhaps mock Death, or Time's Dart) my
I love it more because 'twas given by your [Name:
I love it most; because twas your Name too.
For if I chance to slip, a conscious Shame
Plucks me, and bids me not desile your Name.

I'm glad that City t' whom I ow'd before;

(But ah me! Fate hath croft that willing Score)

A Father, gave me a Godfather too;

And I'm more glad, because it gave me You;

Whom I may rightly think, and term to be and believed.

Of the whole City an Epitame.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licensed my Tongue
Farther than Cries) who should my Office do;
I thank her more because she found out You,
In whose each Look, I may a Sentence see;
In whose each Deed, a teaching Homily,

How shall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate
Denies me Indian Pearl or Perfan Plate,
Which tho' it did not, to require you thus,
Were to send Apples to Alcinous,
And sell the cunning's way: No, when I can
In every Leaf, in every Verse write Man,

When my Quill relisheth a School no more,
When my Pen-feather d Muse hath learnt to foar,
And gotten Wings as well as Feet; look then
For equal Thanks from my unwearied Pen:
Till future Ages say; twas you did give
A Name to me, and I made Yours to live.

An ELEGY on the Death of John

Littleton, Esq. Son and Heir of Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned leaping into the Water to save his younger
Brother.

ND must these Waters smile again? and play About the Shoar, as they did Testerday?

Vill the Sun court them still? and shall they show.

Vo conscious Wrinkle surround on their Brow, That to the thirfty Traveller may fay, am accurft, go turn fome other Way- a source - bood a bal It is unjust; black Flood, the Guilt is more, I the the drive orung from his Lofs, than all thy quatry Store an give thee Tears to mourn for: Birds shall be Ind Beafts benceforth afraid to drink with thee. What bave I faid! my pions Rage bath been Too bot, and acts, while it accusetb, Sin. Thou'rt Innocent, I know, fill Clear and Bright, Fit whence so pure a Soul should take its Flighting in and oH How is our angry Zeal confined for be 349 ed single report all Must quarrel with his Lave and Piety, I shall fin, And wift grow be had less Vertuous been. For when his Brother (Teans for bim I'd spill, But they're all challenged by the greater III he shall lie Agnobil. Struggled for Life with the rude Waves, he too and laups blue? Leap'd in, and suben Hope no faint Beam could forus is doons His Charity shone most s they shall faid be want sound too'W Live with me, Brother, or Ill die with thea;) and asau hat And fo be did : Had be been thine, Q Rome, Thou wouldst bave call'd his Death a Martyrdom, And Sainted bim; my Conscience give me leave, I'll do fo too; if Fate us will bereave

Of him we bonour'd Living, there must be A kind of Reverence to bis Memory, After his Death; and where more Just than here, Where Life and End svere both fo fingular? He that had only talk'd with him, might find A little Academy in bit Mind; Total VI ont office Where Wildom Master was, and Fellows all Which we can Good, which we can Vertuous call. Reason, and Holy Fear the Proctors were, To apprehend those Words, those Thoughts that err. His Learning had out run the rest of Heirs, Stoln Beard from Time, and leapt to twenty Tears. And as the Sun, though in full Glory bright, which is the Shines upon all Men with impartial Light, And a Good-morrow to the Beggar brings wt og fresien ma With as full Rays as to the mightieft Kings: " . Aufun 2: 11 So be, although his Worth just State might claim, And give to Pride an honourable Name, 1901 and act was With courtefie to all, clouth'd Vertue fo, That 'twas not higher than his Thoughts were low. In's Body too, no Critique Eye could find the the soil of The Smallest Blenisto, to belie bis Mind; it is south a mod ! He was all Pureness, and his outward Part and of sameday to But represents the Picture of his Heart. 1895 crone vac it woll When Waters swallowed Mankind, and did cheat was The bungry Worm of its expected Meat; When Gems, pluckt from the Shoar by ruder Hands, Return'd again into their native Sands () soltone ud no 10 70 Mongst all those Spoils, there was not any Prey, Could equal what this Brook buth foln away. I all as and Weep then, fad Blood, and the thon're innocent, han at his Weep, because Fate made thee ber Inftrument, nod vivado ziff. And when long Grief bath drunk up all thy Store, a district Come to our Eyes, and we will lend thee more. . had of had Bon would bave calle bit Death a delivered

And Saimed bim: my Coefficience grow me leave, which

Ill de fo too; if Eare at still beneate a fine and the second his

On the Death of the Right Honourable

Dudley Lord Carleton, Viscount Dorchefter, late Secretary of State.

H' Infernal Sifters did a Council call Of all the Fiends to the black Stygian-Hall; The dire Tartatean Monsters, bating Light, Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night; Where'er dispers'd abroad, bearing the Fame Of their accursed Meeting, thither came. Revenge, whose greedy Mind no Blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfied with Ill. Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage, Reforted, with Death's Neighbour, envious Age: These to oppress the Earth, the Euries sent,
To spare the Guilty, ven the Innocent. The Council thus diffolund, an angry Fover, the word with month Whose quenchless Thirft, by Blood was fated never; Envying the Riches, Honour, Greatness, Love, And Vertue (Load-stone, that all these did move) Of Noble CARLETON; bim for took away, And like a greedy Vulture feez'd ber Prey. Weep with me, each, who either reads or bears, And knows his Loss deserves his Country's Tears ? The Muses loft a Potron by his Bate, and figury hash blues but Vertue a Husband, and a Prop the State a amshare has a selection Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herfe, and a ditted till Calliope would fing a tragic Verfo. The said sould water the K. And had there been before no Spring of theirs, They would have made a Helicon with Tears. Pool bath full band fireh directioning Co.

As not to weed when is michaelisting the

We plorious Euro, and access richted a Const-

The God of Poets with in Darkstefs Consul

The

Sad

On the Death of my Loving Friend and Coulin, Mr. Rich. Clarke, late of Lincolns-Inn, Gent.

TI was decreed by fledfast Destiny, (The World from Chaos. turn'd) that all should die. He who durft fearless pass black Acheron, And Dangers of th' Infernal Region, The Annual State of the Infernal Region, Leading Hell's triple Porter captivate, Was overcome bimfelf, by conquering Fate. The Roman Tully's pleasing Eloquence, was home proposed Which in the Ears did lock up every Sense Of the rapt Heaver; bis mellifluous Breath Could not at all charm fill remorflest Death, Nor Solon, fo by Greece admir'd, could fave the contract Himfelf, with all his Wifdom, from the Grave, Stern Fate brought Moro to bis Funeral Flame, And would been ended in that Fire his Fame ; Burning those lofey Lines, which now shall be Time's Conquerers and out-last Eternity. Even fo lov'd CLARKE from Death no frape could find, Tho' arm'd with great Alcides valiant Mind. He was adorn'd, in Years the far more Young With Learned Cicero's, on a fruester Tongue. And could dead Virgil bear bis tofay Strain, and and Man He wou'd condemn his vows to Rive again. has hell a sures His Youth a Solon's Wifdom did prefage. Had envious Time but giv'n bim Solon's Age. Who would not therefore now, if Learning's Friend, Bewail bis fatal and untimely End? Who bath such bard, such unrelenting Eyes, As not to weep when so much Vertue dies? The God of Poets doth in Darkness strowd His glorious Face, and weeps behind a Cloud.

The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad Elegics, their Tears confound their Sight:
But him t'Elysium's lasting Foys they bring,
Where winged Angels his sad Requiem sing.

A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin, written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.

Ave Maria.

Nee thou rejoiceds, and rejoice for ever,
Whose time of Joy shall be expired never:
Who in her Womb the Hive of Comfort bears,
Let her drink Comfort's Honey with her Ears,
You brought the Word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us An Hail return.
From you, God fave, into the World there came;
Our Eccho Hail is but an empty Name.

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd.

From divers Flowers by Chymick Bees diffill'd:

How full the Collet with his Jewel is,

Which, that it cannot take, by Love doth kifs:

How full the Moon is with her Brother's Ray,

When the drinks up with thirty Orb the Day;

How full of Grace, the Graces Dances are,

So full doth Mary of God's Light appear.

It is no wonder if with Graces the

Be full, who was full with the Deity.

The Fall of Mankind under Death's Extent
The Choir of bleffed Angels did lament,
And wish'd a Reparation to see
By him, who Man-hood join'd with Deity.
How grateful should Man's Safety then appear
T' himself, whose Safety can the Angels chear.

Benedista tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and Troops of sad Difeases led

To th' Earth, by Woman's Hand solicited;

Life came so too, and Troops of Graces led

To th' Earth, by Woman's Faith solicited.

As our Life's Spring came from thy blessed Womb,

So from our Mouths Springs of thy Praise shall come.

Who did Life's Blessing give, 'tis sit that she

Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,
He a good Word sent from his stored Breast;
'Twas Christ; which Mary without carnal Thought
From the unfathom'd Depth of Goodness brought,
The Word of Blessing a just Cause affords,
To be oft blessed with redoubled Words.

As when fost West-Winds fan the Garden-Rose, As when soft West-Winds fan the Garden-Rose, A Shower of sweeter Air salutes the Nose,
The Breath gives sparing Kisses, nor with Power Unlocks the Virgin Bosom of the Flower.
So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.
Yet loos'd not thine Etetnal Chastity,
Thy Roses Folds do still entangled lie.
Believe Christ born from an unbruised Womb,
So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.
God his great Son begat e're Time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
God, without Mother; without Father, Man.
Great is the Birth, and tis a stranger Deed,
That She no Man, that God no Wife should need;
A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,
And God himself became to her a Shade.

O strange Descent! who is Light's Author, he Will to his Creature thus a Shadow be. As unleen Light did from the Father flow, So did seen Light from Virgin Mary grow. When Moses sought God in a Shade to see, The Father's Shade, was Christ the Deity. Let's seek for Day, see Darkness, whilst our Sight In Light finds Darkness, and in Darkness Light.

On the Praise of POETRY.

Tis not a Pyramid of Marble stone,
Tho' high as our Ambition;
Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can
Give Life to th' Ashes of a Man,

But Verses only they shall fresh appear, Whilst there are Mon to read or hear,

When Time shall make the lasting Brass decay, And eat the Pyramid away.

Turning that Monument wherein Men trust

Their Names, to what it keeps, poor Duft:

Then shall the Epitaph remain, and be New graven in Eternity. If the Hab and T

Poets by Death are conquered, but the Wit

What cannot Verie? When Thracian Orpheus took

The learned Stones came Dancing all along,

And kept Time to the charming Song.

With artificial Pace the Warlike Pine,

The Elm, and his Wife th' loy-tavine.

The Laurel to the Post's Hand did bow,

And every laving Arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious Leaves a Shade.

The Beafts too strove his Auditors to be,
Forgetting their old Tyranny.
The fearful Hart next to the Lion came,
And Welf was Shepherd to the Lamb.
Nighting ales, harmless Syrens of the Air,
And Muses of the Place, were there.
Who when their little Wind-pipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a Sound,
O'ercome by Art and Grief they did expire,
And fell upon the conqu'ring Lyre.
Happy, O happy they, whose Tomb might be,
Mausolus, envied by thee!

That a Pleasant Poverty is to be prefer'd before Discontented Riches.

WHY, O, doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee, Tho Neptune's Treasure-house it be? Why doth Pattolus thee bewitch, Infected yet with Midas glorious Itch?

Their dull and fleepy Streams are not at all
Like other Floods Poetferd;
They have no Dance, no wanton Sport,
No gentle Murmur, the loved Shoar to court.

No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,
Nor can it feed the neighbring Wood,
No Flower or Herb is near it found,
But a perpetual Winter starves the Ground.

Give me a River which doth form to shew
An added Beauty, whose clear Brow
May be my Looking-glass to see
What my Face is, and what my Mind should be.
Here Waves call Waves, and glide along in Rank,
And prattle to the smiling Bank:

Here fad King-fishers tell their Tales, and Fish enrich the Brook with Silver Scales

Daisses, the First-born of the teeming Spring,
On each Side their Embroidery bring,
Here Lilies wash, and grow more white,

And Daffadils to fee themselves delight.

Here a fresh Arbour gives her am'rous Shade,
Which Nature, the best Gardner made,
Here I would sit and sing tude Lays,
Such as the Nymphs, and Me my felf would please.

Thus would I waste, thus end my careless Days,

And Robin-red-breafts, whom Men praife For pious Birds, should when I die, Make both my Monument and Elegy.

To bis MISTRESS.

Trian Dye, why do you wear,
You whole Cheeks best Scarlet are?
Why do you so fondly pin
Pure Linen o'er your Skin,
(Your Skin that's whiter far)
Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?
Why bears your Neck a golden Chain?

Of Gold most pure and fine the mond W
With Gems why do you hine? gainso Med T

They, Neighbours to your Eyes the Shew but like Phosphor, when the Sun doth sife. 2 108

I would have all my Miftreft's Parts 1000 blo sid o'T Owe more to Nature than to Arts o o open guillost o'T

Or one whose Nights give less worth bian half Contentment than the Day,

She's Fair, whole Beauty only makes her Cay.

For 'tis not Buildings make a Court,
Or Pomp, but 'tis the King's Refort:
If Jupiter down pour
Himfelf, and in a Shower
Hide fuch bright Majesty,
Less than a Golden One it cannot be.

On the Uncertainty of FORTUNE. A Translation.

Eave off unfit Complaints, and clear [your Brow, From Sighs your Breaft, and from black Clouds When the Sun shines not with his wonted Chear, And Fortune throws an averse Cast for you.

That Sea which vext with Notus is, The merry Wef-winds will to Marrow kiss.

The Sun to Day rides droufily,
To Morrow 'twill put on a Look more fair,
Laughter and Groaning do alternately
Return, and Tears Sports nearest Neighbours are.

Tis by the Gods appointed fo, That good Fate should with mingled Dangers flow.

Who drave his Oxen Yesterday,

Doth now over the noblest Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay

The Yoke which from the Oxen he had ta'en.

Whom Hesperus saw poor and low,
The Morning's Eye beholds him Greatest now.

If Fortune knit amongst her Play and and word But Seriousnes; he shall again go home
To his old Country-Farm of Vesterday, available on I To scotling People no mean Jest become; a store aw

Had rul'd the World, go back and prune fome Tree;
Ney, if he want the Fuel Cold requires,
With his own Fafes, he shall make him Fires.

n Commendation of the Time we live in, under the Reign of our Gracious King CHARLES I.

He to our Land bleft Peace duch be

Urst be that Wretch (Death's Factor sure) who [brought ire Swords into the peaceful World; and taught withs, who before could only make he Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake; Arts, in most cruel wise Man's Life t' epitomize.

Then Men (fond Men alas!) ride post to th' Grave,
And cut those Threads, which yet the Fates would save.
Then Charon sweated at his Trade,
And had a larger Ferry made.
Then 'twas, the silver Hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

Then Revenge married to Ambition,
Begat black War, then Avarice crept on.
Then Limits to each Field were strain'd,
And Terminus a Godbead gain'd.
To Men before was found,
Besides the Sea, no Bound.

w,

ds

War's Story, writ in Blood (fad Story) feen?
This Truth too well our England knows,
Twas Civil Slaughter dy'd her Rofe;
Nay then her Lily too
With Blood's Loss paler grew.

Such Griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel, D d not just CHARLES silence the Rage of Steel; He to our Land blest Peace doth bring, All Neighbour-Countries envying. Happy who did remain Unborn till CHARLES his Reign!

Where, dreaming Chymicks, is your Pain and Cost?
How is your Oil, how is your Labour lost?
Our Charles, best Alchymist (the strange Believe it, future Times) did change
The Iron Age of old,
Into an Age of Gold.

Upon the Shortness of Man's Life.

Ark that swift Arrow how it cuts the Air, How it out-tuns thy following Eye, Use all Persuasions now and try If thou canst call it back, or stay it there,

That way it went, but thou shalt find No Track is left behind.

Fool, 'tis thy Life, and the fond Archer thou,'
Of all the Time thou'st shot away
I'll bid thee fetch but Yesterday,

And it shall be too hard a Task to do.

Besides Repentance what canst find
That it hath left behind?

Our Life is carry'd with too ffrong a Tide,

A doubtful Cloud our Subfrance bears,

And is the Horse of all our Years.

Each Day doth on a winged Whirlwind ride.

We and our Glass run out, and must

Both render up our Dust.

But his past Life who without Grief can see;
Who never thinks his find too near,
But says to Fame, Thou art mine Heir;

That Man extends Life's natural Brevity;
This is, this is the only way
To out-live Neffer in a Day.

n Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

Tichols, my better self, forbear,
For if thou tell'st what Cambridge Pleasures are,
The School-boy's Sin will light on me,
I hall in Mind, at least, a Truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your Mind
With Dainties of Philosophy,
In Ovid's Nut I shall not find
The Taste once pleased me.
O tell me not of Logick's diverse Chear;
I hall begin to loath our Crambe here.

Tell me not how the Wayes appear

Of Cam, or how it cuts the Learned Shire,

I shall contemn the troubled Thames,

On her chief Holiday; even when her Streams

Are with rich Folly gilded, when

The Quondam Dung-boat is made gay,

Just like the Bravery of the Men,

And graces with fresh Paint that Day.

When th' City shines with Flugs and Pageants there,

And Sattin Doublets seen not twice a Year.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
Thee there, but Plummets hang upon my Feet;
'Tis my chief Wish to live with thee,
But not till I deserve thy Company;
Till then we'll scorn to let that Toy,
Some forty Miles, divide our Hearts:
Write to me, and I shall enjoy
Friendship and Wit, thy better Parts.
Tho' envious Fortune larger Hind'rance brings,
We'll easily see each other, Love hath Wings.

To a Lady who defired a Song of Mr. Cowley, he presented this following.

Ome, Poetry, and with you bring along
A rich and painted Throng
Of noblest Words into my Song.
Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, and thick as Snow.

And turn thy Numbers still to prove Smooth as the smoothest Sphere above, And like a Sphere, like a Sphere, harmoniously move.

Little dost thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know, What thou art destin d to,

And what the Stars intend to do.

Among a thousand Songs but sew can be
Born to the Honour promis'd thee.

Eliza's felf shall thee receive, And a blest Being to thee give, Thou on her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live.

Her warbling Tongue shall freely with thee play,

And dance upon the rofie Way.

No Prince alive that would not envy thee,

And count thee happier far than he.

And how shalt thou thy Author crown!
When fair Eliza shall be known

Vries to me, and I finalized by a friend being your friend by its convince from the rest by its convince from the rest of the convince from the convence of th

To fing thy Praise, when she but speaks her own.

MANGETHSWANBAR

ri

LOVES RIDDLE, &c.

To the truly Worthy and Noble

Sir KENELM DIGBT, Kt.

HIS Latter Age, the Lees of Time, bas known Few that have made both Pallas Arts their own: But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are detorious in Peace as well as War. learning by right of Conquest is your own, ind every liberal Art your Captive grown. As if neglected Science (for it now Wants some Defenders) fled for Help to you : Whom I must follow, and let this for me An earnest of my future Service be Which I should fear to send you, did I know Your Judgment only, not your Candour too. For 'twas a Work, stoln (tho' you'll justly call This Play as fond as those) from Cat or Ball. Had it been written since, I should, I fear, Scarce have abstain'd from a Philosopher. Which by Tradition here is thought to be do to a standard A necessary Part in Comedy. Nor need I tell you this; each Line of it Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ, And I could wish, that I might safely say, Reader, this Play was made but th' other day? Tet tis not stuft with Names of Gods, bard Words Such as the Metamorphosis affords; Nor has 't a Part of Robinson, whom they At School account essential to a Play.

ď

The Stile is low, such as you'll easily take,
For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make:
Take it, as early Fruits, which rare appear,
Tho not half ripe, but worst of all the Year;
Ind if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
The Birch, which crown'd her then, is grown a Bay.

Yours in all Observance,

Figure and Red and the de

had every blocked Art your Lagathe god

A. COWLEY.

The Scene Sicily.

The ACTORS Names.

or I nouth follows, with the Hear Harr remophil, } two old Folks of a Noble Family. Spedaia. Horellus, their Children, Callidora, * or in Mans Apparel Callidorus.

Philiftus, 2 two Gentlemen both in Love with Calli-Aphron, \$ dora. the form appropriate the first Clariana, Sifter to Philiftus. Melarnus, a crabbed old Shepherd. Truga, his Wife. the to be thought the tent year to be Hylace, their Daughter, and their galle wor has I have to Agon, an ancient Country-man, and and and and Bellula, his supposed Daughter. Palamon, a young Swain in Love with Hylace. Alupis, a merry Shepherd. Clariana's Maid. b as the Mesamorph fit affords; . rate 's a fact of Redinion, colone they

PROLOGUE

WITH Cowley's youthful Work we entertain, Let it your Smiles, if not Applauses,

Y.

No Patron such an Off spring sure can need,
The Author here alone may interceed:
If the sweet innocence, adorns the Play,
To Favour can't your partial Judgments sway,
Or if in pity to a forward Youth,
You'll not wouchfafe your awful Brows to smooth,
Let the diverting Verse and serious Prose,
Which his brisk Fancy, and deep Sense disclose,
And which may in his older Works be seen,
From rigid Censure this small Labour screen:
Let then this Play your gen'rous Fawour share,
And for the riper Fruit, the early Blossoms

D4 LOVES

the action blue werelenged?

And yet for sympathian and managed they upbraid my subsequent and any transfer that we have a subsequent to the second transfer that we have the second transfer that the se

LOVES RIDDLE.

A PASTORAL COMEDY;

Written at the Time of his being King's Scholar in Westminster-School.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Callidora difguis'd in Man's Apparel. AD Feet, ye have been Traitors to your Mafter: Where have you led me? fure my truant Mind Hath taught my Body thus to wander too; Faintness and Fear surprize me: Ye just Gods, If ye have brought me to this place to fcourge The Folly of my Love, (I might fay Madnels) Dispatch me quickly; send some pitying Man Or eruel Beaff to find me ; let me be Fed by the one. or let me feed the other. Why are these Trees so brave? why do they wear Such green and fresh Apparel? how they smile! How their proud Tops play with the courting Wind! Can they behold me pine and languish here, And yet not sympathize at all in mourning? Do they upbraid my Sorrows? Can it be That these thick Branches, never seen before But by the Sun, should learn so much of Man? The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conscious Of their Mafters Guilt, Stateliness and Pride, Themselves would pity me; yet these -- Who's there?

Enter Alopis Singing.

Rife up, thou mournful Swain,

For 'tis but a folly

To be melancholy,

And get thee thy Pipe again.

Come fing away the day,

For 'tis but a folly

To be melancholy,

Let's live bere whilft I may.

Cal. I marry Sir, this Fellow hath some Fire in him, Methinks a sad and drowse Shepherd is A Prodigy in Nature; for the Woods Should be as far from Sorrow, as they are From Sorrows causes, Riches and the like. Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman Driv'n hither by Ignorance of the way, and would Confess my self bound to you for a Courteste, If you would please to help me to some Lodging, Where I may rest my self.

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Cal. Well; if the reft be like this Fellow here,

Then I have travel'd fairly now; for certainly

This is a Land of Fools; fome Colony

Of Elder Brothers have been planted here,

And begot this fair Generation.

Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'#?

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Cal. Why art thou mad? Alu. What if I be?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me, Sir?

For in this Age who is not? I'll prove it to you:

Your Citizen he's mad to trust the Gentleman

Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier

He's mad to spend his Time in studying Postures,

Cringes and Fashious, and new Complements.

Your Lawyer he's mad to sell away

His Tongue for Money, and his Clients madden

To buy it of him, since tis of no use,
But to undo Men and the Latin Tongue.
Your Scholars they are mad to break their Brains,
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,
That so when all the Arts call him their Master,
He may perhaps get a small Vicarage,
Or be Usher to a School. But there's
A Thing in black call'd a Poet, who is ten
Degrees in Madness above all these; his Means
Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him
By the Death or Marriage of some mighty Lord
Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

Cal. This Fellow's Wit amazeth me; but Friend, What do you think of Lovers? Alu. Worst of all; Is't not a pretty Folly to stand thus, And sigh, and fold the Arms, and cry my Calia,

My Soul, my Life, my Oelia; then to wring Ones Effate for Prefents, and ones Brains for Sonnets?

Oh! 'tis beyond the name of Frenzy.

Cak Why fo Satyrick, Shepherd? I believe You did not learn these Flashes in the Woods; How is it possible that you should get Such near Acquaintance with the City-Manners. And yet live here in Inch a filent Place and avail and Where one would think the very name of City Could hardly enter? Min. Why I'll tell you, Sir, My Father died, (you force me to remember A Grief that deferves Tears) and left me young, And (if a Shepherd may be faid to) rich, I in an itching Wantonnels to fee, What other Swains fo wonder'd at, the City, Strait fold my Rural Portion (for the Wealth at 10 Of Shepherds is their Flocks) and thither went, 100 Where whilst my Money lasted I was welcome it died And liv'd in credit; but when that was gone, And the last piece sigh'd in my empty Pocket, Iwas contemn'd; then I began to feel How dearly I had bought Experience,

And, without any thing besides Repentance
To load me, return'd back, and here I live
To laugh at all those Follies, which I saw.

SONG.

The merry Waves dance up and down, and play, Sport is granted to the Sea.

Birds are the Querifters of the empty Air,

Sport is never wanting there,

The Ground doth smile at the Spring's flowry Birth,

Sport is granted to the Earth.

The Fire its chearing Flame on high doth rear,
Sport is never wanting there.

If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,

Air and Fire, so merry be;
Why is Man's Mirth so seldom, and so small,
Who is compounded of them all?

Cal. You may rejoice; but Sighs befit me better.

Alu. Now on my Conscience thou hast lost a Mistriss:

If it be so, thank God, and love no more;

Or else perhaps she has burnt your whining Letter,

Or kiss'd another Gentleman in your sight,

Or else deny'd you her Glove, or laught at you,

Cases indeed which deserve special Mourning,

And now you come to talk with your God Cupid

In private here, and call the Woods to witness,

And all the Streams which murmur when they hear

The Injuries they suffer; I am sorry

I have been a hind'rance to your Meditations,

Farewel, Sir. Cal. Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake mc.

Alu. 'Faith, I am very chary of my Health,

I would be loth to be insected. Sir.

I would be loth to be infected, Sir.

Cal. Thou need'st not fear; I have no Disease at all.

Besides a troubled Mind.

Alu. Why that's the worst of alt.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge

Your Pity the more, you should the rather and the

Strive to be my Physician.

Alu. The good Gods forbid it; I turn Physician?

My Parents brought me up more piously,

Than that I should play booty with a Sickness,

Turn a Consumption to Men's Purses, and

Purge them worse than their Bodies, and set up

An Apothecaries Shop in private Chambers,

Live by revenue of Close-stools and Urinals,

Defer off sick Men's Health from day to day,

As if they went to Law with their Disease.

No, I was born for better ends, than to send away

His Majesty's Subjects to Hell so fast,

As if I were to share the Stakes with Charon.

Cal. Your Wit errs much:

For as the Soul is nobler than the Body,
So its Corruption asks a better Medicine
Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs or Agues,
And that is Counsel. Alu. So then; I should be
Your Soul's Physician; why, I could talk out
An Hour or so, but then I want a Cushion
To thump my Precept into; but tell me, pray,

What Name bears your Disease?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but so far above
An outward one, that the Vicissitudes
Of that may seem but Warmth and Coolness only;
This is Flame and Frost. Alm. So; I understand you.
You are a Lover, which is by translation
A Fool or Beast, for I'll define you; you're
Partly Chamelion, partly Salamander,
You're fed by th' Air, and live in Fire.

Cal. Why did you never love? have you no Softness; Nought of your Mother in you? if that Sun Which fcorcheth me, should cast one beam upon you, 'Twould quickly melt the Ice about your Heart,

And lend your Eyes fresh Streams.

Alu. Faith, I think not;
I have feen all your Beauties of the Court,
And yet was never rayisht, never made

A doleful Sonnet unto angry Cupid, Either to warm her Heart, or else cool mine, And no Face yet could ever wound me fo. But that I quickly found a Remedy.

Cal. That were an Art worth learning, you need not Be niggard of your Knowledge; see the Sun Tho' it hath given these many thousand Years, Light to the World, yet is as big and bright As e'er it was, and hath not loft one Beam Of his first Glory; then let Charity Perfuade you to instruct me. I shall be A very thankful Scholar.

Alu. I shall; for it is both easily taught and learn'd, Come fing away the day, &c.

Mirth is the only Phylick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much defired To cheat my Sorrow with; and for that purpole Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural Sports Wear my Life's Remnant out; I would forget All things, my very Name, if it were possible.

Alu. Pray let me learn it firft? Cal. 'Tis Callidorus. Al. Thank you; if you your felf chance to forget it, Come but to me, I'll do you the same Courtesie, In the mean while make me your Servant, Sir, I will instruct you in things necessary For the creation of a Shepherd, and We two will laugh at all the World fecurely, And fling Jefts against the Businesses of State Without endangering our Ears.

> Come, come away, For 'tis but a Folly, To be melancholy, Let's live bere whilft we may. [Exeunt.

Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Bellula, Hylace.

Pal. I fee I am undone.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, you love my Daughter? By Pan; but come, no matter for that; you love my Hylace?

Tru. Nay, good Duck, do not vex your felf; what

Mel. Come no matter for that; I will vex my felf and vex him too; shall such an idle Fellow as he strive to entice away honest Men's Children? let him go feed his Flocks; but alas! he has none to trouble him; ha,

ha, ha, yet he would marry my Daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting Man,

And one who cannot boast of any thing But that she calls thee Father; tho' I cannot Number so large a Flock of Sheep as thou, Nor send so many Cheeses to the City, Yet in my Mind I am an Emperor

If but compar'd with thee. Tru. Of what Place I pray?

'Tis of some new discover'd Country, is't not?

Pal. Prithee good Winter, if thou wilt be talking, Keep thy Breath in a little, for it smells Worse than a Goat; yet you must talk, For thou hast nothing left thee of a Woman But Lust and Tongue.

Hyl. Shepherd, here's none so taken with your Wit, But you might spare it; if you be so lavish, You'll have none left another time to make

The Song of the forfaken Lover with.

Pal. I'm dumb, my Lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever; May my rash Tongue forget to be Interpreter And Organ of my Senses, if you say It hath offended you. Hyl. Troth, if you make

But that Condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

Mel. By Pan well said Girl; what a Fool was I
To suspect thee of loving him? but come,
'Tis no matter for that; when e're thou art married
I'll add ten Sheep more to thy Portion

constitution and I set I see

For putting this one Jest upon him,

Eg. New now I must needs tell you that your Anger Is grounded with no Reason to maintain it. If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him, Say so, but play not with his Passion, For its inhumane Wit which jeers the wretched.

Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;

I shall not need your Counsel.

Truga. I hope my Husband and I have enough Wif-To govern our own Child; if we want any [dom 'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,

To come to borrow fome of you.

Æg, 'Tis very likely, pretty Mistris Maukin, You with a Face looks like a Winter Apple When 'tis shrunk up together, and half rotten, I'd see you hung up for a thing to scare The Grows away, before I'll spend my Breath To teach you any. Hyl. Alas good Shepherd! What do you imagine I should love you for?

Pal. For all my Services, the virtuous Zeal
And Constancy with which I ever woo'd you,
Tho' I were blacker than Starles Night
Or Consciences where Guilt and Horror dwell,
Altho' splay-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts;
And but the Chaos only of a Man;
Yet if I love and honour you, Humanity

Would teach you not to hate or laugh at me.

Hyl. Pray spare your fine Persuasions, and set Speeches, And rather tell them to those Stones and Trees, 'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when

You fpend them upon me. The gat Misself no severed?

Pal. Give me my final Answer, that I may
Be either bleft for ever, or die quickly;
Delay's a cruel Rack, and kills by piece-meal.

Hyl. Then here 'tis; you're an Als,
(Take that for your Incivility to my Mother)
And I will never love you. Pal. You're a Woman,
A cruel and fond Woman, and my Passion
Shall trouble you no more; but when I'm dead

My angry Ghoff shall vex you worse than now Your Pride doth me, farewel,

Enter Aphron mad, meeting Palamon going out.

Apb. Nay, stay Sir, have you found her?

Aph. For I will have her out of you, or else I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the Wind Play with the Shreds of thy torn Body. Look her Or I will do't. Pal. Whom, or where?

Apb. I'll tell thee honest Fellow, thou shalt go
From me as an Embassador to the Sun,
For Men call him the Eye of Heaven (from which
Nothing lies hid) and tell him ——— do you mark me

A

Eg. Alas poor Gentleman!
Sure he hath loft some Mistress , beauteous Women
Are the chief Plagues to Men.

Tru. Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I plague any?

Eg. How far is he beyond the name of Slave,

That makes his Love his Miffres?

Apb. Mistres! who's that? her Ghost; 'tis she?

It was her Voice, were all the Floods, the Rivers,
And Seas that with their crooked Arms embrace
The Earth, betwixt us, I'd wade through and meet her,
Were all the Alps heap'd on each other's Head,
Were Pelion join'd to Offa, and they both
Thrown on Olympus top, they should not make.
So high a Wall, but I would scale't and find her.

Bell. Unhappy Man.

Apb. 'Tis empty Air; I was too rude, too fancy
And she hath left me; if she be alive
What Darkness shall be thick enough to hide her?
If dead, I'll seek the Place which Poets call Elysum,
Where all the Souls of good and virtuous Mortals
Enjoy deserved Pleasures after Death.

What should I fear? if there be an Erynnis,

Tis in this Breaft; if a Tisiphone

'Tis here, here in this Brain are all her Serpents;

My Grief and Fury arm me. Pal. By your leave, Sir.

Aph. No, by the Gods, that Man that stops my JourHad better have provok'd a hungry Lioness [sey
Robb'd of her Whelps, or set his naked Breast
Against the Thunder. [Exit Aphron.

Tru. 'Tis well he's gone,

I never could endure to fee thefe Madmen.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, [Enter Alupis and For now he's gone, here comes another; Callidorus. But 'ris no matter for that neither.

How now! who has he brought with him?

Alu. Hail to the Shepherds and ye beautous Nymphs, I must present this Stranger to your knowledge, When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't.

Cal. Bleft Masters of the Woods, hail to you all.

Tis my desire to be your Neighbour here,
And seed my Flocks (such as they are) near yours.
This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle Nature
Will be most willing to accept my Friendship;
Which if you do, may all the Sylvan Deities.
Be still propitious to you, may your Flocks
Yearly increase above your Hopes or Wishes;
May none of your young Lambs become a Prey
To the rude Wolf, but play about securely;
May Dearths be ever exil'd from these Woods,
May your Fruits prosper, and your Mountain StrawberGrow in abundance; may no Lovers be

[ries
Despis'd and pine away their Years of Spring,

With equal Sympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time; The Gods forbid

But the Young Men and Maids be strucken both

Mortals to be fo happy.

Eg. I thank you; and we wish no less to you: You are most welcome hither. Tru. Tis a handsome Man, I'll be acquainted with him; we most heartily

Accept your Company.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, we have enough Already; who can bear us company?
But no matter for that neither; we shall have Shortly no room left to feed our Flocks
By one another. Alu. What always grumbling?
Your Father and your Mother scolded sure Whilst you were getting; well, if I begin I'll so abuse thee, and that publickly.

Mel. A rot upon you; you must still be humour'd. But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.

Alu. What, Beauties, are you filent?

Take notice of him, pray; your speaking is

Worth more than all the rest.

Bel. You're very welcome. [Salutes ber. Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.

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Bel I never faw Beauty and Affability
So well conjoin'd before; if I fray long

I shall be quite undone. Alu. Nay, come, put on too.

Hyl. You are most kindly welcome.

Cal. You bless me too much;

The Honour of your Lip is entertainment
Princes might wish for. Hyl. Bless me how he looks!
And how he talks! his Kiss was Honey too,
His Lips as red and sweet as early Cherries,
Softer than Bevers Skins. Bel. Bless me how I envy her!
Would I had that Kiss too!

Hyl. How his Eye shines! what a bright Flame it

shoots!

Bet. How red his Cheeks are! so our Garden-Apples Look on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

Hyl. How well his Hairs become him! Just like that Star which ushers in the Day.

Bel. How fair he is! fairer than whitest Blossoms.

Tru. They two have got a Kis,

Why should I lose it now for want of speaking? You're welcome Shepherd.

Alu. Come on: For tis but a Folly, &c. Tru. Do you hear? you are welcome.

Alu. Here's another must have a Kiss.

Tru. Go, you're a paltry Knave, ay, that you are, To wrong an honest Woman thus.

Alu. Why he shall kiss thee, never fear it;
I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,
Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee,
I'll speak to him.

Tru. You're a flandering Knave,

And you shall know that, that you shall.

Alu. Nay, if you feeld so loud
Others shall know it too; he must stop your mouth,
Or you'll talk on this three Hours. Callidorus,
If you can patiently endure a Stink,
Or have frequented e'r the City Bear-garden,
Prithee salute this fourscore Years, and free me:
She says you're welcome too.

Cal. I cry you mercy, Shepherdels,

By Pan.I did not fee you.

Tru. If my Husband and Alupis were not here I'd rather pay him back that Kiss again. Than be beholden to him. Alu. What, thou hast don't Well, if thou dost not die upon't, hereafter. Thy Body will agree even with the worst And stinkingst Air in Europe.

Cal. Nay, be not angry, Shepherdess, you know

He doth but jest, as 'tis his Custom.

Wont to abuse me, like a Knave as he is, But I'll endure 't no more:

Alu. Prithee, good Callidorus, if her Breath Be not too bad, go stop her Mouth again,

She'll foold till Night elfe.

Tru. Yes marry will I, that I will, you Rascal you.
I'll teach you to lay your Frumps upon me;
You delight in it, do you?

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Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me And I will never jeer thee any more, We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

Tru. Well, upon that condition.

Alu. So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now my Lads?

What have ye loft your Tongues? I'll have them ery'd,

Palamon, Ægon, Callidorus, what?

Are you all dumb? I pray continue fo,

And I'll be merry with my felf.

SONG.

'Tis better to dance than sing,
The Cause is, if you will know it,
That I to my self shall bring
A Poverty
Voluntary
If once I grow but a Poet.

Æg. And yet methinks you fing.

Als. O yes, because here's none to dance,

And both are better far than to be sad.

Æg. Come, then, let's have a round.

Alu. A match; Palamon whither go you?

Pal. The Gods forbid that I should mock my felf,

Cheat my own Mind; I dance and weep at once?

You may. Farewel. [Exit.

Alu. 'Tis fuch a whining Fool; come, come, Melarnus:
Mel. I have no mind to dance; but come, no matter
for that, rather than break fqueres.

Cal. By your leave, Fair one. Hyl. Wou'd I were in her place.

Alu. Come Hylace, thou and I Wench, I warrant thee, Fon tis but a Folly, Oc.

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half a-weary.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, I have not dane'd fo much this Year.

Alu. So farewel, you'll come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewel gentle Swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Our best Wishes follow you.

Hyl. Pan always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away.

The End of the First Att.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter Demopbil, Spodaia, Philiftus, Clariana.

Dem. TAY, She is loft for ever, and her Name
Which us'd to be fo comfortable, now
Is Poison to our Thoughts, and to augment
Our Milery, paints forth our former Happiness.

O Callidora! O my Callidora!

I shall ne'er see thee more.

Spo. If curled Aphron

Hath carried her away, and triumphs now

In the destruction of our heary Age,

Twere better she were dead.

Dem. 'Twere better we were all dead; the enjoying Of tedious Life is a worse Punishment Than losing of my Daughter; Oh! my Friends, Why have I liv'd so long?

Cla. Good Sir be comforted: Brother, speak to 'em. Spo. Wou'd I had died when first I brought thee forth, My Girl, my best Girl, then I should have slept In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a Statue.

Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be My own fad Monument.

Cla. Alas, you do but hurt your felves with weeping; Confider pray, it may be she'll come back.

edes a defeit of mine of

Dem. Oh! Oh! never, never, 'tis as impossible As to call back fixteen, and with vain Rhetorick Persuade my Life's fresh April to return.

She's dead, or else far worse, kept up by Aphron.
Whom if I could but see, methinks new Blood
Would creep into my Veins, and my faint Sinews
Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find
Strength enough yet to be reveng'd on Aphron.

Spo. Would I were with thee, Girl, where e'er thou

art.

Cla. For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort Methinks you should say something. ['em,

Pbi. Do you think

My Grief so light? Or was the Interest

So small which I had in her? I a Comforter!

Alas, she was my Wise, for we were married

In our Affections, in our Vows; and nothing

Stopt the enjoying of each other, but.

The thin Partition of some Ceremonics.

I lost my Hopes, my Expectations,

My Joys, nay more I lost my self with her.

You have a Son yet lest behind, whose Memory

May sweeten all this Gall. Spo. I, we had one

But Fate's so cruel to us, and such Dangers

Attend a travelling Man, that 'twere Presumption.

To say we have him; we have sent for him

To blot out the Remembrance of his Sister:

Will be but a fad Welcome to him.

But whether we shall ever see him here, The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

Phi. Why do I play thus with my Mifery?

Tis vain to think I can live here without her,
I'll feek her where e'er she is; Patience in this
Would be a Vice, and Men might justly say
My Love was but a Flash of winged Lightning,
And not a Vestal Flame, which always shines;
His Wooing is a Complement, not a Passion,
Who can, if Fortune snatch away his Mistress,
Spend some few Tears, then make another choice,
Mine is not so; Oh Callidora.

Cla. Fie Brother, you're a Man, And should not be shaken with every Wind; If it were possible to call her back With Mourning, Mourning were a Piety, But since you cannot, you must give me leave To call it a Folly.

Phi. So it is;

And I will therefore shape some other Course,
This doleful Place shall never see me more,
Unless it see her too in my Embraces,
You, Sister, may retire unto my Farm,
Adjoining to the Woods,
And my Estate I leave for you to manage;
If I find her, expect me there, if not,
Do you live happier than your Brother hath.

Cla. Alas! how can I, if you leave me? but

I hope your Resolution will be alter'd.

Phi. Never: Farewel, good Demophil,

Farewel Spodaia, temper your Laments;

If I return we shall again be happy.

Spo. You shall not want my Prayers.
The Gods that pity Lovers, (if there be any)
Attend upon you.

Cla. Will you needs go?

Phi. I knit delays; 'twere time I were now ready, And I shall fin, if I seem dull or slow

In any thing which touches Callidora.

Dem. Oh! that Name wounds me; we'll bear you A little way, and Clariana, look [Company To fee us often at your Country-Farm, We'll figh and grieve together. [Exeunt.

Enter Alupis and Palæmon.

Alu. Come, come away, &c.

Now where are all your Sonnets; your rare Fancies?

Could the Morning Musick, which you wak'd

Your Mistris with, prevail no more than this?

Why in the City now your very Fidlers

Good morrow to your Worship, will get something, Hath she deny'd thee quite?

Pal. She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,

And begot stormy Billows.

Alu. Can no persuasions move her?

Pal. No more than thy least Breath can stir an Oak. Which hath these many Years scorn'd the fierce wars

Of all the Winds.

Alu. 'Tis a good Hearing; then She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle-Doves, Nor Garlands knit with amorous Conceits; I do perceive some Rags of the Court-Falhions Visibly now creeping into the Woods. The more he shews his Love, the more she slights him, Yet will take any Gift of him as willingly As Country Justices the Hens and Geese Of their offending Neighbours; this is right: Now if I lov'd this Wench, I would so handle her, I'd teach her what the Difference is betwixt One who had feen the Court and City Tricks, And a meer Shepherd.

Pal. Lions are tam'd, and become Slaves to Men.

And Tigers oft forget their Cruelty

They suck'd from their fierce Mothers; but a Woman,

Ay me! a Woman! -

Alu. Yet if I law such Wonders in her Face As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

Pal. How 'pray; if Gifts would do it, she has had The daintiest Lambs, the Hope of all my Flock; I let my Apples hang for her to gather; The painful Bee did never load my Hives With Honey which the tafted not.

Alu. You mistake, Friend, I mean not so. Pal. How then? if Poetry would do it, what Shade Hath not been Auditor of my amorous Pipe? What Banks are not acquainted with her Praises? Which I have fung in Verfes, and the Shepherds

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Say they are good ones; nay they call me Poet, Altho' I am not easie to believe them.

Alu. No, no, no; that's not the way.

Pal. Why how?

If shew of Grief had Rhetorick enough
To move her, I dare swear she had been mine
Long before this; what Day did e'er peep forth
In which I wept not dulier than the Morning?
Which of the Winds have not my Sighs increas'd
At sundry times? how often have I cried
Hylace, Hylace, till the docile Woods
Have answered Hylace? and every Valley,
As if it were my Rival, sounded Hylace.

Alu. Ay, and you are a most rare Fool for doing so. Why 'twas that poison'd all; had I a Mistress I'd almost beat her, by this Light I would. For they are much about your Spaniel's Nature; But whilst you cry, dear Hylace, O Hylace; Pity the Tortures of my burning Heart, She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wise, At the first asking; tho' her tickled Blood Leaps at the very mention; therefore now Leave off your whining Tricks, and take my Counsel,

First then be merry; For tis but a Folly, &c.
Pal. 'Tis a hard Lesson for my Mind to learn,

Pal. But alas!

This will provoke her more.

Alu. I'll warrant thee; besides what if it should? She hath refus'd you utterly already, And cannot hurt you worse; come, come, be rul'd;

And follow me, we'll put it frait in practice. For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Pal. A match, I'll try all ways; the can but forn me, There is this Good in depth of Milery, That Men may attempt any thing, Who know the worst before hand. Exeunt.

Enter Gallidorus.

Cal. How happy is that Man, who in these Woods With secure Silence wears away his time!" y bont 12 Who is acquainted better with himself Than others; who so great a Stranger is To City Follies, that he knows them not. He fits all Day upon a mossie Hill. His rural Throne, arm'd with his Crook his Scepter, A flowry Garland is his Country Crown ; " 10 The gentle Lambs and Sheep his Loyal Subjects. Which every Year pay him their fleecy Tribute: Thus in an humble Stateliness and Majesty He tunes his Pipe, the Woods best Melody, And is at once, what many Monarchs are not, Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish To spend the rest of my unprofitable, And needless Days in their innocuous Sports. But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother Recur unto my Thoughts, and ftrait pluck down The Resolution I had built before Love names Philiftus to me, and o'th' fudden The Woods feem bale, and all their harmless Pleasures, The Daughters of Necessity not Vertue. Thus with my felf I wage a War, and am To my own Rest a Trairor; I would fain Go home, but still the Thought of Approvi frights me. How now; who's here? O'tis fair Hylace, The grumbling Shepherd's Daughter.

Enter Hylace. of banton died she

Brighteft of all those Stars that paint the Woods.

And grace these shady Habitations, You're welcome ; how shall I requite the benefit Which you bestow upon so poor a Stranger

With your fair presence?

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Hyl. If it be any Courtelie, 'tis one Which I would gladly do you; I have brought A rural Present, some of our own Apples. My Father and my Mother are fo hard, They watch'd the Tree, or elfe they had been more. Such as they are, if they can please your taste, My With is crown'd.

Cal. Q you're too kind. And teach that Duty to me, which I ought To have perform'd; I wou'd I could return The half of your Deferts: but I am poor

In every Thing but Thanks.

Hyl. Your Acceptance only is Reward Too great for me.

Cal. How they blush!

A Man may well imagine they were yours, They bear to great a shew of Modesty.

Hyl. O you mock my boldness

To thrust into your Company, but truly 1500 toy 15d

I meant no hurt in't, my Intents were virtuous. Cal. The Gods forbid that I hould nurse a Thought

So wicked; thou art innocent I know, And pure as Venus Doves, or Mountain Snow Which no Foot hath defil'd, thy Soul is whiter

(If there be any possibility of it)

Than that clear Skin that cloaths thy dainty Body.

Hyl. Nay, my good Will deserves not to be jeer'd, You know I am a rude and Country-Wench.

Cal, Far be it from my Thoughts, I swear I honour And love shofe Maiden-Virtues, which adorn you.

Hyl. I won'd you did, as well as I do you, But the just Gods intend me not, so happy.

Could gather I water bino Plant W

Enter Bellula.

And I must be contented. I'm undone. Here's Bellula, what, is she grown my Rival?

Bel, Bless me! whom see I; Hylace? Some Cloud

Or friendly Mist involve me.

Hyl. Nay, Bellula, I see you well enough.

Cal. Why doth the Day ftart back? are you so cruel To shew us first the Light, and having struck. Wonder into us, snatch it from our Sight? If Spring, crown'd with the Glories of the Earth, Appear upon the heavenly Ram, and streight Creep back again into a grey hair'd Frost, Men will accuse its Forwardness.

Hyl. Pray Heaven
He be not taken with her? The's somewhat fair;
He did not make so long a Speech to me,
I'm sure of't, tho' I brought him Apples.

Bel. I did mittake my way; pray pardon me. Hyl. I wou'd you had elfe.

Cal. I muft thank Fortune then which led you hither.

But you can flay a little while and blefs us?

Bel. Yes; (and Love knows how willingly) alas!

A shall quite spoil my Garland e're I give it him,

With hiding it from Hylace; 'pray Pan

She hath not stolen his Heart already from him,

And cheated my Intentions.

Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I should leave her, It may be I shall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know she loves him, And hath perhaps a better Tongue than I, Altho I should be loth to yield to her

In Beauty or Complexion.

Bel. Let me speak
In private with you; I am bold to bring
A Garland to you, 'tis of the best Flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All Yesterday.

£Cal.

Cal. How you oblige me to you!

I thank you, Sweetest, how they flourish still!

Sure they grow better fince your Hand has nipt them.

Bel. They will do, when your Brow hath honour de

them.

Then they may well grow proud and thine more freshly.

Cal. What Perfumes dwell in them!

They owe these Odors to your sweeter Breath.

Hyl. Defend me, ye good Gods; I'think he kiffes her,
How long they have been talking! now perhaps
She's wooing him; perhaps he forgets me
And will consent, I'll put him in remembrance:
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,

And they were good ones truly.

Cal. I will do presently, best Hylace. [always-Hyl. That's something yet, wou'd he would speak so Cal. I would not change them for those glorious Ap-Which give such Fame to the Hesperian Gardens. [ples.

Bel. She hath out-gone me in her Present now,
But I have got a Beechen Cup at home,
Curiously graven with the spreading Leaves,
And gladsome Burthen of a fruitful Vine,
Which Damon, the best Artist of these Woods,
Made and bestow'd upon me. I'll bring that to morrow
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her
She will not go beyond me.

Hyl. What have you got a Chaplet ? Oh!

This is I fee of Bellula's compoling.

Bel. Why Hylace? you cannot make a better;

What Flowers pray doth it want?

Cal. Poor Souls! I pity them, and still the more,
Because I have not been my self a Stranger
To these Love Passions; but I wonder
What they can find in me worth their Assection;
Truly I would fain satisfie them both,
But can do neither, 'tis Fate's crime, not mine.

Bel. Whither now go you, Shepherd?

Hyl. You will not leave us, will you?

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LOVES RIDDLE.

Cal. Indeed I ought not, You have both bought me with your Courtefies, And should divide me.

Hyl. She came last to you. Bel. She hath another Love.

And kills Palamon with her Cruelty,
How can she expect Mercy from another?
Into what a Labyrinth doth Love draw Mortals,
And then blindfolds them! what a Mist it throws
Upon their Senses! if he be a God,
As sure he is, (his Power could not be so great else)
He knows th' Impossibility which Nature
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
And laughs to see us struggle.

Cal. D'ye both love me?

Bel. I do, I'm fure.

Hyl. And I as much as the.

Cal. I pity both of you, for you have fow'd Upon unthankful Sand, whose dry'd up Womb Nature denies to bless with Fruitfulness. You are both fair, and more than common Graces Inhabit in you both; Bellula's Eyes Shine like the Lamp of Heav'n, and so do Hylace's. Hylace's Cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet I han the chast Morning's Blushes, so are Bellula's. And I protest I love you both: Yet cannot, Yet must not enjoy either.

Bel. You fpeak Riddles.

Cal. Which Times Commentary
Must only explain to you; and till then
Farewel good Bellula, farewel good Hylase,
I thank you both.

Hyl. Alas! my Hopes are strangled. [Exit. Bel. I will not yet despair; he may grow milder. He bad me farewel first; and look'd upon her With a more stedfast Eye, than upon me, When he departed hence, 'twas a good Sign;

Exit.

At least I will imagine it to be fo,

Hope is the truest Friend, and seldom leaves one. [Exis-

Enter Truga. World I you to link 's

Tru. I doubt not but this will move him, For they are good Apples, but my Teeth are gone, I cannot bite them; but for all that tho,
I'll warrant you I can love a young Fellow As well as any of them all; ay that I can. And kifs him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the Mad-man,

Enter Aphron. w and vin and has

Aph. Hercules, Hercules, ho Hercules. where are you? Lend me thy Club and Skin, when I ha' done, I'll fling them to thee again : Why Hercules ! Pox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer? I'll travel then without them, and do Wonders. Tru. I quake all over worse than any Fit

O' th' Palie I have had this forty. Years,

Could make me do.

Aph. So I ha found the Plot out, First I'll climb up on Porter Atlas Shonlders, And eraulup into Heaven, and I'm fure I cannot chuse but find her there.

Tru. What would become of me, if he should see me?

Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,

If he were not mad, I would n't be lo fraid of him. Aph. What have I caught thee, fairest of all Women? Where hast thou hid thy self so long from Apbron?

Apbron, Who hath been dead till this bleff minute ? Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom does he take me for ? Apb. Thy Skin is whiter than the snowy Feathers

Of Leda's Swans, is thell to hould not have projected to

Tru. La' you there now ;-

I thought I was not so unhandsome as they'd make me-Aph. Thy Hairs are brighter than the Moons,

Then when the foreads her Beams, and fills her Orb. Tru. Beshrew their Hearts that call this Gentleman [mada.

He hath Senses I'll warrant him, about him, As well as any Fellow of them all.

Apb. Thy Teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,

for they are good

Of pureft Ivory.

Tru. Ay, for those few I have, I think they're white enough.

Aph. Thou art as fresh as May is, and thy Look

le Picture of the Spring.

Tru. Nay, I am but some fourscore years and ten, And bear my Age well, yet Alupis says I look like Fanuary, I'll teach the Knave Another Tune, I'll warrant him.

Aph. Thy Lips are Cherries, let me taft them, Sweet, Tru. You have begg'd to handlomely. [Hag. Aph. Ha! ye good Gods defend me! Tis a Witch, &

Tru. What am 1?

Apb. A Wirch, one that did take the shape Of my best Mistress, but thou couldst not long Bely her Pureness.

Fru. Now he's stark mad again upon the sudden;

He had some Sense e en now.

Apb. Thou look it as if thou wert fome wicked Wo-Frighted out of the Grave; defend me, how [man Her Eyes do fink into their ugly Holes, As if they were afraid to fee the Light.

Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not.

Am I fo quickly chang d?

Apb. Her Breath infects the Air, and fows a Pefficence
Where-ever it doth come; what hath fire there?

I! these are Apples made up with the Stings
Of Scorpions, and the Blood of Basilisks;
Which being swallow d up, a thousand Pains
Ear on the Heart, and gnaw the Entrails out.

Tru. Thou lieft; ay, thou doft, and it is the For thefe are honest Apples, that they are;

I'm fure I gather'd them my felf.

Apb. From the Stygian Tree, give me them quickly,

Tru. What will you do? pray take them.

Apb. Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee';

Thou art Tifiphone.

Tru. 'Tis false; for I know no such Woman...
I'm glad I am got from him, would I had.
My Apples too; but 'tis no matter tho.
I'll have a better Gift for Calliderus.
To morrow.

Aph. The Fiend is vanished from me,2
And hath left these behind for me to taste of,
But I will be too cunning: Thus I'll scatter them,
Now have I spoil'd her Plot; unhappy he
Who finds them.

The End of the Second Att.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Florellus.

HE Sun five times had gone his yearly Progress Since laft I faw my Sifter, and returning Big with Defire to view my native Sicily, I found my aged Parents fadly monraing The Funeral, for to them it feems no lefs, Of their departed Daughter; what a welcome This was to me, all in whose Hearts a vein Of Marble grows not, may easily conceive Without the dumb persuasions of my Tears. Yet, as if that were nothing, and it were A kind of Happinels in Milery, If't come without an Army to attend it, As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a Woman Whom her Attire call'd Shepherdels, but her Face. Some difguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess; E 5

It ftruck fuch Adoration (for I durft not Harbour the Love of fo divine a Beauty) That ever fince I could not teach my Thoughts Another Object; in this happy Place (Happy her Presence made it) she appear'd, And breath'd fresh Honours on the smiling Trees, Which owe more of their Gallantry to her, Than to the Musky Kiffes of the West Winds. Ha! fure 'tis fhe ; thus doth the Sun break forth From the black Curtain of an envious Cloud.

Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace.

Alu. For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Hyl. We did not fend for you; pray leave us. Alu. No, by this Light, not till I fee you cry; When you have fled fome penitential Tears For wronging of Palamon, there may be A Truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Be'. This is uncivil, To thrust into our company; do you think That we admire your Wit? pray go to them

That do we would be private.

Alu. To what purpofe? has main out and the You ask how many Shepherds the hath flrucken? Which is the properest Man; which kisses sweetest? Which brings her the best Presents? and then tell What a fine Man woos you, how red his Lips are? How bright his Eyes are? and what dainty Sonnets He hath composed in Honour of your Beauty? And then at last, with what rare Tricks you fool him? These are your learn'd Discourses; but were all Men of my Temperance, and Wildom too, You should woo us, ay and woo hardly too, Before you got us. 19 the art and the same of the

Flo. O prophanenels! Can he lo rudely speak to that bleft Virgin, And not be ffrucken dumb?

Alu. Nay, you have both a mind to me; I come bither Not to gaze on you, or extol your Beauty; I come to vex you.

I will not suffer this; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods;
To sling thy wild, and saucy laughter at,
But her? whom thy great Deity, even Pan
Himself, would honour; do not dare to utter
The smallest accent, if not cloth'd with reverence.
Nay, do not look upon her but with Eyes
As humble and submissive as thou wouldst
Upon the brow of Majesty, when it frowns.
I speak but that which Duty binds us all to.
Thou shalt not think upon her, no not think,
Without as much Respect and Honour to her,
As holy Men in superstitious Zeal
Give to the Images they worship.

Bel. Oh, this is the Gentleman courted me the other

Alu. Why, have you got a Patent to reftrain me?
Or do you think your glorious Sate can fright me?
Twould do you much more credit at the Theatre,
To rife betwist the Acts, and look about
The Boxes, and then cry, God fave you, Madam.
Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
And make your Oaths become you; have you shown
Your gay Apparel every where in Town,
That you can afford us the fight of t? or
Hath that grand Devil with his bolder Serjeant,
Frighted you out o' th' City?

When they are shot at me, I scorn to take
Any Revenge upon them, but Neglect;
For then tis Rashness only, but as soon
As you begin to violate her Name,
Nature and Conscience too bids me angry,
For then tis Wickedness.

Air. Well, if't be so,

I hope you can forgive the Sin that's past
Without the doleful fight of trickling Tears,

For I have Eyes of Pumice; I'm content

To let her rest in quiet; but you have given me

Free leave t' abuse you, on the condition

You will revenge it only with Neglect,

For then 'tis Rashness only. Flo. What are you biting?

Where did you pick these Fragments up of Wit?

Also. Where I paid dear enough o'Conscience for them, They should be more than Fragments by their price, I bought them, Sir, even from the very Merchants, I form to deal with your poor City Pedlars, that sell By retail; but let that pass, For tis but a Folly, &c.

Ele. Then wen have feen the City.

Alu. Ay, and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm sure It suckt up in three Years the whole Estate My Father lest, tho he were counted rich: A pox of farlorn Ceptains, pitiful Things, Whom you mistake for Soldiers, only by Their sounding Oaths, and a Bust Jerkin, and Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat, Of Battles sought in Persia or Polonia, Where they themselves were on the conquiring side, Although God knows one of the City Captains, Arm'd with broad Scars, Feather, and Scarlet Breeches, When he instructs the Youth on Holy-days, And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns, Would pose them in the Art Military; these

Flo. So, no wonder then you spent so fast.

Alu. Pish, these were nothing:

Egrew to keep your Poets Company,

Those are the Soakers, they refin'd me first.

Of those gross Humours that are bred by Meney,

And made me strait a Wit, as now you see,

Los then 's a W electorias

Hor 'tis but a Folly &c. got some bine butter y

Flo. But haft thou none to fling thy Salt upon, But these bright Virgins?

Alu. Yes, now you are here,

You are as good a Theme as I could wish.

Hyl. 'Tis best for me to go while they are talking,

For if I steal not from Alupis sight,
He'll follow me all day to vex me. [Exit.

Alu. What are you vanishing, coy Mrs. Hylace?

Nay, I'll be with you ftrait, but first I'll fetch

Palemon; now if he can play his part

And leave off whining, we'll have princely Sport;

Well, I may live in time to have the Women

Scratch out my Eyes, or feold me foon to Death;

I shall deserve it richly. Farewel Sir,

I have Employment with the Damiel gone; q dign at

And cannot now intend you.

Flo. They're both gone, Direct me now, good Love, and teach my Tongue Th' Inchantments that thou woo'dft thy Pfyche with.

Bel. Farewel, Sir. Dun should you denot yiman, non !!

Flo. O! be not fo cruel, bland and var man HT

Let me enjoy my felf a little while, and wat bless has

Which without you Fcan to we diversity series still

Bel. Pray let me go I Valley used stal mal dais to

To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,

And if my Father miss me, he'll so chide.

Ho. Alas! thou need'st not fear, for th' Wolf himself, Tho' Hunger whee the fury of its nature, Would learn to spare thy pretty Flooks, and be As careful as the Shepherd's Dog to guard them.

Nay, if he thould not, Pan would prefent be, And keep thy tender Lambs in fafety for thee;

For the he be a God, he would not blush To be thy Servant.

Bel Oh! You're courtly, Sir;

But your fine Words will not defend my Sheep, Or flop them if they wander? let me go. Yet so neglectful of my perishing,
(For without you how can I choose but perish?)
Tho' I my self were most contemptible,
Yet for this reason only, that I love
And honour you, I deserve more than they do

Bel. What would you do that thus you urge my Stay? Flo. Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint, Nothing which can call up the Maiden Blood, To lend thy Face a Blush, nothing which chast And virtuous Sifters can deny their Brothers, I do confess I love you, but the fire In which Fove courted his ambitions Miftres, Or that by holy Men on Alters kindled, was ab lead Is not so pure as mine is. I would only Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry Eyes Sometimes with those bright Treffes, which the Wind Far happier than I, plays up and down in, And fometimes with thy Cheeks, those role Twins; Then gently touch thy Hand, and often kifs it, Till thou thy felf shouldst check my Modesty, And yield thy Lips; but farther, tho' thou shoulds Like other Maids, with weak reliftance askit, daily (Which I am fure thou wilt) I would not offer Till lawful Hymen join us both, and give was him of

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Bel. Which I
Need not bestow much Language to oppose,
Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
When they made me a rude and homely Wench;
You (if your Cloaths and Carriage be not Liers)
By State and Birth a Gentleman.

A Licence unto my Defires.

I may without sufpicion of a Boaster
Say that I am so, else my Love were Impudence;
For do you think wise Nature did intend
You for a Shepherdess, when she bestow'd so you Such pains in your Creation? would she fetch

The Perfumes of Arabia for your Breath? Or ranfack Pestum of her choicest Roses T' adorn your Cheeks? would the bereave the Rock Of Coral for your Lips, and catch two Stars As they were falling, which the form'd your Eyes of? Would she herself turn Work-woman and spin Threads of the finest Gold to be your Tresses? Or rob the Great to make one Microcolm? And having finish'd quite the beauteous Wonder, Hide it from publick View and Admiration. No; she would fet it on some Pyramid, To be the spectacle of many Eyes: And it doth grieve me that my niggard Fortune, Rais'd me not up to higher Eminency, Not that I am ambitious of fuch Honours, But that through them I might be made worthy To enjoy you.

Bel. You are for ought I fee
Too great already; I will either live,
An undefiled Virgin as I am,
Or if I marry, not bely my Birth,
But join my felf to some plain vertuous Shepherd.
(For Callidore is so) and I'll be either his or no Bodies.

Flo. Pray hear me.

Bel. Alas! I have Sir, and do therefore now
Prepare to answer; if this Passion
Be Love, my Fortune bids me deny you;
If Lust, my Honesty commands to scorn you.
Farewel.

Flo. O stay a little! but two words; she's gone; Gone, like the glorious Sun, which being set, Night creeps behind and covers all; some way I must seek out to win her, or what's easier (And the blind Man himself without a guide May find) some way to die; would I had been Born a poor Shepherd in these shady Woods. Nature is cruel in her Benefits,

And when the gives us Honey, mingles Gall.

She faid that if the married, the Woods

Should find a Husband for her.

In Sylvan Habit, then perhaps the Il love meBut yet I will not, that's in vain; Lwill too,

It cannot hurt to try.

[Exit.

Enter Alupis, Palamon, after them Hylace.

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Alu. Nay, come, she's just behind us, are you ready? When she scolds, be you soudest, if she cry, Then saugh abundantly, thus we will vex her Into a good conceit of you.

Pal. I'll warrant you; you have instructed me enough.

She comes.

Hyl. Is't possible that Bellula-

Pal Bair Creature

Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me: who fent for

Pal. Whom all the Nymphs (tho' Women use to be As you know, envious of another's Beauty)

Confess the Pride and Glory of these Woods.

Hyl. When did you make this Speech? 'tis a most neat Go, get you gone, look to your rotten Cattle, [one: You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able. To keep your Sheep.

Alw. Good! the abuses him.

Now 'tis a Miracle he doth not cry.

Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are

Mattace is exual to her dichaftally

Out-shone by thee on Earth.

Hyl. Pray get you gone,
Or hold your prating Tongue; for whatfoeverThou fayeft, I will not hear a Syllable;
Much less answer thee.

Hyl. You're so cunning, And have such pretty ways t'entice me with; Come let me see it.

I thought I had not been worth an Answer.

Hyl. How now, what Tricks are these?

Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating Tongue?"
For what fee er thou say'ft, I will not hear

A Syllable; and much less answer thee.

Alu. Good Boy faith; now let me come.

Hyl. This is some Plot I see, would I were gone.

I had as live fee the Wolf as this Alupir.

Alu. Here's a fine Ring i'faith, a very pretty one,
Do your Teeth water at it, Damfel, ha?
Why, we will fell our Sheep and Oxen, Girl,
Hang them, scurvy Beasts, to buy you pretty Knacks,
That you might laugh at us, and call us Fools,
And jeer us too, as far as your wit reaches,
Bid us be gone, and when we have talk'd two Hours,
Deny to answer us. Nay you must say

[She offers to be gone.

And hear a little more.

The Mafter of my Business? I will not. [tient.

Alu. Faith but you shall; hear therefore and be paI'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'st got a Chain about thy Neck,
And comely Bobs to dandle in thine Ears:
When thou'st perfum'd thy Hair, that if thy Breath
Should be corrupted, it might 'scape unknown,
And when bestow'd two Hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy Breast hither, thine Arms hither,
And had thy Fueus curiously laid on;
Thou'dst be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee
Thou would'st out-do them all.
So, now go thou to her,

For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Hyl. O! is't your turn to speak again? no doubt. But we shall have a good Oration then, For they call you the learned Shepherd; well! This is your Love, I fee.

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Pal. Ha, ha, ha, That I should love a Stone? or woo a Picture? Alas! I must be gone, for whatso'er I fay, you will not hear a Syllable, Much less answer? go, you think you are So fingularly handsome, when alas, Galla Menalca's Daughter, Bellula, Or Amaryllis overcome you quite.

Myl. This is a fourvy Fellow; I'll fit him for t. No doubt they are; I wonder that your wildom Will trouble me so long with your vain Suit,

Why do not you woo them? The same said while new feel I

Bal Perhaps I do ; it was a to to cont as roof but. I'll not tell you, because you'll envy them, and all little And always be dispraising of their Leauties. De paid

Hyl. It shall appear I will not, for I'll sooner Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, bale Man.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha,

Alupis, do'ft thou hear her ? fhe'll cry presently; Do not despair yet, Girl, by your good Carriage You may recal me still; some few Entreaties and still Mingled with Tears, may get a Kils perhaps.

Hyl. I would not kils thee for the Wealth of Sicily,

Thou art a wicked perjur'd Fellow. The hoods and

Pal. Alupis, Oh!

Should be consigned to world We have incens'd her too much! how she looks? Prithee Alupis, help me to intreat? hand wet me invocate You know he did but jest, dear Hylace, which had had Alupis prithee speak, best beauteous Hylace, and fibund'T I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me, A bloow wed! I Also Here's a precious Fool, Upon my Knees I beg it.

Byl. Dost thou still mock me; hast theu found more [ways.

Thou need'st not vex thy Wit to move my Hate, Sooner the Sun and Stars shall shine together, Sooner the Wolf make Peace with tender Lambs, Than I with thee; thou'rt a Disease to me,

And wound'ft my Eyes.

Pal. Eternal Night involve me! if there be A Punishment (but sure there is not any) Greater than what her Anger hath inflicted, May that fall on me too! how have I fool'd Away my Hopes! how have I been my self, To my own self a Thief?

Alu. I told you this,
That if the should but frown, you must needs fall

To your Tricks again.

Pal. Is this your Art?

A Lover's Curse upon it; O! Alupis
Thou hast done worse than murther'd me: for which
May all thy Flocks pine and decay like me,
May thy curst Wit hurt all, but most its Master:
May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be like me contemn'd.
Thou'st all the Darts my Tongue can sting at thee,
But I will be reveng'd some other way,
Before I die, which cannot now be long.

Alu. Poor Shepherd! I begin to pity him,
I'll fee if I can comfort him; Palamon—

Pal. Nay, do not follow me, Grief, Passion, And troubled Thoughts are my Companions, Those I had rather entertain than thee. If you choose this way, let me go the other, And in both Parts, distracted Error, thee

May Revenge quickly meet, may Death meet me. [Exis. Alu. Well, I say Pan desend me from a Lover, Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst. I would not meet with two such Creatures more For any Good; they without doubt would put me.

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If it be possible, into a Fit of Sadness,

Though it Be but a Folly, &c.

Well; I must find some Plot yet to salve this,

Because I have engaged my Wit in the Business,

And 'twould be a great Scandal to the City,

If I who have spent my Means these, should not be

Able to cheat these Shepherds.

How now, how now.

Have we more distressed Lovers here?

Enter Aphren.

Apb. No, I'm a Mad man.

Als. I gave threwd guels at it at first fight;
I thought thee little better. Apb. Better why?

Can there be any better than a Mad-man?
Itell thee, I came here to be a Mad-man;

Nay, do not diffuade me from t, I would be
A very Mad-man.

Can there be any better than a Mad-man?

I tell thee Leams been to be a Mad-man?

I tell thee, Leame here to be a Mad-man.

Alu. A good Resolution!

'Tis as genteel a Course as you can take,
I have known great Ones have not been asham'd of 't?
But what Cause pray drove you into this humour?

Apb. Why a Mistris,
And such a beauteous one—dost thou see no body?
She sits upon a Throne amongst the Stars,
And out-shines them. Look up and be amazed,
Such was her Beauty here,—fure there do lie
A thousand Vapours in thy sleepy Eyes,
Dost thou not see her yet? nor yet?

Alu. No, in good troth.

Apb. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,
lot skill'd in deep Aftrology.

Not skill'd in deep Aftrology..

Let me infiruct thee. Ale. Prithee do, for thou

Art in an admirable case to teach me now.

Aph. I'll shew thee first all the Celestial Signs, And to begin, to look on that harn'd Head. Alu. Whole is't? Jupiter's?

Aph. No, tis the Ram;

Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

Mu. The Bull: 'tis well the Fellows of the Guard
Intend not to come thither; if they did.

The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

Aph. And then,

Yonder's the Sign of Gemini, doft fee't?

Alu. Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters Mingled in Friendship with a holy Brother, To beget Reformations.

Aph. And there fits Capricorn. Als. A Welchman, is't not?

Aph. There Cancer creeps along with gouty pace, As if his Feet were fleepy, there d'ye mark it?

Alw. I, I, Alderman-like a walking after Dinner, His Paunch o'ercharg'd with Capon and with White [broth.

Apb. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally, Hadit thou as many Eyes as the black Night, They would be all too little, feeft thou Virgo?

Als. No, by my Troth, there are so few on Earth, I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven,

Than only one

Aph. That was my Mistris once, but is of late Translated to the height of deserv'd Glory, And adds new Ornaments to th' wond'ring Heavens. Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing Without her presence to give Life and Being? If there be any Hill whose losty top Nature has made contiguous with Heaven, Tho' it be steep, rugged as Neptune's Brow, Tho' arm'd with Cold, with Hunger, and Diseases, And all the other Soldiers of Misery, Yet I would climb it up, that I might come Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.

Also. I prithee do, for amongst all the Beasts

That help to make up the Celeffial Signs,

There's a Calf wanting yet.

Apb. But ftay-Alu. Nay, I have learnt enough Aftrology.

Apb. Hunger and Faintness have already seiz'd me, Tis a long Journey thither, I shall want Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd? And when I am come thither, I will fratch The Crown of Ariadne, and fling it down To thee for a Reward. Alu. No doubt you will; But you shall need no Victuals, when you've ended

Your toilsome Journey, kill the Ram you talk of, And feed your felf with most celestial Mutton.

Apb. Thou'rt in the right, and if they deny me that, I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole. And drown ir in those Waters it avoids And dares not touch ; I'll tug the Hyades ! And make them to fit down in spight of Nature; I'll meet with Charles his Wain and overturn't, And break the Wheels of't, till Bootes fart For fear, and grow more flow than e'er he was.

Alu. By this good light he'll four the Moon anon, Here's words indeed would fright a Conjurer. Tis pity that these huge Giantgick Speeches Are not upon the Stage, they would do rarely, For none would understand them, I could with Some Poet here now, with his Table-Book.

Apb. I'll cuff with Pollux and out-ride thee, Caffer, When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his Heart out, And be call'd Cordelion ; Til grapple with the Scorpion, Take his Sting out and fling it to the Earth. Mercine diserred to enaction

Alu. To me, good Sir,

It may perhaps raife me a great Effate

With shewing it up and down for pence spiece. Aph. Alcides freed the Earth from Savage Monffers, And I will free the Heavens, and be call'd war I Don Hercules Alcido de fecundo.

Alu. A braye Castilian Name.

Aph. 'Tis a hard Task.

But if that Fellow did so much by Strength, I may well do't arm'd both with Love and Fury.

Alu. Of which thou haft enough.

Apb. Farewel, thou Rat! The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.

Alu. Farewel,

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OD.

Don Hercules Alcido de fecundo.

If thou scar'st any, 'twill be by that Name.
This is a wonderful rare Fellow, and
I like his Humour mightily—Who's here?

Enter Truga.

The Chronicle of a hundred Years ago!

How many Crows has the out-liv'd? fure Death

Has quite forgot her; by this Memento mori

I must invent some Trick to help Palamon.

Tru. I am going again to Callidorus,
But I have got a better Present now,
My own Ring made of good right Ebony,
Which a young handsome Shepherd bestow'd on me
Some fourscore Years ago, when they all lov'd me;
I was a handsome Lass, I was in those Days.

Alu. I so thou wast I'll warrant; here's good sign of 't, Now I'll begin the Work. Our Reverend Truga, Whose very Autumn shews how glorious The Spring-time of your Youth was—

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Tru. Are you come

To put your Mocks upon me?

Alu. I do confess indeed my former Speeches
Have been too rude and faucy; I have flung
Mad Jests too wildly at you; but considering
The Reverence which is due to Age and Vertue,
I have repented, will you see my Tears?
And believe them? O for an Onion now!
Or I shall laugh aloud, ha, ha, ha!

Tru. Alas good Soul! I do forgive you truly; I would not have you weep for me, indeed

I ever thought you would repent at last.

Alw. You might well,

But the right valuing of your Worth and Vertue
Hath turn'd the Folly of my former Scorn
Into a wifer Reverence, pardon me
If I fay, Love.

Tru. I, I, with all my Heart,

But do you speak sincerely?

That you should doubt it, what I spake before Were Lies, the off-spring of a foolish Rashness, I see some Sparks still, remnants of your Beauty, Which in spight of time still flourish.

Tru. Why I am not
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But Fourscore Years. Am I a Fanuary, now?
How do you think? I always did believe
You'd be of another Opinion one Day,
I know you did but jeft.

Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes) | [Aside. How you bely your Age----for---let me see---- A Man would take you---let me see---- for Some forty Years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred)

Not a Jot more I swear.

Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look fomething fresh indeed this Morn
I should please Callidorus mightily,
But I'll not go; perhaps this Fellow is
As handsome quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not
Have him grow mad, which I may chance to do
If I should foor him.

Als. I have fomething here
Which I won'd fain reveal to you, but dare not
Without your Licence.

Tru. Do in Pan's Name, do; now, now.

... Would not have you were for her her rudeed

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Alu, The comely Gravity which adorns your Age, And makes you fill feem lively, hath fo firicken me. Tru. Alas good Soul! I must seem coy at first, But not too long, for fear I should quite lose him. Alu. That I shall perish utterly; unless now in all Your gentle Nature help me. I wood nov gest .www. Tru. Alas good Shepherd! well usy ob bat and And in troth I fain would help you, But I am past those Vanities of Love Alu. Oh not on diene poy sol contracted with Wife Nature, which preferv'd your Life till now, Doth it because you should enjoy those Pleasures Which do belong to Life; if you deny me, I'd fell thee to some Cardees, then won snoban ms I'd Tru. Well, you shou'd not win me, your stant o'I' But that I am loth to be held the Caufe and O and Of any young Man's Ruin; do not think it A My want of Chaftity, but my good Nature Which would fee no one hurt. Alu. Ah pretty Soul! and I amove to the [Afide. How supple tis, like Wax before the Sun! Now cannot I choic but kilsher, there's the plague of 't. Let's then join our Hearts, and feal them with a kis. Tru. Well, let us then a sant , or a molo de sand 10 Twere Incivility to be your Debtor, and and and area I'll give you back again your Kifs, Sweetheart, And come in th' Afternoon, I'll fee you; My Husband will be gone to fell fome Kine, And Hylace tending the Sheep; till then, Farewel good Duck. dignal has the of b [Offers to go. But do you hear, because you shall remember and all Sovo I thoy sind at mistil Turns back. To come, I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring, But do not wear it, left my Husband chance To fee't: Farewel Duck affor no al world or bassai I Alu. Lest her Husband chance and rosted it good Hall

To fee't; the can't deny this, here's enough,

Stay but a little while; pray do de des nie?

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My Scenerof Love is done then; is the gone of T The call her back; ho Truga, Truga hoov was hot. Iru. Why do you call me, Duck? Alu. Only to ask one foolish Question of thees Ha'n't you a Husband? The flatte della to I Min Tru. Yes, you know I have, be small sitting molf Alu. And do you love him? godd beng selA .w. ? Tru. Why d'ye ask? I do blow mist I dion at bal. Alu. Yet you can be content to make him a Cuckold. Tru. Rather than fee you perifh in your Rlames. Alm Why, art thou now two hundred Years of Age, Yet haft no more Diferetion but to think That I cou'd love thee? ha, ha, ha! wert mine, all ve I'd fell thee to fome Gardner, thou would'ft ferve To feare away the Thieves as well as Crows. Tru. O, you're dilpofed to jeft Pfee! Farewell and Alu. Nay, Principerquearment, I dove you! vas 10 Why thy Face is a Vivardia and Antiled to make yM. Tru. Leave off these Tricks, Pfhall be angry elfe, And take the Favours I befrow duo? Alu. Tis known that their half Hyes by the Holes waly, And that's almost a Yard sthy quarrelling Teeth Of fuch a Colour are, that they themselves W. Scare one another, and do Mand at diffalles on I ston T Thy Skin hangs loole as if it fear'd the Bones. Will I (For Flesh thou hast not) and is grown to black That a wild Centaur wou'd not meddle with thee. To conclude, Nature made thee when the was Only dispos d to jest, and length of time on lawout Has made thee more ridiculous, apod , tare noy ob sud Tren Bale Villain, is this your Love ? Give me my Kingagains out estimate Il'I cauca o'l' Alu. No, no; lofe thore : va it il the vo ton ob and I intend to bestow it on your Husband : He'll keep it better far than you have done. Tru. What fall I do! Alupis, good Alupis, Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me?

Alu. No, I'll come to you in the Afternoon, Your Husband will boldling of forme Kine, And Hylace tending the Sheep. Ten. Pray hear me, command me any thing And be but filent of this, good Alapis; Hugh, Hugh, Haghersisq visvil of si delical Ale: Yes, yes, yes, I will be filehtyoy among Unone I'll only blow a Trumpet on you Hill, of more than o'l Till all the Country Swains are flock d about me, dilly Then thew the Ring, and tell the Paffages of I . 18 a And call thear Hopes, con d I per yemebil now its bnA Tra. Alas! Tam undone, monthsum of army and T Alu, Well now the ripe; I have had foort enough. Since I behold your Penitential Tears: awaemid of I'll propose this to you: If you can get avoid if Your Daughter to be married to Palamon id wallot of This Day, for I'll allow the longer time; avoil singsoff To morrow I'll reftore your Ring and fweird ob of Never to mention what has per betwierous avo. I .i. S. If not you know what follows take your Choice. Tru. 171 do my beff Endeavoure buont avo. 1 .63 Alu. Go make hafte then it in to a ero for had You know your time alle but Madnels. Now if this fail, the Devit's mail Wiggin list 158 He for to love him who always woo d you For tis but a Folly, noit sin noy os yell i mil wollot no you will me in the most sin no yell i mil wollot no yell will me in the most sin no yell will wollot no yell will me in the most sin no yell will wollot no yell will me in most sin no yell will wollot no yell will me in most sin no yell will me in wollot no yell will me in most sin no yell will me in Cal. Yhe Eates command me that I must not love you. He. The Fares command me that I needs must love Lyon. TOA I be Fatee timpofe to the command on me

the you, I must, that you'l examed love.

Loves Riddle.

ACTIV. SCENE LOW. NA

Enter Callidorus, Bellula, Florellus. Cal. PRAY follow me no more, methinks that Mode Which is so lively painted in your Face, [sty Shou'd prompt your Maiden Heart with Fears and Blusho To trust your self in so much privateness
With one your know note a shirt of the state of the
Bel. I should love these Fears, And call them Hopes, cou'd I persuade my self
There were fo much heat in you as to cause them.
Prithee leave me; if thou doft hope fuccels [To Florell wa
To thing own I ove why interrest & they mine?
To follow him, how can you angry be? Because Love forces me without Resistance of the fame to you?
Posses I am former mich and Back and Back and The Change
To do the fame to you?
To do the same to you? I may stoffer li'l worrom of Bel. Love should not growed trilly unimage or revent
Do lubrii as to pray with Arguments,
Flo. Love thou'd not be an Enemy to Reason.
Cal. The Love is of it felf a kind of Folly,
But to love one who cannot sender back would be ?
Rel. Tell him for this a Leffon he should leave
Flo. Not to love, is of it felt a kind of Hardnels,
But not to love him who always woo'd you
With chast Desires, is nothing less than Tyranny.
Bel. Tell him fo; tis a Leffon he should learn.
Cal. Why do you follow him that flees from you?
Ho. Why do you fee from him that follows you? Bel. Why do you follow him? Why do you flie from
(1) 내용 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Cal. The Fates command me that I must not love you. Blo. The Fates command me that I needs must love
Lyou.
That you I must that you I cannot love.

MSOSLKAD PHOSHYN LOLYON

Flo. Unhappy Man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with Words, and court her with Persuasions.
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her BrowOf the least Wrinkle which fat there before;
So when the Waters with an amorous noise
Leap up and down, and in a wanton Dance
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond Embraces,
And darts them back; till they with Terror scatter dy.
Drop down again in Tears.

When I begin to shew him all my Passion,
He slies from me, and will not clear his Brow
Of any Cloud which covered it before;
So when the ravishing Nightingale has tun'd
Her mournful Notes, and silenc'd all the Birds,
Yet the deaf Winds slirt by, and in disdain,

With a rude Whiftle leave her.

Cal. We're all three
Unhappy; born to be the proud Example
Of Love's great God-head, not his God-like goddness.
Let us not call upon our selves those Miseries
Which Love has not, and those it has, bear bravely;
Our Desire yet is like some hidden Text,
Where one Word seems to contradict another;
They are Love's Nonsence, wrape up in thick Clouds;
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
Which doubtless' twill; till then let us endure,
And sound a Parlee to our Passions.

Bel. We may join Hands the may we not?

Flo. We may, and Lips too, may we not?

Bel. We may, come let's fit down and talk.

Cat. And look upon each other.

LESS BELL

Flo. Then kiss again. Bel. Then look.

What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature

Would be quite pos'd to make our Simils on has on a rail

Bel. We are three Strings on Venus dainti'st Lute.
Where all three hinder one another's Musick,
Yet all three join and make one Harmony.
Cal. We are three Flow'rs of Venus dainty Garden,
Where all three hinder one another's Odor,
Yet all three join, and make one Nosegay up.

Ele. Come let us kis again.
Bet. And look.

Flo. Nay, rather sing; your Lips are Nature's Organa,
And made for nought less sweet than Harmony.

Cal. Pray do.

Bel. Tho I forseit
My little Skill in singing to your Wit,
Yet I will do'r, finet you command.

mistali 6 O'N G. will should have been to T

It is a Punishment to love,

And not to love a Bunishment doth prove;

But of all Pains there's no such Pain

As 'tis to love, and not he lov'd again.

Till fixteen, Parents we obey,

After fixteen, Men feed our Hearts away;

Howweretched are we Women grown,

Whose Wills, whose Minds, whose Hearts are

[ne'er our gwn.

Cal. Thank you, tel nertriting the destroyed deid W

Had the same Age seen thee, that very Poet, A. M. Who drew all to him by his Harmony, A. M. Thou would st have drawn to thee.

Cal. Come, shall we rife? Bel. If it please you, I will.

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken Much with the serious Trifles of their Passions Let's go and see if we can break this Net and a blow In which we are all caught; if any Man Ask who we are, we'll say, we are Loves Riddle.

Excupt.

Enter Ægon, Palæmon, Alupis.

Pal. Thou art my better Genius, honeft Heon. at the world be monthly at the

Alw. And what am I?

Pal. My Self, my Soul, my Friend. Let me hug thee Alupis, and thee Egon, the Thee for inventing it, thee for putting it

In A&; But do you think the Plot will hold?

Alu. Hold! why I'll warrant thee it shall hold, Till we have ty'd you both in Wedlock fast, no Then let the Bonds of Matrimony hold you. If't will; if that will not neither, I can tell you hat What will I'm fure; a Halter. Then fing, &c.

Ag. Come, shall we knock? Alu. I do, For 'tis, &c.

Æg. Ho Truga; who's within there's sell shireong !!

die You, Winter, Ho! You that the Grave expected Some Hundred Years ago, you that intend To live till you turn Skeleton, and make All Men weary of you but Phylicians, and anomine of Pox on you, will you come?

Tive. "He wery week!

Fnter Truga. Date van as veing al True I come, I come, who's there? who's there? Alu: Oh, in good time new fire passent any worst T

Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready To give your Daughter up; the time makes halte,

Look here, do you know this Ring ? ... de stuck A Tru. Hark afide; pray, Masi work the owner value

You have not told thefe, have you?

Alu. No, good Duck, and a variable alaid the I only told them that your Mind was altered and your 'And that you lik'd Palemon; fo we three

Came here to plot the Means. Tru. So, fo, you're welcome,

Will you go in and talk about it? [Exeunt.

Enter Hylace.

Hyl. I wonder why my Mother shou'd invite: F:47

Alupis and Palamon into th' House;
She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind
Which she herself was of but Yesterday;
Besides, as soon as they came in, she bid me
To get me gone, and leave them there in private,
By your good favour, Mother, I must be
For this time disobedient; here I'll hearken.

Enter Truga, Palamon, Ægon, Alupis.

Eg. Come, I'll tell you,
You know your Husband has refused Palamon
Because his Means were not unequal only
To his Desires, but to your Daughter's Portion.
To salve this grand Exception of Melarnus,
I'll promise that Palemon shall be made
My Heir. Tru. Alas, he knows you have a Daughten.

Æg. Tis reported she is faln in Love
With the new Shepherd, for which cause I'll seem
To be incens'd most sharply, and forswear
E'er to acknowledge her for a Child of mine.

Tru. 'Tis very well;

It grieves me that Palamon shou'd -

Alu. Perish in his own Flame; is't not so, Truga? I know you'regentle; and your peevish Daughter

Had not her Cruelty from you, good Soul.

Pal. Why do we ftay? each Minute that we lose to A Minute, but to me a Day at least; [you is only Why are we not now seeking of Melarnus? Why, is he not yet found? alas, that's nothing, Methinks he should have given Consent e're this; Why are not I and beauteous Hylace Married together?

Hyl. Soft, good hafty Lover,
I shall quite break the Neck of your large Hopes,

Os I'm miftaken much.

Ag. Come, let's be gone. Truga, Farewel. Be filent and affiftant. Alu. Or else you know what I have; go, no more.

Tru. I'll warrant you I am not to be taught.

Arthis Age, I thank Pan, in such a Business.

Farewel all. Alu. Come fing, &c. [Exeunt Hyl. 1 know not whether Grief or else Amazement Seizes me most, to see my aged Mother Grow so unnatural; I fain would weep, But when I think with what an unsear d Blow.

But when I think with what an unfear'd Blow
I shall quite dash their Cunning, I can hardly
Bridle in Laughter: Fate helps the Innocent,
Altho my Mother's false, the Gods are true:

[Exit.

Enter Clariana and ber Maid.

Cla. Did you command the Servants to withdraw?

Maid. I did, Forfooth.

Cla. And have you that the Doors? Ma. Yes.

Cla. Is there none can over-hear our Talk?

Ma. Your curious enquiry much amazes me, And I cou'd wish you wou'd excuse my Boldness,...

If I should ask the Reason. Cla. Thou know it well

That thou haft found me always liker to
Thy Kinswoman than Mistris, that thy Breast
Has been the Cibinet of all my Secrets:

This I tell thee, not as an Exprobration,
But because I must require thy Faith

And Counsel here. And therefore prithee swear-

Ma. Swear, to do what? I sale of sale and

Clu. To be more filent than the dead of Night,
And to thy power to help me. Ma. Wou'd my Power
To affift you were as ready as my Will,
And for my Tongue, that, Miftris, I'll condemn.
Unto perpetual filence, e're it shall
Betray the smallest Word that you commit to't;
By all———

Cla. Nay do not swear. I will not wrong thy Vertue. To bind it with an Oath. I'll tell thee all.

Doth not my Face seem paler than 'twas wont?

Delto my Freet hach far twatty Han

Loves RIDBLE Doth not my Eye look as if it borrow'd Plame From my fond Heart? Cou'd not my frequent Weeping, My Sudden Sighs, and abrupt Speeches, tell thee What I am grown? Ma. You are the same you were, the want I will relie my Eyes are Liers. Or elfe my Eyes are Liars. Cla. No, I'm a wretched Lover; could'ft thou not Read that out of my Blushes? fie upon thee;
Thou art a Novice in Love's School, I see;
Trust me, I envy at the legiorance. Trust me, I envy at thy Ignorance. Thou canft not find out Cupid's Characters Id vin odlilA In a loft Maid, fare thom didft never know him. Ma. Wou'd you durft sruft me with his Name, Sure he has Charms about him that might tempt When he shot Fire into your chaster Breast.

Cla. I am asham'd to tell thee; prithee guels him. Ma. Why tis impossible: Cla. Thon faw ft a Gentleman whom I this Morning Brought to be my Gueft. Ma. Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence her Cla. Then halt knew all; he is a move and the The freshness of the Morning did invite me all nood said To walk abroad, there I began to think and aller I sid T How I had loft my Brother; that one Thought, and will Like Circles in the Water, begat many, it and toA Those, and the pleasant Verdure of the Fields, Made me forget the way; and did entice me of all Farther than either Fear or Modesty, 19000 velicit bal. Else would have suffer'd me, beneath an Oak of fills o'T Which foread a fourithing Canopy round about not ba A And was it felf alone almost a Wood, ale lentage of otal I found a Gentleman diffracted firangely, tank out very Crying aloud for either Food or Sleep, And knocking his white Hand against the Ground, Making that Groan like me; when I beheld it, Pity, and Fear, both proper to us Women, word in Drave my Feet back far fwifter than they went.

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When I came home, I took two Servants with me all do And fetch'd the Gentleman; hither I brought him, And with fuch Chear, as then the House afforded, Replenish d him; he was much mended fuddenly, Is now afleep, and when he wakes, I hope, Will find his Senfes perfect. Man You did thew In this, what never was a Stranger to you, Much Piety ; but wunder from your Subject i it is all a You have not yet discovered who it is no and had I make Deferves your Love: Cla. Fie, he how dull thou art, Thou doft not use in other things to be lo ; / and and Why I love him, his Name I cannot tell thee; was all For 'tis my great Unhappiness to be Still ignorant of that my felf. He comes. [choofe. Look, this is he but do not grow my Rival; if thou canff Ma. You need not fear't, Persouth. [Enter Aphron. Clas Leave me alone with him; withdraw, , all all Exit Maid. Ma. I do. .visausei Aph. Where am I now ? under the Northern Pole, Where a perpetual Winter binds the Ground, belong the And glazeth up the Floods? or where the Sundant tall With Neighbouring Rays breaks the divided Earth, And drinks the Rivers up? or do I fleep? Is't not some foolish Dream deludes my Fancy ? di Who am I? I begin to question that I blue olle and W Was not my Country Sicily? my Name aidlem was the Call'd Appron, wretched Appron ? Cla. Ye good Gods Forbid! Is this that Man who was the cause Of all the Grieffor Callidora's Lofs? Is this the Man that I to ofe have curft have will be the Now I could almost have him, and methinks He is not quite to handlome as he was you tool I take yell And yet alas he is, tho by his Means in the control of My Brother is gone from me, and Heav'n knows If I first fee him more. Fool as Pampin nov if deh. I cannot chuse but love him. Aph. Cheat me not, good Eyes, aver as land What Woman, or what Angel do Hee ? whitel ton mad

Oh flay, and let me worthip e'er thon goeft; Whether thou art a Goddels, which thy Beauty Commands me to believe; os else some Mortal, il who Which I the rather am induced to think, and be districted Because I know the Gods all hate me so. Thoy would not look upon me. Cla. Spare these Titles. I am a wretched Woman who for pity: was sed wo . and all (Alas that I should pity! it had been better [Afide. That I had been remorfeless) brought you hither, Where with some Food and reft, Thanks to the Gode, Your Senses are recover'd. Aph. My good Angel, I do remember I was mad-For want of Meat and Sleep: Thrice did the Sun Chearall the World but me; thrice did the Night With filent and bewitching Darkness give A selling time to every thing but Aphron. The Fifth, the Beafts, the Birds, the smallest Creatures And the most despicable, snor'd securely. The aguish Head of every Tree by Rolus Was rock'd afleep, and shook as if it nodded; The crooked Mountains feem'd to bow and flumber, The very Rivers ceas'd their daily Murmur, Nothing did watch but the pale Moon and I, Paler than the Grief wedded to this Toil, What else could it beget but Frantickness? But now methinks I am my own, my Brain Swims not as it was wont: Oh brightest Virgin Shew me fome way by which I may be grateful? And if I do't not, let an eternal Phrenzy Immediately feize on me. Cla. Alas! 'twas only My Love, and if you will reward me for't, Pay that I lent you, I'll require no Interest, The Principal's enough. Aph. You speak in Mists. Cla. You're loth perhaps to understand.

Aph. If you intend that I should love and honour you. I do by all the Gods.

Cla. But I am covetous in my Demands,

Which only touch the Lips; I ask your Heart, Your whole Heart for me in exchange of mine, Which fo I gave to you, Apb. Ha! you amaze me, Oh! You have spoken something worse than Lightning, That blafts the inward Parts, leaves th' outward whole; My Gratitude commands me to obey you, But I am born a Man, and have those Passions Fighting within me, which I must obey, Whilft Callidora lives, although the be As cruel, as thy Breaft is foft and gentle; Tis Sin for me to think of any other.

Ab. I do, I fwear, Cla. You cannot love me then? Above my felf I do: my felf! what faid I? Alas! that's nothing; above any thing Cla. Fare you well then, But Heaven and Callidora. I would not do that wrong to one I love, To urge him farther than his Power and Will; Farewel, remember me when you are gone, And happy in the love of Callidora.

Apb. When I do not, may I forget my felf. Would I were mad again? then I might rave With Privilege, I should not know the Griefs That hurried me about, 'twere better far To lose the Senses, than be tortur'd by them. Where is the gone? I did not ask her Name, Fool that I was, alass, poor Gentlewoman! Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods

Is't not enough that I my felf am milerable? Must I make others so too? I'll go in And comfort her? alas! how can I tho? I'll grieve with her, that is in Ills a comfort.

Enter Alupis, Melarnus, Truga, Palæmon, Ægon. Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me, Twas Fortune's Fault, not mine, but fince good Fate. Or rather Ægon, better far than Fate, Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, Riches.

I fee not with what countenance you can what dailed Coin any lecond Argument against me. Mel. Come, no matter for that: Yes, I could with you were less eloquent, You have a Vice call'd Poefie which much Displeases me, but no matter for that neither. Alu. Alas! he'll leave that streight But I am bound h When he has got but Money; he that Iwims In Tagus, never will go back to Helicon. Besides, when he hath married Hylace, Whom should he woo to praise her comely Features, Her Skin like falling Snow, her Eyes like Stars, Her Cheeks like Roses (which are common places Of all your Lover's Praises) Oh those Vanities, Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistris, Are by a Miffris first begot and left When they leave her. Pal. Why do you think that Poelie, An Art which ev'n the Gods Alu. Pox on your Arts, Let him think what he will, what's that to us? Æg. Well, I would gladly have an answer of you, Since I have made Palamon here my Son; If you conceive your Daughter is so good, We will not press you, but seek another, Who may perhaps please me, and him as well. Pal. Which is impossible. Thy Mouth like a trackt Fiddle never founds But out of Tune ; come, Truga, put in Truga, You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring. Tru. Yes, yes, I do; do your hear Sweet-heart? 111 Are you mad to fling away a Fortune That's thrust upon you I you know Agon's rich. Mel. Come no matter farthat, which was I Mag That's throst upon me; I would fain fee any Man and

Thrust ought upon me : But no matter for that;
I will do that which I intended to do.
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me.

Pal. Come, what fay you, Melannus ? This upon on the Mel. What fay I ? tis no matter what I fay, I'll speak to Ægon, if I speak to any; wank and arolast And not to you, but no matter for that; Hark you, will you leave all the Means you have a smo? To this Palamon? इत्रीको क काई अन्ति अन्ति

Tru. I, Duck, be fays he williand all

Mel. Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him lay fo.

Eg. I will, and here do openly protest, That fince my Bellula, (mine that was once) Thinks her felf wifer than her Father, which I And will be govern'd rather by her Pattions, I want Than by the Square that I preferibe to her, That I will never count her for my Daughter.

Alu. Well acted by God Pan. See but what tis

To have me for a Tutor in thefe Rogueties, and aland

Mel. But tell me now as a good Neighbour, what Do you intend to give him? ine won on refthate

Æg. That Estate

Which Fortune and my Care Bath given to me, The Money which I have, and that's not much: The Sheep and Goats.

Mel. And not the Oxen too? Ag. Yes, every thing. Mel. The Horles too! Æg. I tell you, every thing.

Alu. By Pan he'll make him promife particularly Each Thing above the value of a Bean-Rraw : and of You'll leaveghim the Pails too, to milk the Kine in And Harnels for the Horles, will you not?

Mel. I, I, what elfe? but 'tis no matter for that.

Æg. Well, fince we are both agreed, why flay we?

I know Palamon longs t'embrace his Bylare.

Mel. I, I, tis no matter for that, within this Hour
We will be ready, Egon, pray be you lo,
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be, But's no matter for that; Farewel all.

Come, Trugain [Exeunt Melernus and Truga. Ag. Come on then, let's not flay too long in trilling, Palamon go, and prepare your felf against the time.

I'll go acquaint my Bellula with your Plot, Lest this unwelcome News shou'd too much grieve her, Before she know my meaning.

Alu. Do, do; and I'll go ffudy

Some new found way to vex the Fool Melarnus;

For 'tis but a folly,

To be melancholy, &c.

Enter Florellus.

Flo. Whilft Callidorus lives I cannot love thee. These were her parting Words; I'll kill him then; Why do I doubt it, Fool? fuch Wounds as thele Require no gentle Med cine; methinks Love Frowns at me now, and fays, I am too dull, Too flow in his command; and yet I will not, These Hands are Visgins yer, unstain'd with Villany, Shall I begin to teach them? - methinks Piety Frownsat me now, and fays, I am too weak Against my Passions. Piety!-Twas Fear begot that Bugbear; for thee Bellula I durst be wicked, the I faw fove's Hand Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt. Farewel, (If thou art any thing, and not a Shadow To fright Boys and Old Women) farewel, Conscience, Go and be firong in other petty Things, To Lovers come, when Lovers make tile of thee, Not else: And yet what shall I do or say? I fee the better way, and know 'tis better. Yet still this devious Error draws me backward. So when contrary Winds rush out and meet, And wreffle on the Sea with equal Fury; The Waves swell into Mountains, and are driver Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two. Which Captain to obey.

Beter Alupis. 1 19 1911 10 10 1 1914

Alu. Ha, ha, I'll have such excellent Sport, Bor tis but a Folly, &c.

Fig. Why here's a Fellow now makes Sport of every See one Man's Fate how it excels another, [thing, He can fit, and pass away the Day in Jollity, My Musick is my Sighs, whilst Tears keep time.

Alw. Who is here? a most rare posture!

How the good Soul folds in his Arms! he dreams.

Sure that he hugs his Mistris now, for that
Is his Disease without all doubt; so, good!

With what judicious Garb he plucks his Hat

Over his Eyes; so, so good! better yet;

He cries; by this good light, he cries; the Man
Is careful, and intends to water his Sheep

With his own Tears; ha, ha, ha,

Flo. Dost thou see any thing that deserves thy Laugh-

Alu. I fee nothing in good troth, but you.

Flo. To jeer those who are Fate's May-game,
Is a redoubled Fault; for 'tis both Sin,
And Folly too; our Life is so uncertain,
Thou can'st not promise that thy Mirth shall last
To Morrow, and not meet with any rub,
Then thou may stack that part, to day thou langh'st at.

Alu. I act a part! it must be in a Comedy then, I abhor Tragedies; besides, I never Practis'd this Posture: Hey ho! woe, alas! Why do I live? my Musick is my Sighs Whilst Tears keep time.

Flo. You take too great Licence to your Wit; Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so; And it deserves my Pity more than Anger. Else you should find that Blows are heavier far Than the most studied Jests you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith, it will be but Labour lost to beat me; All will not teach me how to act this part; Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull Rogue, and so Shall never learn it. Flo. You're unmannerly To talk thus faucily with one you know not, Nay, hardly ever saw before, be gone,

LOVESRIDDLE 114

And leave me as you found me; my worst Thoughts

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Are better Company than thou. Alu. Enjoy them then, de can lit, and Here's no Body desires to rob you of them. Pwould have left your Company without bidding; Tis not so pleasant. I remember well, When I had spent all my Money, I stood thus; And therefore hate the posture ever fince. D'ye hear? I'm going to a Wedding now; If you've a mind to dance, come along with me, Bring your hard-hearted Mistriss with you too, Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her Your Mufick's Sighs, and that your: Tears keep time. Will you not go? Farewel then good Tragical Actor. Now have at thee Melarnus; For 'tis but a Folly, &c. Exite

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard As Rocks which fuffer the continual Siege Of Sea and Wind against them; but I will Win her, or lose (which I thould gladly do) My felf: my felf? why fo I have already : Ho! who hath found Florellus? he is loft. Loft to himself, and to his Parents likewise, (Who having mils d me, do by this time learch Each Corner for to find me) Oh! Florellus, Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched, Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

The End of the Fourth A CT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Alupis, Palæmon, Ægon.

THE Gods convert these Omens into good, And mock my Fears; thrice in the very Thre-Without its Mafter's leave my Foot has flipt, [shold, Thrice in the way it stumbled, Alu. Thrice, and thrice You were a Fool then for observing it.
Why these are Follies that the young Years of Truga Did hardly know; are they not banish'd yet?

Pal. Blame not my Fear; that's Capid's Ufher always;

Tho' Hylace were now in my Embraces,

Alu. If you changed to stumble.

Ag. Let him enjoy his Madness, the same Liberty

Hell grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Alu. I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one I should not be dismay'd because the Threshold-

Pal. Alas! That was not all, as I came by The Oak to Faunus facred, where the Shepherds Exercise rural Sports on Festivals, On that Trees top an inauspicious Crow

Foretold fome ill to happen. Æg. And because Crows

Foretel wet Weather, you interpret it The Rain of your own Eyes; but leave thefe Tricks, And let me advise you.

Melarnus Speaking 'o Hylace within bis Door. Mel. Well come, no matter for that; I do believe [thee, Girl;

And would they have such Sport with vexing me! But's no matter for that; I'll vex them for't, I know your fiery Lover will be here frait, But I shall cool him; but come, no matter for that: Go, get you in, for I do fee them coming.

Æg. Here comes Melarnus,

Pal. He looks chearfully, I hope all's well.

Rg. Melarnus, opportunely; we are a coming Just now to you.

Mel. Yes, very likely; would you have spoken with Æg. Spoken with you! [me?

Why, are you mad? have you forgot your Promise?

Mel. My Promise? Oh! tis true I said indeed

I would go with you to Day to fell fome Kine; Stay but a little, I'll be ready straight.

Pal. Fam amaz'd; good Algon, speak to him.

Alu. By this good light

I fee no likelihood of a Marriage,

Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither :

Park Blame not

A Rot upon your Beafts; is Hylace ready?

Mel. It's no matter for that; who's there? Alupis? Give me thy Hand, 'faith thou'rt a merry Fellow, I have not feen thee here thefe many Days; But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.

Alu. Thy Memory's fled away fure with thy Wit.

Was not I here less than an Hour ago

With Ægon, when you have made the Match?

Mel. Oh! then you'll go along with us. Faith do; for you will make us very merry. A'w. I shall, if you thus make a Fool of me.

Mel. Oh no! you'll make you Sport with vexing me; But mum? no matter for that neither: there

I bob'd him privately, I think. Æg. Come, what's the Busnels?

Alu. The Bufiness? why he's mad, beyond the cure Of all the Herbs that grow in Anticyra.

Eg. You see we have not fail'd our Word, Melarnus I and my Son are come. Mel. Your Son! good lack. I thought, I fwear, you had no other Child Besides your Daughter Bellula. Æg. Nay then I fee you are dispos'd to make us Fools,

Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent? A 198 108 108

T'adopt Palamon for my Son and Heir?

Alu. Did not you examine the 1962 exact off had Whether he would leave him all, left that he should Adopt some other Heir to the Cheese-presses,

The milking Pails, the Cream Bowls? Did you not? Mel. In troth'tis well! but where is Bellula?

Æg. Prithee leave these Tricks, and tell me-

What you intend. Is Hylace ready?

Mel. Ready? what else? she's to be married pre-To a young Shepherd? but no matter for that. Pal. That's I, hence Fears; Attend upon the Infancy of Love,

She's now mine own.

Alu. Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel Mel. Hylace, Hylace, come forth: Lyou this? Here are some come to dance at your Wedding,

And they're welcome.

Pal. The light appears, just like the rifing Sun, When o'er you Hill it peeps, and with a Draught Of Morning-Dew Salutes the Day, how fast The Night of all my Sorrows flies away,

Quite banish'd with her fight! Hyl. Did you call for Mel. Is Dametas come? fie, how flow he is fme?

At luch a time? but it's no matter for that;

Well, get you in, and prepare to welcome him.

Pal. Will you be gone so quickly? oh! bright Hylace, That bleffed Hour by me fo often begg'd,

By you so often deny d, is now approaching. Mel. What, how now? what do you kis her?

If Dametes were here, he would grow jealous;
But 'tis a parting Kils, and so in manners
She cannot deny it you? But it's no matter for that.

Mel. What do you wonder at? Alu. How! Why do you think, as foon as they are married,

Dametas such a Fool, to let his Wife

Be kis'd by every body? Pal. How now, Damætas? Why what hath he to do with her? Mel. Ha, ha! What hath the Husband to do with's Wife?

Good: 'tis no matter for that tho; he knows what.

Ag. You mean Palamen fure, ha, do you not? Mel. Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean. Well, reft ye merry Gentlemen, I must in And see my Daughter's Wedding; if you please To dance with us, Damostar fure will thank ye;

Pray bring your Son and Heir, Palemon, with you. Bellula's cast away, ha, ha, ha, ha! 3 silinged Side val. And the poor Fool Melarnes must be cheered.
But it's no matter for that; how now simple?
I thought you would have made must excellent Sport.
With abusing poor Melarnus, that same Coxcomb.
For he's a Fool; but no matter for that,
Egon hath cheated him, Palamon is
Married to Hylace, and one Alupis
Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
But it's no matter for that; farewel Genteels,
Or, if ye'll come and dance, ye shall be welcome;
Will you Palamon? 'tis your Mistres's Wedding,
I am a Fool, a Coxcomb, gull'd on every side,
No matter for that tho; what I have done, I have done:
Ha, ha, ha!

Egon hath cheated him, Palamon is

[Enit.

Ag. How now, what are you both dumb? both
[chunderstruck?

This was your Plot, Alapis. Als. I'll begin.
May his Sheep sot, and he for want of Pood
Be forc'd to eat them then; may every Man
Abuse him, and yet he not have the Wit
To abuse any Man; may he never speak
More Sense than he did now; and may he never
Be rid of his old Wife Truga; may his SomIn-law be a more famous Cuckold made
Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun facil lofe his course.

And brightness too, e're Hylace her Chaffity.

Oh no! ye Gods, may she be happy always,

Happy in the Embraces of Damatas;

And that will be some Comfort to my Ghost

When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.

And a far worse on him, till he at last
Be carried to some Hospital i'th City,
And there kill'd by a Chirurgeon for Experience.
And when he's gone, I'll wish this good thing for him,
May the Earth lie gentle on him—that the Dogs
May tear him up the easier.

Æg. A curse upon thee!

P

And upon me, for truffing thy fond Countels! Was this your canning Trick? why thou haft wounded My Conscience, and my Reputation too: With what Face can I look on the other Swains? Or who will ever trust me, who have broke My Faith thus openly? Pal. A Curle upon thee. This is the second time that thy Persuasions, Made me not only Fool, but wicked too; I should have died in quiet elfe, and known No other Wound, but that of her Denial; Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd Palamon; But yet methinks you might have chose some other For Subject of your Mirth, not me. Ag. Nor me. Ala. And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder Who it should be betray dus, since we three me ! And Trues only knew it whom, if the jonger ten ? Betray'd us, I ___) if this, Tlay, had prospered, You would have huge'd me for inventing it, And him for putting it in Act; toolish Men That do not mark the Thing, but the Event ! Your Judgments beng on Fortune, not on Region, of Ag. Doft thou upbraid us too? or b' mool world it a A Pal. First make us weetched, to religion religion and T And then laugh at us? believe, Alupis, 1 various in the Thou shalt mot long have cause to boust thy Villany. A Alu. My Villany ! do what you can; you're Fools, And there's an end: I'll talk with you no more. I had as good speak Reason to the Wind, As you, that can but hifs at it, and of ; now also ned T Æg. We will do more; Palemon, come away, the hath wrong d borb, and both shall satisfies and no? Alu. Which he will never do; nay, go and plod, Your two wife Brains will invent certainly A .ali Politick Gins to catch me in And now have at thee, Truga, if I find That thou art guilty; mum I have a Ring !! Palamon, Agon, Hylace, Melaraus,

Are all against me? no great matter, hang Care, For tis but a Folly, &c.

Enter Bellula.

This way my Callidorus went, what change
Hath Inatch'd him from my fight? how shall I find him?
How shall I find my self now I have lost him?
With you my Feet and Eyes, I will not make
The shortest Truce, till ye have sought him out. [Exit.

Enter Callidorus and Florellus.

Cal. Come, now your Business. Flo. 'Tis a fatal one, Which will almost as much shame me to speak, Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

Cal. Fright me! it must be then some Wickedness; I am accustom'd so to Misery,
That cannot do't. Flo. Oh! 'tis a Sin, young Man,
A Sin which every one shall wonder at,

Methinks my Blood fhrinks back into my Veins,
And my afrighted Hairs are turn d to Briffles;

As if they feem'd to wish for thicker Darkness, Than either Night or Death, to cover them?

Doth not my Face look black and horrid too ? and ba A As black and horrid as my Thoughts? ha! tell me. IT

If your Intent be such, dismiss me, pray, as a roll back.

My Nature is more easy to discover and bong as bad I
Than help you; so farewell a list and one stade, nove A

You are an Actor in this Tragedy. Cal. What would

Flo. Alas! I would do nothing; but I must Cal. What must you do?

Flo. I must Love, thou hast got the Victory Kill thee. Cal. Who? me! you do but jest. I should believe you if I could tell how

To

[Exit.

To frame a Cause, or think on any Injury

Worth such a foul Revenge, which I have done you.
Flo. Oh no! there's all the Wickedness, they may feem

To find Excuse for their abhorred Fact;

That kill, when Wrongs and Anger nigeth them;

Because thou art so good, so affable,

So full of Graces, both of Mind and Body,

Therefore I kill thee. Wilt thou know it plainly?

Because whilst thou art living, Bellula

Protested she would never be anothers,

Therefore I kill thee. Cal. Had I been your Rival,

You might have had some Cause; Cause did I say? You might have had Pretence for such a Villany:

He who unjustly kills is twice a Murtherer.

Flo. He whom Love bids to kill is not a Murtherer. .

Cal. Call not that Love that's Ill; 'tis only Fury.

Flo. Fury in Ills is half excufable:

Therefore prepare thy felf: if any Sin Suns and Carston I

(Tho' I believe thy hot and flourishing Youth

As innocent as other Men's Nativities)

Hath flung a Spot upon thy purer Confcience,

Wash it in some few Tears.

Cal. Are you resolved to be so cruel?

Flo. I must, or be as cruel to my felf.

Cla. As fick Men do their Beds, so have I yet.
Enjoy'd my self, with little Rest, much Trouble;
I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,
And am almost worn out with often playing;
And therefore I would entertain my Death
As some good Friend whose coming I expected;
Were it not that my Parents

Flo. Here; fee, I do not come a war about the

Like a foul Murtherer to entrap you falfly, Take your choice, and then defend your felf.

[Draws two Swords from under bis Garment, and

offers one to Callidorus.

Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and fince it must be so, Altho my Strength and Courage call me Woman.

I will not die like Sheep without refistance; If Innocence be Guard fufficient,
I'm fure he cannot hurt me. [ing Tree

Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on you fpread-

Hath founded out your dying Knell already.

Cal. I am. Flo. 'Tis well, and I could wish thy Hand

Were strong enough; 'tis thou deserv'st the Victory; Nay, were not th' hope of Bellula engraven In all my Thoughts, I would my felf play Booty
Against my felf; but Bellula—come on. [Fight.

Enter Philistus.

Phi. This is the Wood adjoining to the Farm, Where I gave order unto Clariana My Sifter, to remain till my return; Here tis in vain to feek her, yet who knows? Tho 't be in vain, I'il feek; to him that doth Propose no Journey's end, no Path's amis: [Shepherds. Why how now? what do you mean? for shame part I thought you honest Shepherds had not had Sees them So much of Court and City Follies in you. [fighting.

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Flo. 'Tis Philiftus ; I hope he will not know me. Now I begin to fee how black and horrid My Attempt was; how much unlike Florellus; 1 1

Thanks to the juster Deities for declining don to

From both the Danger, and from me the Siny and Join ! Phi. 'Twould be a wrong to Charity to dismiss ye Before I fee you Friends, give me your Weapons, park Cal. 'Tis he; why do I doubt? most willingly And my felf too, best Man; now kill me Shepherd. A

sensors of the party Percuis Phi. What do you mean? soon ob I sest good self-Rife, prithee rife, fure you have wounded him. Enter Bellula. ons posorla vuo's alal

Bel. Deceive me not, good Eyes; what do I fee? My Callidorus dead? 'Tis impossible! Who is it that lies flain there? are you dumb? Who is't I pray? | Blog Fair Miftres - modilA

I ask who tis, if it be Callidorus? ______ land we Phi. Was his Name Callidorus? it is strange. Bel. You are a Villain, and you too a Villain; Wake Callidorus, wake, it is thy Bellula That calls thee, wake, it is thy Bellula: Why Gentlemen! why Shepherd! fie for shame, Have you no Charity? Oh my Callidorus,

Speak but one Word-Cal. 'Tis not well done to trouble me,

Why do you envy me this little Rest?

Bel. No; I will follow thee.

Flo. O help, help quickly.

What do you mean? your Callidorus lives.

Bel. Callidorus!

Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage, My windring peo-Look up a little; wretched as I am,

I am the cause of all this Ill.

Phi. What shall we do? I have a Sifter dwells Close by this place, let's haste to bring them thither. But let's be sudden. Flo. As wing'd Lightning is. Come, Bellula, in spight of Fortune now I do embrace thee.

Phi. I did protest without my Callidora am I? Ne er to return, but pity hath o'ercome. Bel. Where No. Where I could always wish thee; in those Arms

Which would infold thee with more subtle Knots, Than am'rous Ivy, whilft it hugs the Oak.

Cal. Where do ye bear me? is Philistus well?

Phi. How should he know my Name? 'tis to me a Nay Shepherd, find another time to court in, [Riddle, Make hafte now with your Burthen. [thened thus! Elo. With what eafe should I go always were I bur-

Exeunt. Ester Aphron.

Aph. She told me the was Sifter to Philiftus, Who having mis'd the beauteous Callidora, Hath undertook a long and hopeles Journey
To find her out; then Callidora's fled,

G 2

Without her Parents Knowledge, and who knows When she'll return, or if she do, what then? Lambs will make Peace, and join themselves with Wolves E're she with me, worse than a Wolf to her; Besides, how durft I undertake to court her? How dare I look upon her after this? Fool as I am, I will forget her quite, And Clariana shall henceforth but yet How fair she was! what then! so's Clariana! What Graces did the dart on all Beholders! She did; but so do's Clariana too. She was as pure and white as Parian Marble; What then? she was as hard too. Clariana Is pure and white as Erycina's Doves, And is as foft, as gall-less too as they. Her pity fav'd my Life, and did reftore My wandring Senses. If I should not love her, I were far madder now, than when the found me. I will go in and render up my felf, For her most faithful Servant. [Exit. Wonderful! Enter again. Sh' has lockt me in, and keeps me here her Prisoner. In these two Chambers. What can she intend? No matter, she intends no hurt I'm fure, I'll patiently expect her coming to me. Exit.

Enter Demophil, Spodaia, Clariana, Florellus, Callidora, Bellula, Philiffus.

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd!
Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.
My Daughter and my Son met here together!
Philifius with them too! that we should come
To grieve with Clariana, and find her here;
Nay, when we thought w' had lost Florellus too,
To find them both! Methinks it makes me young again.
Spo. I thought I never should have seen thee more,
My Callidora; come Wench, now let's hear
The Story of your Flight, and Life in th' Woods.

Phi. Do, happy Mistriss, for the due Remembrance of fore-past Ills, makes us the sweetlier relish

Our present Good.

Cal. Of Appron's Love to me, and my Antipathy
To him, there's none here ignorant; you know too
How guarded with his Love, or rather Fury,
And some few Men, he broke into our House,
With Resolution to make me the Prey
Of his wild Luft.

Spo. I, there's a Villain now; oh! that I had him here.

Cla. O! fay not fo ;

The Crimes which Lovers for their Mistris act,

Bear both the weight and stamp of Piety.

Dem. Come Girl; go on, go on. Cal: His wild LustWhat should I do? you were both out of Town,
And most of th' Servants at that time gone with you.
Fon the sudden found a Corner out
And hid my self, till they, wearied with searching,
Quitted the House, but fearing lest they should
Attempt the same again e're your return,
I took with me Money and other Necessaries;
And in a Sute my Brother lest behind,
Disguis'd my self; thus to the Woods I went,
Where meeting with an honest merry Swain,
Eby his help was furnish'd, and made a Shepherd.
Spo. Nay, I must needs say for her, she was always
A witty Wench. Dem. Pish, pish; and made a Shep-

Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdels
(I can attribute it to nought in me
Deferv'd so much) began to love me.

Phi. Why so did all besides, I'll warrant you.
Nor can I blame them, the they were my Rivals.

Cal. Another Shepherd with as much defire
Woo'd her in vain, as She in vain woo'd me,
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,
Whilst I enjoy'd this Life, t'enjoy his Bellula,
(For by that Name she's known) sought to take me

G 3

Out of the way as a Partition Betwixt his Love and him, whilst in the Fields We two were struggling, (him his Strength defending, And me my Innocence.)

Flo. I am asham'd to look upon their Faces. What shall I say? my Guilt's above Excuse. Cal. Philiftus, as if the Gods had all agreed To make him mine, just at the nick came in

And parted us; with sudden Joy I swoon'd, Which Bellula perceiving, (for even then She came to seek me) sudden Grief did force The same Effect from her, which Joy from me. Hither they brought us both, in this Amazement, Where being strait recovered to our selves,

I found you here, and you your dutiiul Daughter.

Spo. The Gods be thank'd.

Dem. Go on.

Cal. Nay, nay, you have all, Sir. Dem. Where's that Shepherd?

Dem. Here, where? Flo. Here. Flo. Your unhappy Son's the Man; for her I put on Sylvan Weeds. For her fake I would have stain'd my innocent Hands in Blood,

Forgive me all, 'twas not a Sin of Malice, Twas not begot by Luft, but facred Love;

The Cause must be th' Excuse for the Effect. . Dem. You should have used some other means, Flo-

Cal. Alas! 'twas the Gods Will, Sir, without that

I had been undiscovered yet; Philiftus Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd; You growning for our Lofs, upon this Wheel

All our Felicity is turn'd. Spo. Alas you have forgot the power of Love, Sweet-

Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your defire, You shall not want a Wife that will, perhaps, Please you as well, I'm sure besit you better.

Flo. They marry not, but fell themselves t'a Wife, Whom the large Dowr; tempts, and take more pleafure To hug the wealthy Bags, than her that brought them.

Let them whom Nature bestows nothing on,
Seek to patch up their Wants by Parents plenty;
The Beautiful, the Chast, the Virtuous,
Her Self alone is Portion to her Self.

Enter Ægon.

Ag. By your leave; I come to feek a Daughter.
Oh! are you there? 'tis well. Flo. This is her Fathery, I do conjure you, Father, by the Love
Which Parents bear their Children, to make up
The Match betwixt us now; or if you will not,
Send for your Friends, prepare a Coffin for me,
And let a Grave be digged, I will be happy,
Or elfe not know my Misery to morrow.

Spo. You do not think what Ill may happen, Husband. Come, let him have her, you have Means enough For him; the Wench is fair, and if her Face Be not a Flatterer, of a noble Mind.

Altho not Stock.

Ag. I do not like this stragling, come along.
By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will
Pardon my bold Intrusion. Cal. You're very welcome.
What, are you going Bellula? pray stay.
Tho Nature contradicts our Love, I hope
That I may have your Friendship. Flo. Bellula?

Bel. My Father calls; farewel; your Name and Me-In spite of Fate I'll love, farewel. [mory

Flo. Would you be gone, and not bestow one Word Upon your faithful Servant? Do not all

My Griefs and Troubles, for your fake sustain'd, Deserve, farewel Florellus. Bel. Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unless you flay,
Or I go with you? you were pleas derewhile.
To say you honour d me with the next place
To Callidorus in your Heart, then now
I should be first: do you repent your Sentence?
Or can that Tongue sound less than Oracle?

Bel. Perhaps I am of that Opinion fill,

But must obey my Father.

Eg. Why Bellula? would you have ought with her, Ho. Yes, I would have her felf; if Conflancy [Sir? And Love be meritarious, I deferve her. Why Father, Mother, Sifter, Gentlemen,

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Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since it must be so, I'll hear it patiently. Shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken With your fair Daughter; therefore if you think Him sitting for a Husband, speak, and let it. He made a Match immediately, we shall Expect no other Dowry than her Vertue.

Ag. Which only I can promile; for her Fortune Is beneath you fo far, that I could almost Suspect your Words, but that you seem more noble.

How now, what fay you, Girl?

Bel. I only do depend upon your Will.

Æg. And I'll not be an Enemy to thy good Fortune. Take her, Sir, and the Gods blefs you.

Flo. With greater Joy than I would take a Crown.

Ail. The Gods bless you.

Hith dull'd the Point and Edge of your Affection,
That you have wrong'd your felf and Family,
By marrying one whose very Name, a Shepherdes,

Might fling some Spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you, She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

Flo. How! you speak mystick Wonders.

Eg. I speak Truths, Sir,
Some fifteen Years ago, as I was walking,
I found a Nurse wounded, and growning out
Her latest Spirit, and by her a fair Child,
And, which her very dressing might declare,
Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,
I asked her who had used her so inhumanely;
She answered, Turkish Pyrates, and withal,

Defired me to look unto the Child,
For tis, faid she, a Nobleman's of Sicily,
His Name she would have spoke, but Death permitted
Her as I could, I did cause to be buried,
And then brought home the little Girl with me.
Where by my Wive's Persuasions we agreed,
Because the Gods had blessed us with no Issue,
To nourish as our own, and call it Bellula,
Whom now you see your Wise, your Daughter.

Spo. Is't possible? Flo. Her Manners shew'd her Ag. I call the Gods to witness, this is true. [nobles.

And for the farther Testimony of it,

I have yet kept at home the Furniture,

And the rich Mantle, which she then was wrapt in,

Which now perhaps may serve for some good Use.

Thereby to know her Parents.

Dem. Sure this is Apbren's Sifter then, for just About the time he mentions, I remember The Governour of Pachynus, then his Father, Told me that certain Pyrates of Argier Had broke into his House, and stoln from thence, With other Things, his Daughter, and her Nurse; Who being after taken, and executed, Their last Confession was, that they indeed Wounded the Nurse, but she sled with the Child, Whilst they were busy searching for more Prey, Whom since her Father never saw nor heard of

Cla. Then now I'm sure, Sir, you would gladly pardon?
The rash Attempt of Aphron, for your Daughter:

Dem. Most willingly. Spo. I, I, alas rwas Love. Flo. Where should we find him out?

Cla. I'll fave that Labour. [Exit Clariana, Cal. Where's Hylace, pray Shepherd? and the rest

Of my good Sylvan Friends? methinks I would a

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Bg. I'll fetch them hither. They're not far off, and if you please to help The Match betwixt Hylace and Palemon, Twould be a good Deed, I'll go fetch them.

Enter Aphron, Clariana.

Aph. Ha! whither have you led me, Clariana, Some steepy Mountain bury me alive, Or Rock intomb me in its stony Entrails!

Whom do I see? Cla. Why do you stare, my Aphron? They have forgiven all.

Dem. Come, Appron, welcome.

We have forgot the wrong you did my Daughter,
The Name of Love hath cover'd all; this is
A joyful Day, and facred to great Hymen.
Twere Sin not to be Friends with all Men now.

Spe. Methinks I h' much ado to forgive the Rafeal.

Aph. I know not what to say; do ye all pardon me?
I have done Wrong to you all, yea to all those
That have a share in Virtue. Can ye pardon me?

All. Most willingly.

Aph. Do you say so, fair Virgin?
You I have injur'd most; with Love,
With saucy Love, which I henceforth recall,
And will look on you now with Adoration,
Not with Desire hercaster. Tell me, pray,

Doth any Man yet call you his?

Cal. Yes; Philiftus. Aph. I congratulate it, Six. The Gods make ye both happy: Fool as I am, You are at the height already of Felicity, To which there's nothing can be added now, But Perpetuity; you shall not find Your Rival any more, though I confess Fhonour her, and will for ever do so. Clariana, I am so much unworthy Of thy Love. That—

Cla. Go no farther, 'cis I should fay fo

Of my own felf.

Phi. How, Sister! Are you two so near upon a Match?

s ney re not las off, and if you plante to help

Aph. In our Hearts, Sir,
We are already join'd; it may be tho
You will be loth to have unhappy Aphron
Stile you his Brother. Phi. No Sir, if you both
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.
Why here's a Day indeed; fure Hymen now
Means to spend all his Torches. Dem. Tis my Con, Sir,
Now come from Travel, and your Brother now.

Aph. I understand not. Dem. Had you not a Sister?

Belides the Gods.

Dem. Is't not about some fifteen Years ago
Since that the Nurse 'scap'd with her from the Hands'
Of Turkish Pyrates that beset the House? Aph. It is, Sire.

Dem. Your Sister lives then, and is married.
Now to Florellus; this is she: You shall be
Informed of all the Circumstances anon.

Aph. 'Tis impossible.

I shall be made too happy on the sudden.

My Sister found, and Clariana mine!

Come not too thick, good Joys, you will oppress me.

Enter Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Hylace, Palæmon.

Cal. Shepherds, you're welcome all; the I have loft

Your good Society, I hope I shall not

Your Friendship and best Wishes.

Eg. Nay, here's Wonders;
Now Calledorus is found out, a Woman;
Bellula not my Daughter, and is married
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend
To do in earnest what before I jested,
To adopt Palemon for my Heir.

Come, it's no matter for that; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine Tricks?

No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ba!

Alas! She is married to Dametas.

Hyl. (to Callidora) Henceforth I must not love, but ho-Æg. By all the Gods I will. [nour you.— Tru. He will, he will; Duck.

Mel. Of every thing? Ag. Of every thing ; I call These Gentlemen to witness here, that fince I've no Child to take care for, I will make Palemen Heir to thole small Means the Gods Have blefs'd me with, if he do marry Hylace.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, I scarce believe you Dem. We'll be his Sureties. Mel. Hylace; What think you of Palamon? can you love him? He has our Confents, but its no matter for that,

If he do please you, speak, or now, or never Hyl. Why do I doubt, fond Girl? I'm now a Woman.

Me!. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly. Hyl. My Duty binds me not to be averle a famous of

To what likes you .-

Mel. Why take her then, Palemen, the's yours for Pal. With far more Joy

Than I would do the Wealth of both the Indies : Thou art above a Father to me, Agon,

W' are freed from Milery with Sense of Joy.

We are not born fo; oh! my Hylace, hartigade dal It is my comfort now that thou wert hard boog work

And cruel till this Day. Delights are sweeteff When poisoned with the Trouble to attain them.

Enter Alupis. For tis but a Folly, &c. By your leave, I come to feel a Woman, and and and That hath out-liv'd the Memory of her Youth, of all With Skin as black as her Teeth, if the have any of With a Face would fright the Confiable and his Watch Out of their Wits (and that's easily done you'll fay) if They should meet her at Midnight. Oh! are you there? I thought I fmelt you fomewhere; Come hither, my the-Neffor, pretty Truga, Come hither, my fweet Duck.

Tru. Why are you not afram'd t'abuse me thus. Before this Company? Als. I have fomething more

I come to thew the Ring before them all ; How durst you thus betray us to Melaruus?

Tru. 'I'is falle, 'twas Hylace that over-heard you; She told me fo ; but they are married now.

Alu. What! do you think to flam me? why ho! here's

Pal. Alupis, art thou there? forgive my Anger.

I am the happiest Man alive, Alupis,

Hylase is mine, here are more Wonders too.

Tru. Alupis, give me---Thou fhalt know all anon,

Alu. Well, rather than be troubled -

Rg. Alapis welcome, now w' are Friends Thope; Give me your Hand. Mel. And me.

Als. With all my Heart,

I'm glad to fee you've learn'd more Wit at laft.

Cal, This is the Shepherd, Father, to whole eare I owe for many Favours in the Woods.

You're welcome heartily; here's every Body

Pair'd of a sudden, when shall's see you married? Alu. Me? when there are no Ropes to hang my felf,

No Rocks to break my Nock down I abhor

To live in a perpetual Belfery;

I never could abide to have a Mafter;

Much less a Miffrels; and I will not marry,

Because, I'll fing away the Day.

For 'tis but a Folly, to be melancholy,

I'll be merry whilf I may.

Phi You're welcome all, and I defice you all To be my Guefts to Day; a Wedding Dinner, Such as the sudden can afford, we'll have. Come, will ye walk in, Gentlemen? Dem. Yes, yes. What Crosses have ye born before ye join'd! What Seas pass'd through before ye touch'd the Port!

Thus Lovers do, e're they are Crown'd by Fates, With Palm, the Tree their Patience imitates.

Loves Ripple EPILOGIE

Spoken by ALUPIS.

HE Author bid me tell you-faith, I have Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very Slave, If I know what to Say; but only this, Be merry; That my Counsel always is. Let no grave Man knit up his Brow, and say, 'Tis foolish; why? 'twas a Boy made the Play; Nor any yet of those that sit behind, Because be goes in Plush, be of his Mind. Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve, Be merry; give me your Hands, and I'll believe. Or if you will not, I'll go in, and see, If I can turn the Author's Mind with me,

> To fing away the Day For it is but a Folly To be Melancholy, Since that can't mend the Play. 1 o be my Gualf to Day

Such as the finden our afford, we'll have

Come, wall we wolk in Gerelessen ? . Liens. You, yes. What Croffes have we born before to join die o

With Pains one were there I attend whates.

to be no sum for more of a color and there of

Later College S. I Male A Springer of the state of the st

overs and believes are Coccussed by Europe

What Says pale'd abrough before ye touch'd the Poret

Naufragium Joculare: COMOEDIA.

Doctiffimo, Gravistimoque Viro
Domino D. COMBER,

Decano Carleolensi colendissimo, & Collegii SS. & Individuz Trinitatis Magistro Vigilantissimo.

Olfte gradum : quonam temeraria pagina tendis, -Aurata nimium facta superba toga? Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno; Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit. I, pete, sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum, Et Logiez pugno carmina scripta tenent. Post Ca, vel Hip. Qualis? ne; vel, af, un. Quanta? par-Deftruit E dictum, deftruit Ique modum. fin fin. Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore sonabit; Setonus, dicent, quid velit ifte fibi ? I, pete Causidicos: poteris se culta videri, Et bene Romanis fundere verba modis. Fallor: post Ignoramum gens cautior illa est; Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas. I, pete Lectorem nullum; fic salva latebis, Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus. Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana. Dissimile hic Domino nil decet esse suo. The facri calamo referat mysteria verbi, Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt. Talis in Altari trepidat Fax poene timenda,

Et Flavum attollit sic veneranda Caput.

mit mil

At scior quid dices : Nostros Academia lusus Spectavit; nugæ tum placuere meæ.

Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est hic altera solus; Vel Grantæ ipfins non Caput, at Cerebrum.

Sed fi authore tuo, pergas; audacior; ire: · (Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit)

Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

Accedas tanguam ad numen formidine blanda Triftis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen. Viventi suspicium quod sibi vellet idem. Non peto ut ifta probes; tantum, Puerilia, dicas, Sunt, fateor; Puerum fed fatis illa decent. Collegii nam qui noftri dedit ifta Scholaris,

Voftri Favoris Studioffimus,

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Ad Lectorem.

TO N sum nescius quanto cum periculo emanare in vulgus bane Fabulam paffus fim ; tantum intereft Spectator, an Lettor sis Comædia, quamvis amicus, adea ut misellum boc opus, quod satis ex se deforme eft, pulchritudinem Suam amittere necesse fit, quam illi Lucerna, Vefes, After, nobiliffima frequentia addiderunt. Sed boc cum cateris commune, illud nostra proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eifque, qui, nescio que fato, maxime placuerunt, ne intelligi guidem, nifi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Getafimi partibus, pracipue verò cum aperitur Schola; ita ut buic libro accidat, quod folet ignobilibus, qui, niff in civitate fud ubique ignorantur; ita nafcuntur Calendarii fimiles in usum unius tantum regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum eft, non timbri meo; & effecit benevalentia illa, qua priores meas nugas, & veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (prob pudor!) pane ab infantia nugatus sum) excepifit, ut Ingrati crimen subeam, si tibi negem lusus meos; lmmemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentia ventum eft ut hornus adbuc Academicus, Comediam doceat? Quod nunquam quifquam ed etate aggressus eft, idne sibi arroget insolens puer? Egone tale quid in me admist? Quod se crimen quidem fet, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam tibi, amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, ego vel iterum tui causa tam in-Solens fierem.

Valo.

Scena

Scena Dunkerka.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gelasimus, Morion,

Nomicus. / Tutor Gelasimi & Morionis. Hæres dives, amicus Morionis. Supposititius Filius Polypori.

Plecas. Æmylie,

Bombardomachides, Miles. Eucomissa, Filia Bombardom. Ægle, Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis foror. Ancilla Eucomiffe. Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori. wind the sale with the manufacture and when

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Polyporus, Mercator Anglus.

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PROLOGUS.

XI forns inepte; nullamne babebunt bic Comædiam? Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo. Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc? Ego nibil possum, prater quod cateri folent, Salvete cives Attici, & corona florenti sima. Utinam illum videretis, plus boc spectaculo Risuros vosmet credo, quam tota in Comædia: Fam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit. . Nisi placide intueamini, astum est de Puero. Tragadia ifthac fiet, & Naufragium verum. Dicturus modo Prologum, novi, inquit, peccatum meum. Prodire; nisi personatus, in banc frequentiam Non audet, & plus sua rubescit purpura. Illius ergò causa, finite exorator siem, Ut nequis Poêta vitio vortat novitio, Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet. N. f. fari inceptaverit, Nemo est futurus eloquens. Qui modo pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit, Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui. Neque annos novem posite; non est, Spectatores optimi, Adulta res, sed Puerilis, Ludere. Vetus Poêta Comico ce sit in convitium. Quis suum diecula invidet crepusculum ? Quis viola, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram? Favete & buic Flori, ne tanquam Solfitialis Herbula Repente exortus, repenting occidat.

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Naufragium

Naufragium Joculare, &c.

THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

[Celeusma intus.] Dinon .. I quidem adaptantur humeris onera, hue me actutum fequimini : Ego vobis prospiciam ; nimium hi nautæ attrectant picem manibus : Mirum herole eft quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funibus. Qui suum quotidie fatum quali accurate complicant. Ut clamarunt modo! Sulurrare præhis Tempeftatem diceres. Gratias babeo quod abs fele, & his fuis nos amisit mare. Urrumque est æque turbulentum, & ad adspectum utriusque vomeres. Itaque incolumem hic te videre feriò lætor, Dinon : Polyporus huc me mifit Heres, cum Filio fimul ejulque fodali, ut euntibus fervirem peregrè: quorum after, natura bardus, nihil ultra quæritat ; alter & induftriam addidit, utisinfaniret ftrenue. Hos ducit quafi Tutor corum Gnomicus, ita homo; Qui recto fi faperent, ftultos cis annum redderet, nil extra carmina, atque fententias loquitur carnifex ; vix folcas, nifi ex Virgilio, poscet, ita poeta soutitor. Hem Dinon, vin' ta homini ffulto auscultare mihi? Succentuti jam nune gravitet in corde Sy. cophantias :. Nam fi bolus ifte tantus eripiatur ex faucibus, nunquam iterum occasio dabitur, fortunatus ut fies. Ignota regio; heri stolidi, ac divites : tum ego, Dinon, Plenus fallaciæ fervus, & pecuniæ indigens. Næ Ovescommisit lupo, hos mihi qui concredidit. Atque eccos iplos de navi ; eccum autem Gnomicum ; Ut magnifice infert fefe! gradiri Jambum crederes, concedam ifthuc; hem Bajuli, an dormitis super farcinas?

SCENAM: Gnomicus, Morion, Gelafimus, Dinon.

Gwo. Quod felix faustumq; sit (quâ formulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arena. Ne à Virgilio nostro, poetarum omnium facile principe, quem ego honoris causâ nomino, transversum digitum aut unguem latum excedamus, ut pulchre in proverbio. Mor. Tutor, gratulor tibi hue adventum meum.

Gno. Dixisses potius tuum, nam hoc esset more Aulico.

Mor. Imd utrumque, mi Tutor, Gnomice.

[Dinon, Bajuli.]

Quem ego honoris causa nomino; sed quænam est hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis nota est de facie, quam si esset Terra incognita.

Din. Adlunt Bajuli cum farcinulis.

Baj. Quo portamus Domine?

Din. Ad tabernam proximam diversoriam, ego often-

Gno. Quin Bajuli edico vobis, quod Simo senex in Co-mædia, vos isthæc intro auserte; abite; Dinon, sequere, nam paucis te volo.

Mor. Dinon, st! ego paucis te volo. Memento de vi-

Din. Here, factum puta, nam nihil mihi potius eft, quam în hac re animo tuo oblequi.

Mor. St! Bajuli! quin dico, fistite vos mihi Bajuli.

Baj. Quid est quod nos velis?

Mor. Cavete de farcinulis, ne quasse sint vehementer aut jacte in terram fortiter. Baj. Numnam insunt vitra?

Mor. Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte Imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, & læsæ Majestatis reus sam; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

Gno. Pish, verbum sapienti sat est: norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' lætitiam nautarum! ferit aurea sydera clamor. [Celeusma intus.

Mor. O muficos homines! utinam ego essem navita: Vix me abstineo quin clamem. [Clamat] Gelasime, quid tu tristis es?

Gno. Quid frontem, ut dicam metaphorice, caperas

Gelasime?

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Gel. Egon tristis? non; Meditabar tantum de natura maris. Cui Dil Dezque malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo posteà. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum est ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jo-

strent brigging the

cum exprimere, quem dicerem Bajulis. At antequam conscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi effluere, doni-cum omnes dicerent, satis, satis est.

Gno. Gelasime, ut artidet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam

de mari?

Gel. Amara res est; oh! benè est quod meipsum colligo: Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus; & est tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo. Adeste æquo animo, & meliores audietis postea.

Mor. Hei ho! ohi me! Gno. Quid est Morion? cur

imo gemitum de pectore ducis? Secundum Poetam.

Mor. Totus contremisco cum de rebellante meo stomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud quod ego de tabulatis totum evomui! O ova! ô vinum! ô sumen! hæc omnia

infelix perdidi. Obsonavi piscibus largiter.

Gno. Quis talia fando Myrmidonum Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssi (euphoniæ gratia) temperet à lachrymis? video certè recte dici à veteribus. Tive, volve, y uin, rela sens. Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transtuli. Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

Mor. Prætered, Tutor, aliquid aliud certe me nimis male habuit, nam, cum ex alto terram procul prospeximus: Continuò ut nos propius accessimus, illa aufugit

longule Idque ita ego observavi ipse.

Gno. Vides ergo, quod post nubem Phæbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara: Multa diúque tuli: Dissicilia quæ pulchra! Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum tendimus in Latium. Plurimaque alia commodè à veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

Gel. Omittis, Morion, tempestatem reminisci.

Mor. Rectè mones: nunquam tam malè metui ne ad coelum irem ingratiis.

Gno. Jam-jam tacturos sidera summa putes, sed eho tu,

adeon' vero metuis ano Siwow?

Mon Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici

la

quicquam vocabulum ; and Senv?

Gel. Ego mehercule tune temporis guttam non habui fanguinis, præ timore, ne sub Ponti marmore sepultura

nebis fieret. Intelligis Tutor ? ambiguum id verbum est ; ludo in 76 Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc? stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

Mor. Dii te perdant adeò in omni sermone facetus es.

Gel. Ain' verò? tune maledicis ingenio meo?

Mor. Quidni ? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati sumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas? Vitium Gelasime, vitium eft.

Gno. Quid eft, adolescentes? revocate animos, mœstumque timorem mittite, nam jam in vado sumus, cum

Proverbio.

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Mor. Obsecro te arque etiam oro uti ne revortamni domum. Nam oppidò mihi arrider hujus loci facies. .

Gno. Potin' igitur, ut sustineas animum, si nunquam

patrem fis visurus denuo?

Mor. Hercle vero fatin' mihi exciderat pater de memoria? Perguam molefta res est Pater, sed ni fallor non semper vivunt fenes.

Gel. Video me fruftra effe, necesse est ut revocem ad

me fugitivum meum ingenium.

Mor. Nimis diu hercle est, ex quo ego ebrius fui, atque adeo annus videtur, donicum in hac regione probe madeam.

Gel. Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nune: petimusne diversorium? Ibique omnem hanc ex animo eximimus laffitudinem? pollin certifici. Note ille ne

Mor. Imo illic bibamus strenue.

tore of the property line, you Gel. Rece & postilla faciam carmina.

Mor. Atque ego dormiam.

Gno. Facielne adolescens carmina? at non conftabunt ribi pedes posteaquam strenuò biberis: intellextin'Gela-

fime, quod velim per pedes annon?

Gel. Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ! ob istuc te dictum amo plu-At nili eripuisses ex ore mihi, equidem prævortillem te, & certe magnus joeus est : donabo hune pugillaribus, Carmina tibi pedes biberis Ha, ha, he, he, maiset megno! mara! [[feribit.]

Mor. Næ istos omnes jocos Dii perdant; nam ante hoe temporis madere potuissem, nisi quod diem male amisimus.

Gno. Famus igitur; nam scriptum in Poeta invenimus, Ennius ipse Pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiluit dicenda? ubi Pater quia erat primum; Arma, metaphorice: & alio loco, Fæcundi calices, quem non secere Poetam? Gel. Pulcherrime! Quem non secere Poetam!

Mor. Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitissarem postea. Poetam! vah! sumne ego Filius Polypori

natu maximus?

Gno. Bene babet: jam vos instituam optimis secundum hune locum atque ætatem moribus. Docebo peregrinandi artem, atque edicam formulas, Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æquè ac me. Sed prius introcamus, nam melius hane rem præstabimus impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguisq; ferinæ. Mar. Longe hercle melius, [Exeunt.

SCENA III. Æmylio.

Æm. Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus, meque iple dum contemplor magis, continuò in mentem venit. Hominum catenulis luspensorum jamdiu in via regià: Næ illi vestitu solent esse ac istam plane faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen; quanquam si eveniat, hoc volupe est mihi, quod hisce ego vestibus commodere non possim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me ditescat : sed interea temporis Dii vostram fidem! quid mihi faciendum est misero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denno? Qui possim, nisi forte Cynicus, adeo oblatrat ftomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus: At malum hercle omen est auspicari id studium, in Forma Pauperis. Dicet aliquis, bono ingenio es; adjunge animum Poetice? Quamobrem vero? adeone parum inops sum ut fiam magis? Nam hæc recta via st ad egestatem : præteres frustra hoc sperat animus. Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, sat scio, unam de me ipfo nisi si Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere instituam?

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me ere instituam? nam agendum esse aliquid id venter admenet: Et plurimum præstat manu mea, quam laborare in hunc modum same: Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid est, opera quod conficiat mea? Niss si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collocem. Quod præstare optime poteram cum ornatu hoc formidolosissimo. At non est, uti nimium properem ad id muneris, nam velim nolim, sat citò ad Corvos eundum est mihi. Lubet mehercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliqua intendenda est in aliquem fallacia; hoc sixum mancat.

SCENA IV.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Em. Sed quis hie homo est qui sermonem nostrum auseultatur ex adversa platea? Quantum ex vultu colligo, codem laborat morbo, quo ego & multi magni viri laborarunt.

Din. Herus meus Morion, cum Tutore Gnomico, ejuldem farinz homine, & Gelasimo zquali suo, benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optime, hos ego nisi emungam aliqui pecunia, sumne ipse stultus istorum multò maximus? Nam heri Polyporus pater adprime dives est, nescit quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam scio.

Em. Ædepol servum graphicum! ad amussim sententiam meam Locutus est adeò; hunc mihi notum esse oportuit, nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propingua parte amicitiz.

Din. Age Dinon.

Em. Oh, idne tibi nomen eft?

Din. Nunc specimen specitur Dinon ingenii tui, nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico, quin omnes te uno ore predicent servum minimi pretii.

Em. A me non impetro herelè, ut abstineam diutiùs, ita hominem amo perditè: Dinon, salve, gaudeo sanc quandoquidem hue salvus veneris, Valuissin' usque?

Din. Quænam hæc larva est? Quantum de veste conjecto hie stipem petit; Oh! scio quid dicturus: Miles sum, potitus hostium, occisus jam bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo; nihil do: beac vales

Em. Quali non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, Dinon, Ubi est Herus tuus? pulchre os sublinemus homini.

Din. Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum nosti meum?

Em. Tanquam te. Din. Ita fentio.

Em: Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem, stipitem, asinum, ovem; Quem tondebimus auro hodie ad vivam cutem.

Din. Hie pol herum meum (quicquid id est) suo appellat nomine. Jurares novisse hominem, ita depinxit probe. Quoniam vero tam familiaris es; facito ut sciam, quod nomen tibi sit amico atq; necessario meo.

Em. Quafi verò oblivisci potis sis, facetus es, Dinon.

Samplettitur.

Din. Non, non, qualo move te abs me longius, nam licet te amem, memini me semper odisse servulos tuos, nihili bestias.

Æm. Quos servulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui

domi.

Din. Nempe à tergo sunt, sunguntur officio suo; nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuas tecum portas.

Em. Ah nequam ! idem es, video, qui fuifti prius. A

puero te novi, semper mordebas aliquem.

Din. Egon' vero mordebam? id servuli faciunt tui.

Em. Non est ut ab illis timeas, Dinon, licet confitear, Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie. Cogitabam domi me mansurum, sed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non est uti laborem de vestitu.

Din. Falsum; ego te non novi, Diis gratias: sed recate, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, nam virtute formæ evenit, te ut quicquid habeas deceat. Sed si temebris sortè surgeres, diligentia opus est, ne induas subligacula in diploidis loco, adeò difficile est utrumque in te distinguere. Am. Estive testus sum de industria; sudor me enecat.

Din. Confilium dabo, amice, si me audias, perbonum, in rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum

poteris; Nam tunc to Ediles forfitan ad fepulturam du int, Et, quod anno non fecifii, obvolutus jacebis linteo-Em. Nolo obsonare vermes, ave selles and the senter

Din. Quam pediculos fatius eft. Oblecro amice, quo avolavit collare, & subucula! Ne tantillum quidem nfquequaque gerit lintei quod digitum tegat, fi eum cafu vulneret ... Am. Lotrix habet, quid tua & Co. ...

Dim. Ifte galerus jam oribrum eff. Revereri me ne-

celle eft poperire non potes caput, and milion sib ,25500

Am. Admitti folem volo; quelo an id invides ?

Din. Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare ster-Die la wie this dienes dennier toll enter ille or imministry

Æm. Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si ferio faceres - Din. Quid tum?

Æm. Acciperem joco.

Din. Ædepol hominem perpaucorum hominum ! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotiofum me decet elle aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocarim in memoriam qui fis, revortar tibi.

Em. Oblecro, num amicum deseris? quid faciam?

Din. Teipfum penfilem. siem mis mole dan

Em. Da igitur drachmam, non placet ita prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid est quod te velim. In Morionem herum tunm tragulam injicere animum induxisti, ne nega; induxti, seio. Hanc si devolvas minimet provinciam, ita argento illum circumvortam consutis dolis, ut reverà me dicas posteà necessarium tuum. Miles hanc domum nostræ commist fidei servandam in reditum fuum Bombardomachides. Peropportunus iffic locus eft, tum autem ego (dimidium mearum laudum prætereo præ modeftia) ita retexo omnes mortales quemq; prehendero, ut oppido le tactos credent modo si conspexerim.

Din. Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertula fit, mihi valde

cautio eft. Nimio fuit familiaris.

Em. Idem à te caveo, Dinon, nam prope adfitiffé falva res, nihit nactus es.

Din. Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido. Nam cum istoc comite vel ipsi Mercurio verba darem, ita omnes articulos callet Sycophantiz. Quod nomen tibi dicam esse? Em. Emplioni.

Din. Tum bene, Æmylio, da mihi manum, conditio-

Am. Do Deos testes: que lo cui mortalium prestanda est, sidem si inter nosmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, die qui sint homines, unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, que si extatem nossem. It dies, & nondum pecunie injicio ungulas.

Din. In via tibi dicam omnia; sed cum istoccine orna-

tu, mi Emylio ? and the trace mangib biapat

Am. Pish, potin' ut quiescas? Annon vestitus tibi vi-

deor satis basilice?

Din. Ut voles esto; satin' ex improviso tandem amicitia tanta ica est? Æm. Meus bonus Genius!

Din. Meus alter idem! Em. Meus Pylades!

Din. Orestes mens! Æm. Meus — Oed sand.

Em. Quasi essem tam male moratus, mi Pylades? pe-

regrino femper.

Din. Vix audeo te à tergo relinquere, tibi herclè lo-

Am. Eamus ergo fimul, mea commoditas.

Din. Mea opportunitas, camus.

Exeunt.

SCENAV. Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Puer.

Gno. Uti in primo Actu Menzehmi, Scena secunda di eitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, & ve marie dictus! sic Horatius Diem conderet, & mannie Latii per excellentiam, jamque diem clauso componit vesper Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortus eft? ha, ha, ha, ha, an inquam

dies mortua 'ft, Tutor?

Mer. Moriatur fane, aut suspendat se, si volt. Puer, cedo vinum. Hum-nullumne magi vetus?

Puer. Illico, illico. [bibit.] Nullus est in tota urbe qui tibi melius prebeat, si ejus frater esses.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? non sum ego Polypori unicus? fed periculum faciam. [bibit.

Pu. Et scintillulat quafi

Mor. Scintillulat? videam. Fortassis hoc præstatcertè scintillat probè. [bibit] Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos? Pu. Egon' Domine?

Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus sum melius-da Tutori, Puer. [bibit.

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non possum esse hie & illic simul.

Gel. Obstuperaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo. Adi sis.

Pu. Maxime.

Gel. Adefdum verò Minime. Ut verbum retorqueo?

quid agis Minime? Pu. Vides.

Gel. Ita nimio exiguus fueras, ut vix hercle poteram.
Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocius in
Coronam.

Gel. Avolavit; unico planè dicto occidi hominem. Ita omnes quibuscum loquor semper macto infortunio. Hominem tetigi jocis quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo Rose.

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum Gelasime. Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenuique pudoris. Adi sis propius; quid oculos defigis adeo? attollas caput. Nescis derivarizo. Jeuno in 78 ava a Jeon; Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram, Os homini sublime dedit, columque tueri Justit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit respondere; ita joco interfeci modo.

Euge Gelasime, nunquam commutatus clues.

Mor. Puer pete ocyus vinum ; quid horas bonas per-

dimus ?

Gno. Audin'? sit Coum, Massicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Czcubum, atque audin'? ne sit autivaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave; Namque hæc in aliam partem accepta apud Authores legiomus.

Par Factum puta; Vinum ocius in Rofam.

Mo. Puer revertere sis; Fac poculum teipso majus uti simul afferas. Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

SCENA VI. Emylio iifdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi fidicinem; Abi

Em. Aini Nanule, Ramentum! Triental hominis! Na-

ture avaritia! Non licet amicos alloqui? facom tabaq

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popina ceca querites; vinum aon bibunt, niii forte in Peincipis natali cum ex canalizbus funditur.

En. Salvere vos plurimum juber amieus voster verus: Et vivos valentesque hue advenisse id volupe est milit. Facir hoc fortalle vestis insolentia ut sugiar vos memoria qui sim. Gel. Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigisti, nam sie melius dictum reor.

Em. At vestrum ego & memini & semper faciam ut
meminero. Nam Morianis patri Polyporo jam olim sums
arus sui, postquam peregre advenientem hospitio me ex-

eeperat.

Gue. Na bona memoria es; didicifie artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cicerone) invenifie dicitur Simonides. Em: Gelasime salve (Dii faciant ne falsus sim) salve Morion.

Sed fi vis, falve,

Get Hone etiam hominem ludos faciam. Nunquid vefics etiam tue (ha, ha, ha,) abierunt peregre?

licuit. Ita vos ut audiyi advenisse properavi visere.

Gel. Adepol vestes malas ! an ex bello aufugerunt ?

Nam illie joeus est; Gelasime, antiquum obtines.

Per Fading pute; Viones acius in Lafam.

Gel. Novit me iste proculdubio, non urgebo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An oftenderunt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino, post scribam tamen.

Am. Hanc mihi quam videtis, ftragem effecerunt gladii. Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam,

Annon odos Pyrii pulveris objectu est naribus?

Gel. O bellum quafi minime bonum ! Ibi ego iterum;

nunquam cessabo hodie.

Gno. Bella per Æmathios plusquam civilia campos. Satin' hic homo excidit mihi memoria? Pudet oblivisci familiares tam male, Ne superbum dicat, assimulabo quasifciam. Incertus fum quis fiet, fed hoe nil refert. Amicus certus in refincerta cernitur.

Em. Ut valet uxor Polypori? ut senectatem fert?

Gel. Quali injusiam Male? Si centum perogrini adfint, Nunquam tamen omittam iftoc leribere. Scribit.

Gno. Ohe / jam fatis est, nunc falve, amice optime, Distimulari per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non possem prinsi

Gel. Nostin verò, Tutor, serio? die nomen obsecros Gno. Nomen? quali-vorsatur mihi in labris primoribus.

Em. Perii ; nomen amifi : oh! Peripolemarchus eff. Gno. Dii beni! ita est profecto; fæpe obliviscimur Que callemus, ut proverbium facetistime, tanquam digitos.

Gel. Certe quoque cum animo cogitem, quali per ne-

bulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

Mer. Tum ego memini quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem, Periple-Periplome-Non multum refert, no-Ri quid velim, tibi præbibo an a migrafit did

Gno. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est Metho-Sie melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama pue-

rum, Gelafime.

Gel. Non parebit mihi Tutor, ita derifi modò. Gno. Heus puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

Puer. [Subt.] Statim venio, Illico.

Gno. At citius quam coquuntur asparagi, En, age, fegnes Rumpe moras.

Em. Prædam habeo: Salvus sum; tres hosce Asinos Duæ res statim pessundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego. Eho ru! dum nos hic largiter siccamus cyathos, Jube cytharistria intus nos oblectet cantiunculâ. Circumser tu merum; da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipe.

Gno. Peripolemarche, pulchre admones, Juvat infa-

nire.

Mor. Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St! Pax! oh har-

Gno. Hem, Morion, clauduntur lumina fomno?

Mor. Non, non, non, Sine me esse nihili.

. Gel. Madet pol Morion.

Mor. Madeon' Gelasime? An ego madeo, Tutor? ce-

Gel. Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum? I sane ebrius es, Gelasime, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

Gno. Arma virumq; cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus—hic illius arma Hic currus fuit-circumfer merum, carnufex. Multum ille & terris jacsatus & alto Vi superum, sævæ memorem— porrige mihi poculum, Amice, benè me, benè te, benè noster Virgilius Arma virumq; cano—[Bibit.

Mor. Bene habet ; ego iterum potabo ne me credant

brium.

Din. Horuncee hie ego facta & sermones legam. Quam frenue Genio indulgent! faxo, si vivus vivam, Plus uti eras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodie. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hune modum, hilarem Sumemus diem, atque amænum: Ebrietatem sitio.

Em. Nisi distimulem quasi biberem, hercle me evertent cyarhis, Ita properant interire: Dii me beatum vo-

lunt:

Mer. Ego non sum ebrius, Gelasime.

Gel. Neque ego. Mo. Neque ego.

Gel. Bene igitur ; falutem tibi.

Mo. Enimverò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

Gel. At ego multo magis.

Me. Tun' magis? Gel. Inquam, Magis.

Naufragium Joculare. 153

Mo. Bene, sum tamen ingeniosissimus, hem! propino-

Gel. Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ità te amo Morion.

Mo. O Gelasime. Gel. O Morion!

Gno. Move manus ocyus; [Puer Exitation

[Dinon intus sonitum facit & celeusma.]

Onid stas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Co-

Me. Dii vostram fidem! tempestatem magnam! camus

oratum Tutor.

est, Ita vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam

Gno. Ecce autem, clamorque virûm, stridorque rudentum! Satin' in navi nos esse oblitus sui? hem, curate navitæ, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitan in Scopulum, Tempestas increbrescit.

Din. Pol mortales graphicos, Periimus, navis periit, ad extrema se paret quisque. Nesciunt jam vocem meam;

ego pulchre delufos dabo.

Em. Dinonis illa vox est; Eugepæ! factum est optime.

Gno. Apparent adhuc sidera; hic Pol- [ad Incernas.
lux, illic Castor est.

vimus? Din. Vix horæ dimidium: persimus!

Mor. Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo posteà.

Am. Adeldum, adeldum inquam, Gnomice, Viden

Audum illum decimum ?

Gno. Decimæ venit impetus unda; Posterior nono est,

undecimoque prior.

Gel: O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non jocari hoe ipso in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

Mor. Non possum patr me mori. [genu flestit.]
O quoties peccavi ego! [bibit] Madui quoties! [bibit]
Quoties scortatus sum [bibit] Nunquam videbo patrem,
Nunquam post hæc bibam, [bibit] abi sis uter miser.

H 5

[frangits-

NAUFRAGIUM. JOCULARES Convertamus nos. Tutor, ad preces illico, sincil O terque quaterque beati. Queis ante ora Patrum, Troje sub moenibus altis O terque quaterque beati, Contigit oppetere. Gna, More were occ Pu. Ecquid nos vocaftis? Em. Di te perdant, ita inopportune huc te conjiciis Abi fis farcifer. extrudit. Gno. Quod fit? Em: Rogas? Vidiftin ut ad proram modo Deus aliquis marinus adfitit ? Gel. Non, erat piscis magnus. Am. Piscis Gel. Piscis mehercule: Mehercule, inquam, pilcis, ex voce id fatis colligo. Din. Funes rupti funt, disjecta vela, navis lacera est. Actum de nobis, Socii. Mor. O mortem - quid faciam? Oblecco atque ero vos pisces mihi parcite. Ego filius sum Polypori natu maximus. Din. Exonerabo hune ego congium in corum capita. Beriimus, ho ! focii, periimus, absorbet nos mare, Jam, jam absorbet, periimus. Gno. O nos miseros! viden nt aquas puppis combibit ? Servare hanc familiam ipla non poterit Salus, Ue pessime Comicus. O Peripolemarche, queso duc me in inferiora navis. Gel. Et me, me, etiam obsecro. Detrudit in cellam Bombondi Mor. Valete; ego jam moriar.

Din. Ha, ha, ha! Dii vostram sidem, rem venustam-& lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam oveniriff. hæe fabrica Am. St? Dinen, ft ! descende, altum dormiunt ; oco Dinon descendit Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium ves

Order of feortaring from

Ruer ingrediture . Hogenstagnar!

num fecerint.

to May 1

NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE. 155:

Pu. Non, non, non; repræsentatam prius Pecuniam oportet effe pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus, antequam hanceriam anferes, fire to marchard and characters

[Morionis loculos Spoliat, & dat Puero pecuniams. Em. Pecuniam? Inbentissime, Inbentissime accipe fis. Pu. Jam habe tibi hunc afinum ; illico illico. [Exit. Em. O Jovem, caterofq; calites! [Tollunt Morionem.

Necesse est rifu spectatores emorier, Si rem transferrer istam in Comædiam quispiam. Dimensia gracity entitles, Marti de four from morton

i a consultation (Chi ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Dinon, Emylio habitu Morionis.

Din. Mylio, ecquid flas animo? quin iterum inquam Emylio; Heredis ille vestes funt;

vercor ne cerebro incommodent.

Em. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum meeum fabulator posteà. Quamquam insolens secero, si sermonem feram cum fervolo, Fortunas hafce meas sublatus animus decet. Siquidem fidelem te præstitisti, hem manum ad? ofcular to the current of the english decim greens sufficiently

Din. Faxo pol ofculeris meam, fiquidem in os pugnos

ingeram

de riedinena sivella - Æm, Siquidem herele ingeras; faxo mihi os elle lenforis. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias. Scio quid dicturus, miles sum, potitus hoffium, Occifus bis in bello, confollus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo; nihil do; bene vale.

Din, Quali non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas,

Emylio, the same admit to the same and infragrant

Am. Ego comes Amylio vocor, ne nomen nescias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi Amylio, respondese medimed agree a Liquis, com tracill abrightering bemilev

Am. Rogandi copiam tibi facio, andacter loquere.

Din. Di te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deoss Rogo := Nunc Te, scripfiftin literas ad Polyporum ?

H 60

Em. Hum ! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis majoribus impediti sepe non advertimus que dicta sunt.

Din. Exemplar litterarum ad Polyporum videre velim.

Jamne andis?

Em. Hum! Litterarum? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.
Din. Potest fieri ut diminuam tibi caput, nisi mittas
has tricas.

Æm. Obloqueris mihi sic ornato? lege has inquam,

QCYUS.

Din. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & seorsim, meo Domino atque Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerei greges, Solità virtute filium cepi tuum, Duosque amicos; servo nunc vinctos domi, Victore me superbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale.

Dux Bombardomachides.

Obsecto an in hunc modum scribit Bombardomachides?

Am. Sie loquitur quotidie : linguam cothurnatam ge-

verger are extented accommoder

zit.

- Din. Avi finistra hee res procedit, atq; ex sententia,

quid agimus nunc jam?

Am Ego agam Bombardomaebidem. Tu custodem; barbam induas, atq; ornamenta cætera. [Induit. Hem istuc ocyùs; jam Custos purus putus es. Abi atq; educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti fint vi & armis; hic vos operibor, abi. [Exit Dinon. Poteram ego nune universos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipsum pene metuo; ne personatus Bombardomachides. [ornat se. Verum Amylionem fallat. Adeon' pervorsa es, Chlamis? Efficiam ut rectins sedeas: Heic isthese tiara'st. Pyramis.

Efficiam ut rectius sedeas; Heic isthac tiara'st, Pyramis. Exadificabo cum hac caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim gesto, Hem. Ego sum Bombardomachidissimus.

Gno. Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem. [Intus. Gel. Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnabam quemad-modum Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

Din. Strenuissime omnium.

Gel. Certe; nisi multum me fallit memoria.

Mor. Ego etiam aliquid feci.

Gel. Vincuntur sepe sortissimi; Tutor, bono animo es. Gno. Maxime; nam dictum est verissime. In re mala animo si bono utare, juvat.

Din. Sequimini.

Em. Adfunt; ego nondam comparebo.

SCENA II.

Dinon, Gnomicus. Gelasimus, Morion (babitu Emylionis.).
Mor. Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non sum Morion.

Gno. Quid ais?

Mor. Per Deos immortales non sum, ego novi Morionem sat bene.

Gno. De colo descendit 2003 oraurde, Noscis teipfum.

Mor. Non, non, non novi mehercule.

Gno. Quis igitur es?

Mor. Quomodo ego scire possim?

Gel. Phy, phy, idem es.

Mor. Sumne? bene habet; sed unde hæ vestes, Gela-

Mor. Nescis Gelasime? an hoc sufficit! quid ego re-

Gno. Non equidem invideo, miror magis-

Mor. Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes per isthac for

Mor. Feneffras!'imo fores; habet fores Gelasime, hei

mihi! contactle film

Gel. Omnes ingeniosi sunt infelices propemodum. Utinam cavissem isthoc crimine; parentes prædixerunt mihi.

Mor. Et mihi, sed ego morem gesti, & tamen vestes

perdidi.

Gno. Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habul, Odi puerum præcocis ingenii, inquit Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ità compte loquor in miseriis? Jam licet verè dicere Gelasime. Ingenio perii, Naso Poeta, meo.

(Inid toles tund someth bind)

Din. Nisi aliter vobis visum est, accersam herum,

Gno. Imo pro libitu tuo : Siquid me velit, Poeta respondere docuit, Coram, quem, queritis, adium, Troïus Eneas.

Mor. Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? die, qui sim,

Dis. Expedant te; cave sis titubes; atque audin' etiam? Fac risum teness, nam periculum id est.

Em Pilh ; vultum in manu habeo Emylio

Gel. Builice le infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui-

Gno. Ora humerosque Deo smilis!

Mor. Tutor, horreo tremoque; ego flatim vomano.

Em. Tonitru eum hostes vicimus seros bellico, Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens nostra franginescit, at slecti potest.

Gno. O quem te memorem, Miles, namque haud tibi -

Em. Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis sertur potestas Jovis, Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis possim, estis vos experti satis, Dabimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

Mor. Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decidit,

Anima exire noftra per posticum cupit.

Gel. Ut bellice loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem

Em. Ob hoc Polyporo celerem mifi Nuncium,

Hinc uti vos falvos ducat.

O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum!

Mor. Ego iterum reviviscam, nam aquam vitæ loqui-

"Gel. Ut jam miteleit ferox! haud multum aliter Hyzenia (mirum) ex mare in fæminam migtat. Boni ingenis eft firmilitudines rerum fingere; Et concinnam ego comparationem aliquando jocis præfero.

Em. Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longum file.

Mor. Ego? fervus tuus______ thay sometimes 20 v mis 1

Em: Quid aures tundis meas? ha L

Mor. Favoris tui ftudiofiffimus.

Em. Ambages mittito.

Mor. Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

Em. Nomen rogo.

Mor. Utinam effet dignum quod exaudias.

Em. Fruftra fum ; tuim ?

Gel. Quemadmodum (cum bona tua venia) tu vocaris Bombardomachides, Eodem plane modo delector ego nomine Gelasimi. Facete meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi affentari pollum magis. (fcribit) Infinuavi me callide ad Bombardomachidem quarto nonas Feb.

Am. Tuum.

Gno. Sed fi tantus amor nomen cognoicere noftrum; Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuq; refugit Incipiam ___ Gnomicus (fi tibi vilum fuerit) fen Gnomico nomen eft mihi.

Em. Fac, ferve, officium ; rorlum revostar intro.

Exit

Gel. Certo certius abiens mihi toto-annuebat capite. Admiratur ingenium meum ; medius fidius captu ft.

Mor. Non respondebam illi ruffice Gelafime. Euge Morion; nolo me indoctum prædicant, Liceat indigeam Din. Placetne hine vos? walkana shart and san vestium.

Gel. Quo?

Gel. In cellam illam angustam ac tenebricolam obseero? Quam ego Orci januam per joeum nominavi modo. Din. Scilicet; donec vos Polyporus.

Mor. Eamus igitur; placent tenebræ, Nam fi dintius

hos pannos conspiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

Gno. Plautus Comædiam scripfit, Cui Captivus titulus. Vates ô Plaute, fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum ft: Mos jam Captivi. Aice d' ereneure Bung.
Mor. Tutor, Tutor, revortere lis acyus, Tutor.

Gno. Quid eff?

Mor. Nihil jam; sed aliquis momordit me de tergo. camps fodes.

Mor. Pavor s tal SCENA III.

Emylio, Dinon. War sail wart

Em. Absumtus sum planissime; Gnomici me expetant pedice. Neque unquam ex illius sententiis habeo; qua me consoler miserum. Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus factus continuo ut vapulet. Heus Dinon, hue te ocyus; inquam, Dinon.

station (the to) . Intrat Dinon:

I be shilled ord ive

I

campe fodes,

Din. Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

Em. Qui possim? modò in viâ-

Din. Bombardomachidem ? Em. Dixti. Nullus fum.

Din. Quam mox aderit obsecro?

Em. Quin adeft; vix punctum temporis ad confilium datur. Jacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

Din. Imò piftrinum, fustes, vincula; ifthæc ne loquatur plus metuo. Nullamne expurgationem habes?

Em. Hum ! nimium hoc callidum eft ; imo fi erit-Dinon, ita facito. Din. Quid?

Em. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

Din. Quid (,malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam,

quid me velis?

Am. Ad fummam domum afcendas ocyus, & continuo ubi ille in ædes fe penetrarit, fac fonitum horrendum facias. Quafi (intellextin'?) quafi effes Dæmon aliquis.

Din. Quamobrem?

Em. Pish, id mora est dicere, abi.

Din. Abeo ; fed vidiftin' ipfe Militem ?

Em. Duobus his inquam oculis; molestus es:

Din. Abeo; verum diees Dæmonem. [Exit. Æm. Ecce autem adeft! morari certum est aliqui bominem. More Will and The charle manuficula

SCENA IV.

Bombardomachides, Æmylio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?
Ubi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine
Glacialis ursæ? numquid Hesperii maris
Extrema tellus hunc dar Oceano modum?
O salve domus, vosque penates Dei.
Videon te patria? ludit an oculos meos
Imago fallax? non ludit; video satis.

Em. Non opus est; manedum, & ego te ludam satis, Hum—plenum id pericli est—hanc prius insistam

viam.

Bom. Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsabo pede, Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quærit sibi? [Æm.pulsat. Verunne cerno corpus? an fallor mala Deceptus umbra? verum est? quid velit sciam.

Em. Expergiscere ensis; teque ad officium para : Nam fattum ex milite faciam, & comedam posteà.

Bom. O scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,
Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo,
Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi,
Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos?
Abibo, atq; isti cedam furori locum,
Pati nam mortem possum, at exedi pudet,
Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est.

Am. Quis iffic? hem ! revortere, si malo caveas. Bom. Nihil formido, sed tamen totus tremo,

go miles juvenis non sum, credo, falleris.

Am. Proh deos, deasque omnes! men falli dicis.

Bom. Non dico; at magni sepe falluntur viri.

Iratus ne fis ; ira nam res eft mala.

Em. Tun' nofti ubi fit gentium Bombardomachides?

Bom. Non novi.

Em. At nisi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Per cœlum, & cœli faces non notum est mihi. Lingua juro, mentem injuratam gere.

Em. Sed nosti probe hominem.

Bom. Novi aliquo modo,

Imò forte novi, non novi forsitan,

Videtur ille fortis, necnon vir bonus.

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi? non est vir bonus.

Em. Recte animum tuum advertis ad animum meum. Si has in ædes intra mensem se conjiciat, Ita inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas, Ut istum perpetuo locum pejus angue oderit.

Bom. Ego rus revortar; periculum sapiens sugit.

Æm. Ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata quid facit?

Bom. Quz verba fundit?—faciem vidi prins—Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquando bonum est.

Ipsus est; dominum servus deludis tuum?

Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet,

Atraque nube involver, ut tantum nesas

Eripiat oculis ?

Am. Occifa res est, perii.

Advenisse salvum gaudeo; valuissin' usq; athletlee?
Per joeum hoe seci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas? timendum est; aliquis hic erat dolus. Em. Nunc homini subpalpabor; experiri volui,

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Utrum iftoc fub ornatu fatis deliteleerem,

Tu tofte u'q; in initio, quanquam distimulasti sedulo, Operam presedo ludet, tibi verba qui daturus est.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum Jovem.

Sed in jocante rurlus jocari placet.

Em. Scio, sed ubi est Eucomissa, & foror mea? Bom. Sequentur pone, men' comitari virgines?

Em. Quid hie fermones cædimus; ibo illis obviam,

Et dicam ut revortantur domum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Em. Quia enim ubi hie habitabunt gentium?

Bom. Domi.

Em. Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intre pedem retulit. Bom. Desine; jocari nolo.

Æm. Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Satin' oblitus fui : adeò mihi nunc jam res vetus eft? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, malorum Geniorum ifthæe habitatio eft. Quotidie colloquuntur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret fi que monftre hic finnt dicerems

Bom. Loqueris rem miram; nulla quam credet dies, Sed nec tacebit; bonan hæc dieis fide?

Em. Quin inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi

capite non cram.

Tantum hæc mihi res de improviso incussit metum.

Bom. Metuiftin'? non oportuit fervum meum Metuifle quicquam? Em. Rette, fi effet fimilis tui. Here, quoniam mihi fortaffis minus fidem adhibes, mil Age, ingrediamur, faxo uti omnia ipfus audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo; fed egon ut non credam tibi?

Gredam plus ifthoe; & nihil timeo tamen.

Æm. Vellem mehercule testem te hujus rei ; sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam, atque huc ducam nifi alind

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? bene est.

Abeas __ Emylio redi___ nil timeo tamen. 1 12dem 15

Em. Id scio; obtundis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est; abii

Æm. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha.

Bom. Pavet animus, horret, magna petniciesadeft. Incendor irà, rapior, sed quo nescio, sed rapior : Spectra in nostra triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phæbe patiens, fugeris retro licer Medioque ruptum merleris colo Diem. a rea il . Il allimit anto

Din. [Supra] Oh, oh, oh. | 1 may O : and of

Bom. Sero occidifi-nescio quid faciam miser, nam aliquid audio-Tuque O Neptune-oh quid faciam? mortuus fum-Redeunt tempore ; rerum quod primum est omnium. Au. Coid asbut Place Thon it tight i right and A.

Zu. Cmid! Eloguere.

14. B. V

SCENA V.

Emylio, Eucomissa, Agle, Psecas, Bombardomachides, Servus.

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Em. Quid est, here, ecquid times?

Bom. Timeon' ego? Proh Deos Dealque omnes! athereas prius Perfundet Arctus Pontus, & Siculi rapax Confiftet aftus unda, & Ionio seges matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' ego?

Eg. Cacodemones? O superos! audire hoc nomen

mibi febris eft.

Ru. O Venus! tu & ego, mea Ægle, dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier. Psecas, quin Psecas, inquam, surda est hæe ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmones, nonne?

Pf. Non, fi placet. Sed novi aliquam, que novit ali-

am, quæ vidit eos.

Eu. Qua facie erant Pfecas?

Ps. Unus erat canina facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Cauda zque longa ac- & clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

Æg. O mirum! tota trepido.

Eu. Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo-perge Psecas.

Pf. Nos omnes illicò fugêre. Eu. Tun' ergo aderas?

Pf. Non si placet, Sed illa fuit quam novit familiaris mea Philocomasium.

En. O, jam intelligo Psecas, perge porre.

Pf. Alteram fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam Aqua aquæ similis est. Et erat nudum totum corpus.

Eu. Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio vi-

dere iftos Cacodæmones.

Pf. Imò fi magis noveris, Eucomiffa, magis cuperes, Nam habuit—ha, ha, hæ, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

Eu. Quid habuit Pfecas?

Pf. Non intelligis? habuit-

Es. Quid ? Eloquere.

Pf. Tam magnam rem-Nos omnes admirari illicò.

Eg. Profecto hic iple 'st Cacodæmon, Eucomissa, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

Eu. Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis, Psecas?

Pf. Imò sunt omnium generum; nam quidam latent sub specie nigri selis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub Ve-spertilionis, aliorumque etiam animalium, Imò novi qui ambulant per noctem induti sindone. Atque inde eve-nire solet tot quod insaniant vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis. Demergunt se aliquando in ganeum, Atque illic nocte totà præ timore combibunt. Post cænam, si placet, plura de re issance disputabimus.

Eu. Nunc eamus visere spectra.

Eg. Viden' quis adest Eucomissa?

En. Mallem spectra; sed fortassis hic est ex corum monstrorum numero.

SCENAVI.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius, Emylio, Eucomissa, &c.

Eg. Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?
Eu. Citius mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit
Psecas tam viri similem.

Æg. At ego ne Jovem præfero in se ferentem precium,

fine quo Jupiter nihili eft ..

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Cal. p. Bombardomachides salve; huc te salutatum ad-

Bom. Gratias; sed multus animo occursat dolor, en alta muri decora, & congestas trabes, ut omnis late splendet inscelix domus! Quicunque regno sidit, & magna potens dominatur aula, nec leves metuit Deos me videat & te domus.

Cal. p. Quid ait, Emylio?

Em. Nempe quia spectrorum plena eft, id dolet.

Cal. p. Spectrorum? ubi sant? [utitur spec.] Nulla hic video, Emylio.

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Em. At intus potes fine quatnor oculis.

Cal. f. Si ita est, Pater, utantur nostra domo; superest illie locus.

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Cal. p. Nunquam vidi melius confilium dari; quid tu Bombardomachides? Potes ibi opportune filiam tuam huic nostro nuptum dare.

Bom. Confilium bonum eft, animog; arridet meo.

Cal. f. Sed ubi eft Virgo? reliquiftin ruri?

Bom. Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod quæras adest.

Cal. f. Latere miror posse tam diu sidera. [Osculatur.]
Redisse salvas gaudeo, & meum simul hunc esse reditum eredo, nam vobiscum absui : Condonate Amori cæco, vos si conspexi minus.

Es. Si nunquam conspicias posteà, lubenter tamen condonabimus, miscricordes omnes sumus natura mulieres.

Ag. Amore cæcus es Calliphanes? imò oculis nimium vales, quod nec est, nec futurum est vides, cum nos ap-

pelles fidera.

Cal. f. Imd Ægle verum dixi! nam si cœli facibus formosum noudum nomen imponeretur siderum, propter similitudinem quandam vestrum id jam nancisci poterant

Bom. Calliphanes, oculis nil tale objectum est meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncia conculcavi loca Asizque, Europæque, Americæ atque Africæ, aliasq; terræ partes quas tacco sciens.

Cal. p. Memini idem accidere olim cum essem puer, anno abhine hum Grammatice tum operam dedi. Anno hum! quinquagesimo secundo hum? non convenit numerus, O quinquagesimo tertio is profesto annus est.

Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras, & males Genies? Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo, fac ut voles.

Eu. Aperi fisioffium, Emylio.

mi Perit in perpetuum modum, nimio nimis metuo ut fint ifti probi Cacodæmones. Sanusn'es? credin' illos aspectui tuo objici perperam?

En. Num loquintur? amalianing maiant flin () 34

Æm. Satis id quidem ; fed horrendum in modum cave fis ne animam agas.

Eu. Disputabit cum illis Psecas.

Pf. Parata sum satis, Emylio, ante hoe temporis dis-

putavi cum Dæmone.

Em. Scio te bona esse voce : proculdubio illum obrues, si tympana, bombardas, tubas & tintinnabula oris tui afteras. Treets regarded bear

Pf. Irane me accipis indignis modis? nunquid criftas erigis de illis vestimentis? amabo, unde habes, mi #mylio?

Em. Pifh, dicam tibi cum fit otium. Quid ais Calli-Lean trodulisies with the day

phanes?

0

Cal. f. Ubi clavis? cedo mihi fis.

Cal. p. Quid stas lapis? quin aperis?

Em. Dii te silicernium Unum pedem in Charontis cymba habet (fecum) Et altero tamen ambulat.

Eu. Oh! non audis malos Genios? Bom. Ha!

Cal. f. Nihil eft; crepuerunt fores. Æg. Crepuerunt? O fordidas fores.

Din. Oho, oho, oho, urite, fundite, tundite, vertite [Supra.] domum.

Bom. Oho, oho -valete; & timeatis nihil.

Eu. Quo abis Pater?

Bom. Videre non sustineo tot timidos simul.

[Exit Bom.

Eu. O Deas! hæe illa Leonis vox eft, Pfecas.

Eg. Abeamus oblecto, Calliphanes.

Gno. Flectere si nequeam superos, Acheronta movebo. [Subt.

Cal. f. O Poeticum Dæmon!

Eg. Eft furiofissimus omnium proculdubio.

Cal. p. Mira funt ; nunquam vidi tale quid, nisi anno ab hinc quinquagelimo tertio.

Mor. O! profecto fum in Barethro. Eu. O Psecas, quid faciam?

Subter. 1

Pf. Quid? faciam periculum in disputatione. Quodnam est tibi nomen Dæmon.

Em. Itane inepte stulta es? cave ne te rapiat in maxi-

mam malam crucem.

Pf. Mene? non audet; ego illi oculos effodiam Car-

Gno. Ζεῦ πάτες, ἰδηθεν μεδίων, κίδιςε, μέριςε Καὶ πόταμοι, κὸ γαῖα, κὸ οἱ ὑστάνες θε ημπόντες, "Τμοῖς μάρτυχρί έςε.

Pf. Immo etfi loquaris Hebraice, Ego bene intelligo.

Em. Abi fis ftulta; Græcum eft hoc tibi.

Din. Oho meretrix!

Ps. O scelus! ego introibo; ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon' meretrix appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.

Em. Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon eft.

Æg. O Venus! nihilne vides, Eucomiffa?

Eu. Maxime; ubi eft?

Æg. Ingentem, nigrum urfum!

En. Prob Deos immortales! cum cauda ignea.

Cal. f. Ubi eft? ego nihil plane.

Em. Nihil? circumspice ut scintillant oculi! Psecas, cave malum; nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

Ps. Oh?

Cal. p. Quid aiunt Æmylio?

Em. Ingentem belluam illie-vide modo.

Cal. p. Übi specularia mea? Oh nisi fallor, Leopardus est. Quid hoc monstri? Gnate abeamus, precatum Deos. Din. Occidam, jugulabo, intersiciam, capiam, rapiam

omnes illicò. [Sonitus supra.] Eu. O Ægle! cedo manum, & fugiamus. [Exeunt.

[Infra sonant Catena.]

Æm. Ha, ha, hæ, descende ut te exosenler, bone Cacodæmon.

[Exit.

Din. Venio; urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite,

Acrus

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Naufracium Joculare. 169

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Emglio, Dinon.

Em. A GE, incipe Dinon.

Din. Non, non; exemplum à te capiam.

I.

Rm. Purgate cerebrum, Medici O infani,
Nec stis amplius Mortis Publicani,
Ob bominum peccata Orbi
Vos primum missi, posted morbi.
Doctrina cæpit egrotare,
Et sese voluit expurgare:
Tum vestrûm quidam vomitu per ora
Existis, quidam per Posteriora:
Sic natos, via est inventa,
Ut vos nutrirent Excrementa.
Nos melius bomines evacuamus,
Et loculis Clysterium damus.
Am. O sacram rem! scientia talis
Dicenda est sola Liberalis.

II.

Din. Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,
Jam vobis longa satta est Vacatio.
Vestri parentes litigarunt
Tunc cum vosmet generarunt,
O vos miseros, si uxores
Similis vestri essent oris!
'At suos multa Clientes habuerunt
Tunc vestras causas alis egerunt.
Rette nam nulli velint haberi
Causidicorum silii veri,

Fam vobis fallere Lege ne sit cura, Sed fallite nobiscum Fure. Am. O sacram rem! &c.

JII.

Emmeriget inter ignes ars tua, Alchymista,
Argentum, nist vivum, non habet ista,
Cum qui sunt & qui suerunt
Omnes Philosophi eguerunt.
Quem sore veris divitem
Per Philosophicum lapidem
Huc adsis, bic ex lapide lucrum capis;
Quid aliud stultus, nist Philosophi lapis?
Hunc sapiens coquit, distillabit,
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.
Quid ex sideribus quaris cursum sati?
Prudentium gratia stulti nati.
Am. O sacram! &c.

the metric founders. Arrestant

Using authorizing Engagestula.

Din. Prateritorum, Mathematici, Vates,

Qui prater barbam nibil jam alatis.

Queis cœlum creditur magis notum,

Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum:

Qui illud tam se putant scire

Illuc ut recusant ire.

Vos, à secretis syderum——

Em. Aufer te ocyus, Mathematice, nam adest Bom-

Considerants file werk,

Din. Opportune; nam hærere empit carmen

Dicenda est fola liberalis.

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SCENA

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Bombardomachides.

Æm. Hem! Bom. Emylio.

Bom. Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas? Æmylio, rurlus voce non parca tono.

Æm. Et ego rurlus tono. Hem tibi.

Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca Nigri profuttdo Tartari emissus specu, Incertus utras oderit sedes

Em. Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi her-

cle viatico usus est.

Bom. Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, hic regnat, immo hic, regnetat nolo diu.

Em. Scilicet; & hoe me vis ut sciam, qui primus id

locutus tibi sum.

Bom. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares, Hic Fulminantes stringere jambos decet. Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?

Em. Mehercule cothurnorum mille jam instar habu-

k.

ifti pulchre. st old ; elamo oldo de ivertublata . sid Bom. Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum) Quique evocavit nubibus ficeis aquas, 121 219085 miles Egitque ad imum maria. Oceanus graves Interius undas æstibus victis dedit. Pariterque mundus lege confusa ætheris Et Solem & Aftra vidit.

Em. Orationem compendiface, scio quid sequitur. Et vetitum mare tetigiftis urla, temporum flexa vices, &c. Nempe hie post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.

Bom. Hic monftra tanta voce terrebit fua.

Em. Prohibestint superi, cave ne committas tandem, Ut male dictitetur tibi fermone publico, i cum istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.

Em. At metuo famætuæ, uti me pareft facere ; Ubi eft ?

Bom. Mox moxq; nobis aderit; hoc lentum est; Adest. Parum est & hoc, quin adfuit ——Claves mihi.

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Em. Quamobrem?

Bom. Ilis icht nofter hie eardo strepet;

Ædesque viset — Verba compescat miser,
Peribis, at quid dixerim? insækix Peris.

Am. O quantumest deorum, quid me jam fiet denique? Itane tantum facinus tam inligniter te admittere?

Ten' claves ferre ? Ætherias prius

Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Confet æstus unda, & Ionio seges

Matura pelago surget, uti modò pulcherrimè Dixisti: I præ, sequor, subsequor te.

Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo, confilium placet.

Bona machina quam nequiter expetivit !

SCENA III.

Dinon.

O Dinon audifin' nos nullos elle?

Din. Auscultavi ab oftio omnia; Dii to infelicitent cum cantionibus. Hoe oft scilicet ante Victoriam Encomium canere. Perdidifti nos planissime.

O sacram vem I Scientia talis Dicenda est sola liberalis.

Quando aderit ille

Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeò

Em. Modo. Din. Modo?

Em. Modo; jam, & veniet herele non ingratiis meis.

Em. Mane mode; iftue ibam.

Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numerò mibi in mentem fuit. Abi fanè ; educ legiones tuas, traduce proporè ad proximum.

Din. Nempe in quem finem ?

Em. Illie (nostin'!) scholam aliquam aperiant.
Aliquid aliquos docent; ejus rei fructus longe uberrimu'st.
Nam & ab corum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam in[gentem facient,...

Ut brevi se captos redimant præsenti pecunia.

Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & ustatum minus.

Din. Quid fi litteras?

Em. Pol iftud nunc dierum inufitatum fatis.

Sed quiseas gratis de leet; tantum, ut detemercedem, abelt?

cjulmodi?

eft.

1e.?

deò

tem

Mili forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquisitum eat, [hili, Ant ancilla, quot maritis ae quibus aupta sit sutura.

Din. Quid tandem ?

Am. Dicam. Omnes nune homines videri volunt fraceti atque elegantuli; ad eam rem quovis pacto affectant viam; Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam jocum malunt, Ita rifum captant, & habent quod volunt, nam meherculè funt ridiculi; Eâdem hâc scabie laborat Gelasmus, ut qui maxime.

Din. Vis Itaque illos profiteri Jocandi Artem?

Am. Tenes.

Din. At enim commovere rifum nequeunt, nisi deri-

dendos fe propinent.

Em. Recte; hoc est jocari nunc dierum, præterea quis est qui nequit in eogaatione verborum, & Sympathia quadam ludere? Quot vocabula ad sutorem pertinent, quasi destinata hujusmodi salbus? Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem ad Philosophum? Ars prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, prædicamentalis scala, Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæsare, Celarent, Ferio, Festino, Sic tollo, Dictum simpliciter, Secundum quid, Disputo ad Hominem, Reduplicate, & Nam ad conclusionem venio. Terminorum hic usus optimus est: Nam eum ossendas cos in Authoribus, jurabia non esse scriptos serio. Commoda sunt & Authorum queruadam

I 3

nomina Ramus, Schotus, Faber, Toffatus, Suarelius, Nafo, Tranquillus, Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.

Bom. Emylio. [Intus.

Em. Me vocat, Illico. Quid dixi? oh! eft aliud genus salis. Deridere omnes mortales; parata fint (nam vacua pudet esse pugillaria) Scommata in omne genus hominum; sed hi joci consistunt plurimum in tidenuo clare, in contrahendo nafum & induendo jocularem ficiem. Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis eft, fi attrectant bene. Aliquando etiam jurent ornamenti graria, sed Dii boni! (Penè excidit mihi) mercede condueint aliquos qui domi factitent, aliquos qui eant petitum foras, Ex conviviis, Disputationibus, Comædiis, Concionibus, Aliquos etiam qui excribant, nam venales habere debent seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Generoles jocos. Hee & similia doce illos, abi sis fac officinm; sed audin'? Adesto illis semper, ne liberati in pedes se conjiciant. Quod ego jam faciam.

Din. Effectum dabo : Jocandi artem ; ha, ha, ha!

O miram rem! Scientia talis Dicenda est Sola Liberalis.

SCENA IV.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius.

Col. p. Itane obstinate operam das facere me adversum sinmo adered Cant vocabula ad liturem permeens

Fgo iffuc ztatis obsequens obediensque imperio Patris. In mare ibam, rem familiarem ange bam lucro. Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxorem ducere, Cui tantum dotis dictum eft?

Cal. f. At hodie, Pater?

Cal. p. Eja! quam elegans! cras etiam dices, At hodie Pater ?

Cal. f. At vetant Mathematici infausta hae luce adorneri puptias, matedisia in and abouting a chal core

Naufragium Joculare. 175

Cal. p. Imo non ægrotus jam, sed male habes Calli-

Cal. f. Præterez- ale stout our lingla l'

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. Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?

Cal. f. Nihil est parati; folitudo in ædibus; hæccine

conveniunt nuptiis?

Cal. p. Nempe id de industria; volumus isthoc sine tumultu peragi. Ut ne tanti siant sumptus, tamque in nullam rem utibiles. Quid sibi volunt Hymenæum & cantiunculæ? quasi tu nequeas ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine auxilio sidicinis. Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi injussu nostro, tacitè agite, nisi sortè Æmylione, & Ægle arbitris.

Cal. f. Ægle? maxime.

Cal. p. Abi modò, atque morem mihi gere, and and

Cal. f. Quid si nonvult pater?

Cal p. Nequicquam non valt; ita intus admonuit pater, Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego ishuc etatis—Sequere me sis intrò; Audin'? nisi quod imperavi facias Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi Calliphanes. Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse silio in hunc modum!

TOTAL SCENA V. Sen to T deliver

Rating all abledge mount illo mare bulleo.

Emylia, Pfecas.

Ps. Quid ais Æmylio? amabo audistin' adhue
De nova schola? Dit vestram sidem! rem lepidam:
Vehementer cupio videre, & periclum facere
Quid in jocis possint, sentient que mulier siem.
Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram.
Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam cum Demone?
Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mini.

Em. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ [odit.

Aut Concionatoris rustici, Qui illum Leonem vocat. Nunquam tuam audebit auserre secum animam

(Licet fram effe noverit) quis potentis Tantum loquendi illic menere dicitur.

Ps. Meritissimo tuo te eximium habes, ita lepide loque. Deridere me facile patiar, si isthoc siat modo. [ris. Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum seras.

Em. Si me necesse est herele hoe pacto remunerarier, Abhorrentem feceris brevi à facetiis omnibus;

Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' to fortunata fieri ?

Pf. Equidem cupio; etsi infeelix non sum, Diis gratias.

Am. Fac induas regillam induculam, fac genemis splenEt filiam te esse simules Bombardomachidis. [deas,

Pf. Cupio id mecastor: sed erro quam insistas viam.

Em. Gelasimus hie in proximo vendit jocos.

Hæres ditissimus, arque uti esse rales solent,

Merus stipes, huncce hominem admutilari pervelim.

Itaque hodie inter te arque illum nuptias enpio facere.

Pf. Naptias? ha, ha, he? mecaftor facinus lepidum?

Em. Sie tu tibi divitias facies atque illum pro arbitrio

Multoq; tum liberius amare licet quempiam freges,

Quam nune licet; ut voles eris: Ille, Vir bonus,

Aut ignorabit prorfus, aut ad calcem dormiet vigilans.

Pf. Seio; nam cum facta ero Horoina nobilis, Æquum est oblectare memet illo more Aulico. Æmylio, Tum me vises aliquando, tui immemor

Non committam ego ut siem.

Em. Sed properato opu" est.

Para te ocyùs; ego te producam illuc.

Psecas, infiste hoc negotium sapienter & caute.

Nam niss sedulo singas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,

Nihil agis.

Pf. Pish! potin' ut molestus ne sies?
An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?
Ego vel te, Æmylio, captare poteram; abi.
Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.
Quiescas cætera.

Em. Imò non metuo, ut sis satis mala, Te magistram quaram mihi, unquam si desecero. Naufragium Joculane.

Pf. Docebo equidem liberter; quod possum modo.

Nubam sand non gravate; sed nunquam filio. Me gravidam faciet; ad hane rem alius Illius sungetur vice; ne natus ex me siet, Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque ingento meo.

Exit:

SCENA VI.

Gnomicus, Gelasmus, Morion. (Schola aperitur.)

Gno. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium Coryphæus (quo verbo ipse usus't) De Orat. 2do libro,... Quem oculis meis plus amo, Artem negavit esse Salis. Erravit; Ciceronem semper ego existimavi hominem.

Gel. Pist ! Cicero salem non habuit; quisquamne de tot vocabulis Figurarum & Troporum aullum unquam sfaceret jocum ? Poteram herelè ego ab Aurora ad hoc quod est diei —— Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum : & lepores herelè hujnsmodi ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos habemus plurimos. O Dii boni! jocum pulcherrimum excripsimus in Tullium qui nudius quartus in Scholis publicis dictus est proximæ Academiz. Legam vobis —— [ascendit in cathed.]

Gno. Sed ferox nimium ne sis in Ciceronem nostrum,

Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

Gel. Quid hoc? oh Jocus magnus in prætoris oppidani cornua — novi — [quarit paginam. Jocus in militem malè vestitum — An ostenderunt terga? — oh — Hic exemptu'st ex meis pugillaribus — ex certe magnus est — hum! Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis nono die Novembris unus jocus, Sex demi joci & tres egregiæ sententiæ.

Oh! memini — Joci saeri

Et pia Hilaria — nunquam hæc vendemus — Oh — jam inveni — Jocus magnus in Ciceronem.

Gno. Lege, arrectifque auribus afto...

Gel. (legit) Ciceronis nomen vanum, Abest nunc in Tullianum, & potest converti Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum-Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus eft.

Mor. Tutor, hoc tuum est verbum.

Gel. Cæteri abeant in Tullianum. .

Gno. Optime! Nam locus est in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur.

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ! Gel. Quid rides? Mor. Ha, ha, hæ: Abeant in Tullianum? ha, ha.

Gel. Hoc dictum in utramque partem accipi poteft, eft jocus ambidexter. Ibi obiter facetus fum; audin' Tupor? Morion, scribe ifthoc.

Mor. Maxime.

Gno. Hem! funtne in mundo omnia?

Gel. Sunt in orbe terrarum : Ibi iterum : Ludo Tutor in dictum tuum. nettourer 1 de conferencial river con se

Mar. Joe : jo - jocus - Eftne Gelafime cum, g, o, wel cum i, o?

Gel. Cum i, o: Scripfiftin'? Mor. Ita credo.

Mor. Dexter est ambo - joci. Gel. Repete: Gel. O scelus! est joeus ambidexter, cedo calamum.

Mor. Maxime : in idem redit. Scripfi valde bene,

Gno. Immo; insanum bene, ut Comice loquar: Ibi

ogo Gelasime-

lain erat filonanetia l'ater Gel. At malè vereor ne hoc non de gravitate mea detra-Non, non, ipfi Doctores joeantur in his regionibus. [hat. In condemnatos salfi funt ipsi Judices,

Dormiunt, capite anununt, & ille Judicialis jocus eft.

Cenerofi jocis solvant Creditoribus.

Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.

Toco jurant, joco fallunt, rem agunt divinam joco Rene dixi, vivunt joco; tantum jocantur ferio.

Gno. Atque ego ita faciam; fi canimus sylvas, sylvæ

fint confule dignæ.

Gel. Morion, vide ecqui licitatores prope fint; an prospectus est sterilis?

Mor. Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci, quis emit novos jocos?

Gno. Nullos ne nundinatus es modò? hic dies scele-

stus est (Ut utar Comici phrase) divendendis jocis.

Gel. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos; ita supercilium Non fum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodie, [salit. Nunquid cellavi hoc mane lucri facere? Vendidi modò mulieri, nescio cui, duos jocos In papam Johannem, quos missuram aiebat sele Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pastorem in Anglia. Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus & Corona triplici.

Gno. Quanti emit?

Gel. Unis Drachmis in jocos fingulos. Sed corollarii loco voluit fibi unum dari. Demi-jocum in Bellarminum; itaque dedi, Mentiris, Bellarmine.

Gno. Bene habet; Capram cælestem orientem conspeximus, id eft, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roterodamo in

Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?

Gel. Præftinavit etiam Justiciarius quidam quatuor jo-In honorem Legis! & sex ingeniosas sententias: [cos. Quas in cona dicturu'ft, cum vicinos quotannis accipit Clientum alitibus. Venit post illa Tesnita aliquis. (Quantum conjecturam capio, nam ornatus erat basilicum (in modum)

Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi facerem Salfum & ingeniofum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Di-Omitto reliquos [abolum-

Mor. Pax? ft! adeft emptor; quid vis tibi, Domine. Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

alreaded maniable in the sale. SCENA VII.

Hein ! Strongto ! aleft Juvenis Academicus.

Aca. Vellem mihi dari Archididascalum hujus Scholas. Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, fi vis emere tibi. I 6 Tool in 250 sep) . sold

Mor. Ego fum Morion.

Ac. Sed illum conventum cupioc and a les continued

Mor. Non me cupis?

Ego poffum jocari aliquando.

Gol Morion, exteribe fis hanc paginam.

Mor. Totam ! vis, credo, vitam meam interimere.

Gno. Juvenis, eccum me præsto tibi. Coram, quent

At. Si Aneas tibi nomen fit, slinm volo.

Que. Non; sed loquor cam Poeta; is fam, quid ve+

Ac. Muneris noftri est moderari inter disputantes in

Icholis publicis. .

Gno. O! Agonotheta es, and to digit & none, name

Ac. Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo Mercedem quantam alii folent, eodem qui officio functi funt.

Gel. Recte s nam fi argumenta non potes, solvenda est pecunia. Audin' que dixi? Morion, scribe hoc sis ocyus.

Mor. Dii te perdant,

Credo te jocari solitum suisse in utero Matris, stium. Atq; ita semper facis, mihi ut facessas in scribendo nego-

Gel. Memento tamen, Juvenis in quo sis loco.

Ingeniofus elle non des nimis.

Nullumne adhuc habes in parato joeulum?

Hem! legam tibi aliquos. [phicis.

SCENA VIII.

Mulier.

Mul. Quis intus eft?

Mor. Que hec mulier ch? quid vis?

Mn. Tune es Magister Schola?

Mor. Ego sum; Ego; quid tua? Magister? maxime? Mu. Recode questo; est tibi quod in aucom dicant.

Nupta fam, fi placet

Imperito morum, & impuri oris viro,

Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es

Mor. Nupta es imperito mosum & impusi otis Vico,

Oni to meretricem vocat ; hac in surem dieis mihi ?

Non, non; quid si dolm hie latet?

Gno. Multer, adi fis propius.

pe sis pecuniam. [plaudie Manib... Ob ishoe eredo dictum me sustolient humeris.

Gno: Cujus generis facetias vis?

Mul. Omnium, fi placet generum.

one. Morien, cedo Pis hilaris, nunquam hac vendemus

Mul. Non multa, si placet, Pia.

Gno. Non, non, pauca pro Die Dominico.

Vin' etiam jocos generolos?

Mu. Quolcunque tibi vifum'it.

Gro. At aliqui lascivi funt.

Mul. Non refert, fi fint tantum aliquis

Indica, fac pretium.

Gne. Non cari sunt sex minis, Tu verò quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior est virtus veniens è corpose pulchro, Sex solidis feres.

Mu. Accipe ; Dii vos sospitent.

Mor. Nunquam sic auferes, aliquid mihi dabis.

fofcalatur | Exit.

Ac. Profecto, si unquam te in Academia uspiam viderim, Accipiam te opipare coctis prunis, & cervissa primaria. Sed necesse est, ut consutationem Orationis componas mihi.

Gel. Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facile effluit.

Ac. Sed ità componas oro, ut cadem confutatione hac Respondeam aliis Orationibus.

Gel. Omnibus fi vis.

Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vestibulo Orationis tuz-

Mor. Quid ? veft-veftibulum-delectaris credo

vocabulis quæ funt feriptu difficilia.

fateor me Non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus. Dixisti porrò — Dixisti porro, aliquid de Mari Philosophico— Ac. Quid si non dicit?

Gel. Pish, ne time : nunquam quisquam omittet Mare Philosophicum——— Sed video nullas hinc natas Ve-

neres ha! Quid ais Juvenis?

Ac. Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius pulchre.

Gel. Dixisti etiam quod-st tum interponas illius verba.

Ac. Quelo tu id facias; non possum quicquam inter-

ponere.

Gel. Bene habet; non est opus; perge ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoria dilapsa sunt, itaque sic-& tum Accingas te ad disputandum, scripsistin' Morion?

Mor. Fere; Dilapsa sunt, itaq; sic-& tum te aceingas ad disputandum. • [legit.]

Gel. Pish; non oportuit scriptum——& tum te ac

Mor. Non? fignificatum hoe oportuit mihi-fed de-

lebo tamen.

Ac. Nihil suprà : O si repetere possim cum ingenioso

Gel. Id facillimum est; audies Morionem. Morion, procede in medium, Et lege Consutationem, uti ego te docui.

Mor. Tun' me docuisti; non; ego natura sie loquor. Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vest—vestibulo Orationis tuz aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ego

ingenue fateor, Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus, dixifti porrò aliquid de mari Philosophico, pist ne time, nunquam quisquam.

Gel. Quid? scripfiftin' id? dele, inquam ocyùs.

Mor. Quid? non est jocus? delebon ego jocum optimum? bene, fi vis-Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena.

Gel. Quid? venena?

Mor. Maxime; annon recte id quidem?

Gel. Pish! Veneres.

Mor. Veneres? bene in idem redit? - Cætera ex memoria dilapla funt, itaque fic-

Ac. Legit pol facetissime; qui datur, tanti indica.

Gel. Non cara'ft auro contra ; fed solido tibi deftino. Mor. Non, non; ponam precium illi quia repetebam bene. Viden' has vestes, joculares nimio nimis? Dabis mihi fubligacula.

Ac. Hem tibi solidum-ideft peregrinus-Valete; confutabo nunc omnes homines, quibuscum loquor.

SCENA IX.

Bombardomachides.

Gno. Adeft alius :-

Que regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? Bom. Heus! ecquid ista venditis jocos schola? Effare & istud pande, quodeunque est mihi.

Gno. Dicit vera quidem, veri sed graviora fide. Ut Ovidius in Triffibus, quem librum composuit Postquam in exilium missus eff ab Augusto.

Sed fine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Die nomen. Bom. Meumne nescis nomen? O ingens scelus! Dum terra cœlum media libratum feret, Nitidusque certas mundus evolvet vices, Numerusque arenis decrit, haud nomen meum latebit ullos.

, will be a seed to the production of

Goo. Hic homo (quantum video) nondum Virgilium le.
Nam candem rem cum poeta quanto dixisser melius. [git...
In freta dum sluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt, convexa polus dum sydera pascet,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Mor. Vix audio hercle; Hem! fortem me præftabo.
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emilie novos jocos?

Bom. Ain' caranfex ?

Mor. Nihil, profecto nihil.

Meeum iple loqui foleo; hic homo non jocatur.

Bom. In profligatas hostium turmas jacos empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum; Minusque quisquis numerat, inveniet duas. [oftendit pecuniam.]

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum.

Ad hune modum hossibus responde: Abite in Tullianum,

Et ad laudem eorum converti potest, ha, ha, he!

Ne. abeatis in Tullianum, ha, ha, he!

Gel. Ecquid pestis te tenet? in Ciceronem id oportet

Mor. Scio hoc, sed aliis applicari facile potest; annon-Locus est in careere quod Tullianum appellatur? Possum ego jocari satis in loco, diis gratias.

Gel Hem tibi fales militares !

Gno. Alexander, seu Pelleus juvenis Nunquam est locutus meliores, exempli gratia Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipse dedit, Tum dicet aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam? Respondes facetisseme. Tergum vel Poenas dedit

Respondes facetissime, Tergum vel Pænas dedit. Bom. Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede;

Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. [Exit. Gel. Ædepol næ commode processimus, lepide hoc officium fungimur.

Mot. Pulchre nos inter nos congruimus, ingeniosi om-

Et

Int

Gno. Sævis inter se convenit ursis, ut Vir omni litte-

Gel. Hei! obruimur multirudine. Abite, bellua est is multorum capitum, Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum! ha, ha! redite post prandium,

. this attended to be at

Vos qui effis bellus multorum capitum. Tutor, camus quefo ad prandium.

Gno. Recte, nam, ut inquit Poeta, Ludit permiffis sobria Mufa joeis. [Exeunt.

ACTUS IV. SCENA L.

Calliphanes Filius, Encomiffa.

Me hominem invenuftum ! Eu. O infortunatam me puellulam !

Cal. f. Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogora En. Odiffe res eft libertima, Odiffe tamen vetor.

Cal. Cur Superi, quam amemus eligunt, quâcum vivamus Patres?

En. Cur Patres in corpora potestatem habent, in ani-

Cal. Adeft Eucomiffa, aliquid ei dicerem sed quid dicam nescio. Eucomissa-

Cal. Ne valeam, fi verbam de auptiis.

O Eucomissa

Eu. Quid? fac me ut leiam, fiquid vis.

Cal. Egon'? nihil.

Eu. Cur vocasti autem ?

Cal. Immo tantum eft, Salva fis!

Et-aliud certè volo fi ad audiendum adeft benignitas. Es. Adeft, fed in pauca conferas.

Cal. Siquid unquam ego-

Eu. Exordia, Calliphanes? quasi docilis, reddenda sim

& benevola? Ad rem veni.

Cal. Verbo expediam, Vale. Exit.

Eu. Enimyerò ad hoc audiendum adest benignitas. Vale-Næego infelix puella, tam fuavem quæ amalium nasta fum! Intemperiæ hominem tenent, at patrem multo magis, Qui huic me hodie nuptum territo daret. O Emylio, Callipb. redis.

Tecum vivendum est solo, si vivendum est mihi. Te Pater, tu me cepisti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es.

Cal. Eucomissa, salve, aliquid te rogatum oportnit qua

me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

. En. Satin' molestus tandem? quæso te ut sanus sies.

Cal. Præter jus æquumque oras, nam amare, & simul sapere, Ne deos quidem penes est, sed Eucomissa, hodiè?

Eu. Aiunt. Cal. Quid pater?

Eu. Jubet, instat, urget.

Cal. Si hodie nuptura es mihi, eras me efferes.

En. Falsus es, nam si nubam hodiè, hodiè moriar.

Cal. Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithalamii loco. Eu. Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fungetur vice.

Cal. Ob lepidum isthoc dictum nunc demum places mihi. Nunc illud est, cum te libenter penè in uxorem acciperem. Quam vox sonabit blandum cum promittat tua, Que tum, cum negat, suavis est!

En. Mecastor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem, Cum te amari nolis ità amanter facis.

Cal. O amore omni dulcior contentio!

Cal. Sic sua Turtures molliores Venere,

Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur invicem. Sed quæstus inter, gemitum, & murmut, amant.

Eu. Sie gratum nostris furtum cum fiat autibus, Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantes agitur,

Concordant simul, fimul & litigant foni.

Cal. Per Venerem, Eucomissa, liberalis es; si daretur Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam. [optio, At cætera sponte facimus, amamus fato.

Eu. Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri mos est.

Cal. Ne valeam, cum contempler faciem, si quicquam

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut estundat aciem. Cincinni vinciendis animis nati tibi. Modestus genarum color, & qualem aliæ A verecundia mutuantur, genasque æmulantur labia. Abeamus, nam si te conspexero diutius,
Periero, Venena mellea in medullas serpunt.
Vin' te Eucomissa mihi in Uxorem dari?
Cupio, per Deos cupio, Eucomissa, loquere.
Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.
Nisi dura, & difficilis maneas, me intersicis.
Nam conceptis ego verbis jusiurandum dedi,
Uxorem, nisi Eslen—

Eu. Eglen, Callipbanes?

Cal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci? aliam volui dicere, Fu. Afficiam te hodie Calliphanes, nuntio lætabili, Si Eglen deperis, mutuum tecum facit.

Cal. Quid ais? ah noli in spem fluxam me conjicere.

Men' Ægle?

Eu. Oculis plus, inquam, fuis.

Cal. Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O Eucomissa, Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam exosculer, Ne vivam, nisi semper te seci merito maximam.

En. Accersas Æglen, rem tibi Authorem dabo. Consilium una capiemus; interea temporis, Vale.

Cal. Nunc illud est cum me-Eu. Pish, supersede istis verbis, abi.

Cal. Abeo ___ sed Eucomissa ___ bene ; abeo. [Exit.

SCENA II.

Emylio, Eucomissa.

Em: Ædipol næ hæc machina successit lepide sub ma-Ita parata secerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilia. [nus. Accommodavit illis Dinon aliquid pecuniæ præ manu Unde utantur, & nunc, credo aperuerunt Scholam.

Eu. Ha! adest : amorem meum non est uti celem am-

plius. Æmylis, adefdum, paucis te volo.

Am. Eucomiffa, falve.

Eu. Emylio, hodie nuptura sum.

Æm. Dii vortant bene.

En. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti nuptiis prodat dies. Estne hoc miserum?

Em. Enimyero nihil profixius. Nam eo citius virginem exaes.

Bu. Sed fac Emylio,

Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeò faceres?

Em. Utinam faceres periculum. Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.

Eu. Mecastor, pone ita effe.

Ego amo to, fed advertim nos affirmat Pater,

Quid enim ageres?

Em. Quid ? fi effet centies pater;

Glaucemam ob oculos objicerem, uti ne quod videt, videat. Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodie mihi nubere?

Am. Lepide partes tuas agis; fed da mihi firmam.

Em. Et Martem ego tibi

Me hodie te ducturum; dicte confirmemus suavio, O festivum facinus! hercle vere jam nunc mihl serie. Da suavium alterum.

Eu. Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!

Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames merito.

En. Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyus, nempe quod dixi Ten aliam in partem accipere debet, impudeus? [joco Mecastor faxo ut ne impune in me inluseris. Unde isthes considentia it? que opes tibi? que factio?

Servitutem servire te memineris captum manu. Em. At enim liber natus fum, ac forti-familia.

Eu. Linguam comprime,

Aut dicam patri at me in tricas conjicis.

Em. Iste hercle exitus cem lepidam pervortit male. Vale igitur, si vis : ad novam scholam me conferam, Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam virginem.

Es. Quam inepte stulta sum! timeo, ut severa fuerim.

Quid si revocem? Emylio redi, quid præter morem ità

Præterque ingenium taum ea mali consulis

Que jucunde dicta sunt? eredin me locutam serio?

Em. Non, non, seriò? neq; posse seminam arbitros. Em. Cape sis hune annulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono. Si memorià nos excidimus, hic facito ut subveniat tibi.

Em. Annulum? maxime, sed jamne locutus es serio?

En. O Emylio, si nosceres— & quidni noscas camen?

Em. Quidni? quià non sum Occipus; præter annulum nil intelligo.

Ex. Adeone tardus es? facis haud confuerudine.

Quin vultum legas, legas & fuspiria,

Hune ipfum legas annulum; fat loquor tacita.

Em. Legam herele lubentissimus heren en Ouid est? Eucomissa, verbum non vult legi. [nulo O efficiam ut velit—Cum annulo animus.

Eu. Ineptus es ; res alias fi fic agis, Vale.

Quid dixi? Immo Vale, fed ne abeas.

Em. Hum! sie profecte; nam si memini benè Concinna facie sum; statura commoda, & ztate integra. Experiar quid sit; Eucomissa, advorte animum.

Em. Usque adduc aufus nihil, nifi oculos pascere.

Amoris tedio enecer, nune itaque tuum Perspicere animum, ut sele habeat velim,

In spe atq; in timore attentus sum. Euconiffa, loquere.
Eu. Pudet confiteri : ô, quid faciam misera?

Mene? fimultatem non revereris Patris?

Sed mitte Patrem

Em. Missam hanc facito modestiant.

Eu. Maritum? ha? quid si id cupiam maxime? Qupiam? non nolo, Emylia; habes brevissime. Ouid respondes?

Em. Me elle infelicem. Vale.

Es. Non, monte fis modo? Volo, inquam, Volo.

O Emylio, tua fum, vuz me commendo fidei.

Em. Et ego Eucomiffs tuns; præ lætitis, its me Dii ament, Apud me non fum; fed mittamuslikhær, adfunt arbitri.

and one manifes CENA III.

Cal. f. Egle, Encomissa, Emylio.

Cal. f. Beafti me ; hoc dicto reddidifti animum. Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii æstimo. Eucomiffa - Emylio, - Divorum vitam adepti fumus.

Em. Quid foror, tunc Callipbanem amas? tibel like markingsoch A. 175

Ag. Meiplam minus.

En. Fruftra adhue fumus ; quid Patri respondebimus ? Cal. Ha! Patri ? quanta de lætitia quam subito decidi? Nullamne facere possumus in nuptiis fallaciam, Emylio? Am. Non minus mea hie res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere define, winte mud-tilet in men in)

Eu. At fiquid potes, Emylio.

Em. An hodie te uxorem commissurus es Culliphani?

Eu. Ità. Em. Diete velle.

Eu. Ah Emylio, tam subito animum A nobis segregas?

Æm. Dii avortant omen.

Nemo te unquam nili mors eripiet mibi. appl and. Nune quam rem agam accipe; hie nuptiis dictus est dies. Veras effe credat Pater, at ne fint tamen.

Nam Ægle tuam vicem cum Callipbane noctu cubet. Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus. Nam forte in diebus paucis aliud se nobis offeret.

Amolimini hine vos propere, si confilium placet. En. Nullum vidi melius. Oinet and attached

Cal. Abeamus, Agle. die ficht murital [Exeunt. Fie. Monitona? ha? gaid fi id eitgigen montent.

t

Smillivers C.E N.A. IV. clon non i magne

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Academicus Secundus. .. Gno. Ad Cathedram, ad Cathedram ocyus, nam adeft peregrinus. Titubatq; pede pes, denfufque Viro Vir. Aca. Tune es Magister Scholz ? to Mor. Hei! Magister! hemo home n aus hugh , tooms Me quærit uspiam; his vestibus nimium lates.

Aca. Professor jocorum Academicus proxima Hebdoma-

de jocaturu'st publice.

Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem, Opemque in hac re expetissit, & consilium vestrum. Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat. Gel. Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius; meus frater est.

Aca. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.

Gno. Quanquam te, Jocator Frater, annum jam sales in hoc tempus colligentem, idque Academia, abundare oportet præceptis institutisq; hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos (ut videmur) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus; arque hoc velim in transitu; sæpiusculè excurro Oratoriè.

Gel. Præ re ifthac rem prævortam nullam,

Sed ecquos iple fecit sales?

Aca. Collegit aliquos;
Sed fecit ipfe adhuc, quod sciam ego, paucissimos.
Forte an duos tresve demi-jocos.

Gel. Morion, porrige fchedulam

Illam mihi jocorum Tripodalium; nam in Anglia patria nostra, Jocorum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!

Aca. An isti concinne in quæstionem ejus cadent?

Gel. Æquè herclè concinnè, in quæstionem ejus, atq; in ullam aliam. Hoc habeat probè in exordii loco, dein Quæstio autem Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit suos ipse Terminos, Atque si recusent ingredi, invitos trahat secum atque ingratiis, Uti non rarò factum vidimus. Hæc itaque est salutatio Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet Medicinæ, Legisque Professores & Doctores omnes præcipuè, Absque hoc nunquam quisquam plausum sibi repetit. Sed (pæne oblitus sui dicere) nullane hic Comædia Agitur circiter hoc temporis?

Aca. Immò verò hodiè.

Gel. Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis, Nam quisquis is est, facetiis meis proxima Hebdomade jugulabitur. Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic in-

veniet, Quod sufficiet largiter all deridendum omnes

Aca. Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.

Gel. St! audin' etiam?

Tribus verbis te volo; istem fabulam Ludos faciet. Fabula (intellextin?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale. [Exis Ac.

BCENA V.

Emylio (alio ornatu) Psecas, Guomicus, Gelasmus, Morion.

Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?

Ædepol virgo fortis est, essiciam ut me-deperent de ingenio.

Mor. Principio atque hane video, manere non possum diutius; Lauta est; nimiò nimi modestus sum his vestibus.

Em. Jam para te, Pfecas; fi pedtus fapit, duras illis

dabis.

Pf. Pish, aliud cura, magnifice tractabo ishunc Asinum; O Venus? haccine est illa schola? lepidus mecantor Locus est.

Semper ego facetias amavi maltum, & nutrix mihi Dicere solita est; Abi, abi, ut vitalis sis metuo, Ita præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es nimium, Et ego pol ridebam; rides? inquit illa, Dii boni! Uti hujus nunquam non meminero!

Em. Pish, perge ad rem.

Pf. Quam sepe res nihili otiose hæreat in memoria?

O Diana! quam mihi tune dierum pro cibo suit jocarier?
Sepe ad socum domi obsedimus; ego narrare Fabulas,
Festive multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos solvere.

Nulta (licet ipse dieam) primarum artium magi princeps extitit.

Sed ubi est Magister? videre vellem nimid,
Nam communicabimus inter nosmet facetias invicem,
Opem meam (satis seio) non habebit despicatui.

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Sim

Gro. Coram, quem quæritis adsum Trojus Æneas, necesse habeo novam de hae re sententiam quærere.

Pf. O Musa! studuisti arti Musicæ; illud ex Virgilio Accepisti mutuum, immò ego poetas legi. Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & seci sanè

Mediocres.

Gno. Mediocribus elle poetit.

Nou homines, non Dii, non concessere Columna.

Gel. Oh! ho! ho! incantavit me aliquis; quod ego Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum concinnare adeo joculum.

Hum! ficcin'? Oh! tantum ad meipfum redeo.
O eujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore rubescunt solo.

Et tum____

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! pulcherrime! si ornatus essem ex meis virtutibus, Sic adirem Virginem; nam deperiret istam faciem.

Em. Tun' solus hic regnum possides ? ubi, si placet,

cæteri? Gno. St! Gelasime.

Gel. Maxime—Pallet Luna, & se victum confitetur—Statim vobis adero—nec sidera—hum! isthoc non placet. Ceciderunt plane sidera, Ceciderunt; ha, ha, ut nescienti mihi effluxit istic jocus?

Gno. Hem Morion, ubi es?

Mor. St! ego non adium.

Em. Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præsentem negat?

Nisi jurato tibi, Morion, non credemus,

Mor. Per Deos non adsum, ut cate delufi homines!

Illi hic me effe nesciunt, ha, ha, ha!

Gno. Au Morion atra bili percitu'ft? id eft, an delirat? Cesson' illum educere ex intidiis, ut lepide loquar? Morion, adesto. [Educie.

Em. Ha, ha! ut fat? reclamante Philosophia

Negarem hunc effe rationalem; nisi quia risibilem video.

Gno. Humanum est errare; erras prosectò hospes,

Nam omnis homo est rationalis, ut acutissime observat

Simplicius.

**Example of the contract of th

Pf. Nolite, obsecro, deridere, per pol quam modestus est!

Mor. Me laudat.

Gel. Euge! jam habeo.

Mor. Hercle audacter alloquar.

Salve tu, O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore rubes-

Gel. O mastigiam! quæ mea est Oratio, occupat præloqui, Ut perdidit mihi sex jocos, & tres amatorias sententias! Gno. Perge Morion.

Mor. Perge tu, fi vis, ego dixi fatis.

Gno. Adeldum, Gelasime. Hic est jocator ille,

Cui meliore luto finxit pracordia Titan.

Pf. Mecastor liberalis est; salve multum, te unum ex omnibus Festivum Fama magnificavit, itaque ad te huc venimus visere. Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etsi hanc mihi laudem non arrogem.

Gel. Syderi equidem cujus fub auspicio nata sum, mi-

notem gratiam habeo,

Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus, que me perspexe-

Ha, ha! optime loquor semper de improviso,

Quod lignum est boni ingenii: proculdubio hae mea'st, Obsecro, quanam est hae virgo?

Em. Factione summa, & divitiis pollens. Bombardomachidis filia ft strenuisimi ducis.

Gel. Nimio nimi' novi ego istum Bombardomachidem. [Piam?

Em. Ecquis homo tantum stultitie in se possedit us-Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet, heus! audistin? Quoniam volmet magnificatis it à de istis artibus,

Dabo equidem sponsionem, me vos unum singulos Redacturum modo jocis meis ad silentium.

Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem quis plus posset.

Pf. Vide quid agas priùs. Ego ab hujus parte stabo.

ac

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Gel. A mea? nescio unde hoc sit, multo sum beatior Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vocem audiunt, Continuò me amant perdite: O superi! gratias ago, Multum de me meruissis; Heus audacule,

Naufragium Joculare. 193

Opponent ego primus; sed miseret me tui.

Mor. Bene hercle facis; ego obsecundado tibi in loce.

Abi audacule, abi in Tullianum.

Em Efto tu moderator?

Gel. Agonotheta e,o, sai re and & simu, nam he docti vocant. Tu oppones Morion,

- Mor. Rede, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus meditabor mecuni.

Gno. Antequam illam nosti?

Mor. Nosti? nemo non potest

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero fingularis ego.

Pf. Discracior animi, quad mos non patitur Disputare freminas publice; vellem hos Opponentes mini-

- Gno. Alcendar Jocator.

Proditum est memoriz antiquos Philosophos post multos labores sese recreare solitos suisse. Agite igitur, his larem hanc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimium intentus citò frangitur; habent sua Ludicra Musz; & Apollo Musarum Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando patet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam plus modestia tua, quam ingenium apparent. Cave à Majoribus, nam ingenium non serent, & observa semper cum Poeta, Parcere personis, dicere de vitis.

provinciam tuam.

Em. Sapienter quidem facis, quod orationem tuam non

Gno. Autoritate mihi ab Apolline commilsa, jubeo te

acquielcere.

Pf. Ha, ha, ha! utinam mihi authoritas committere-

tur ab Apolline.

Em. Non datur ars jocandi Incipiam à postreme Termino Jocandi, qui est Terminus Hilarii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita facere. Datur est verbum; nam nunc dierum Res talis non est, quedam dicuntur dari

proprie & simpliciter, sed hic sensus verbi jam antiquatus est; alii verò Improprie & secundum quid, ut Gradus in Academia, & in Collegiis——

Gno. Omitte illud verbum ; scimus quid velis.

Am. Sed, ne erretis in hâc re, dicam vobis, quid dandum sit, quid non; primum omnium dabitis mihi—si placeo—Manus vestras—sin minus—Veniam. Dabitis Aulico nova juramenta, nam fregit omnia vetera. Ad Cælum enim ire ne cogitat quidem, quia audit paucos illuc esse tonsores & sutores vestiarios, itaque nunquam oravit in tota vita, tantum aliquando dixit Deo, se jus servum esse ter humillimum. Et tamen odit Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, coque similior illius Creditorum Civium. Secundo, dabitis Puritanis verba; jam enim illis silentium indicitur, siquando autem privatim prædicent, dabitis aures vestras; nam suas amiserunt. Dabitis Academicis—

Gno. Nolo istud dici; ne quos ridere hie oportuit, Erubescant aliqui; satisfecisti officio tuo. Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in loco meo Extrà unum novi, qui respondit nugis hujuscemodi.

Ascendat Opponens primus; Disputationem in alium Disferamus diem, nunc jam respondeas tantum brevites

Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc orna.

Gel. Faciam, led numera jocos meos, dum respon-

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Gno. Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numera hos, Gelasime. Obsecro, auditores ut in advorsam partem ne rapiatis, Quod in hor dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquando jocor.

Em. Si in eam partem peccas, facile te profecto condonabimus. Sed mihi crede, Doctiffime Moderator, ad-

hue ab hac culpa liber es.

Gno. Dectissimum me vocat; non interficiam illum

Gel. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus Gnomice, Est magnus jocus.

Em. Tam magnus hercle ut videri nequeat.

Gel. Pish! annon ludo in reduplicatione 78 Dare?

Em. Oh! ille fortasse credidit,

Dimidium plus toto effe.

Gel. Dii, Dezque, Superi, Inferi,

Pessimis me exemplis perduint, nisi dicturus id eram.

Numera Gnomice pro meo. Eripuit eum exanimo meo.

Em. Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut sias.

Si furaris, ego quæ dico. Pf. Summi est ingeni,

Si faceres, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio. Ibi ego etiam; pudet fanè me mutam stare Inter tot jocantes.

Gel. Sed repetamur à diverticulo :

Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex Macedonicus-

Æm. Quin pergis?

Gel. Quia jam te oportet dicere,

Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?

Æm. Quid si nolim dicere?

Tun' me coges ?

Gel. Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest jocarler?

Em. Bene, si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hac

fæmina nobili Ignominiose taceas.

Gel. Et ego fic respondeo;
Pecuniam, non, non, non. Tergum vel pænas dedit.
Ibi duo joci, Gnomice. Sed obiter hoc
Disisti Astern iccondi non desi Follow I nom acciosi

Disisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsum! nam ars jocana Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur; nam [di est Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Em. Caruft hic jocus, nam tribus abhine petitur mil-

Concionatorem nunquam audivi, textum cum perdiderit, (Ut sepè sit) per tot circulos illum quærere. Walli in hune planè modum ad suam scandunt originem. Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur; Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Gel. Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; fed nimium

suffice,

Iterim Gnomice; ob rufticitatem illum derideo,
Est & elegans quædam antithesis inter Aulicos & Rustice,
Quæ addidisti de Puritanis intasta prætereo,
Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodie mane dixerim,
Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire justi, cætera
Ex memoria aufugerunt.

Pf. Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.

Atq; ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.
Gno. Satisfecisti officio tuo; ascendar Morion.

Mor. Ità facio; queso ut jocos meos numeres, Gno-

Em. Hei! cum istis vestibus disputaturus venis?

Carent Modo, & Figura. Nulla est Consequentia
Inter earum partes.

Mor. An veftes mez tibi nocent?

Am. Ità fane me terrebant modò, cum hic ascenderas.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui sim. Qui cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc ineipio, In principio orationis tum habuisti aliquid de meis
laudibus.

Am. Egon' de tuis laudibus ?

Merito pol me confutare possis, si habuissem tale quid.

Mor. Pish ! ego hoc suppone—itaque nunc pergo,
numera, Gnomice.

Dixisti porrò aliquid de mari Philosophico. Æm. Quid? de mari Philosophico?

Aculiud ego adhue ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.
Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum?
Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

Mor. Non? tum haie tua culpa'ft Gelafime.

Annon dicebas quod nunquam quisquam omittet Mare Philosophicum? Em: Ha, ha, hæ!

Mor. Ecquid me rident?

Mor. Perge, Morion.

Mor. Pergat qui vult, si ridetis; ego satisfeci officio meo. Cætera ex memoria dilapsa sunt: Et sic defino.

Gno. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes dimitto laudibus, Et Vitula tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo

Pf. Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos omnes processissis Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proxima. [hodie, Doctiffime Moderator, vale. Dii tibi dent que expetis.

Gno. Et longum formosa, vale, vale, inquit Iola.

Pf. Tu Gelasime, sequere me sis domum, nam de arte ifthac eft tibi quod fola foli dicam;

Gel. Beatus fum! libenter sequor.

Quantum Diis magis debeo, quod me tam lepidum fecerint!

Pf. Æmylio, i præ, pilh, omitte istas ceremonias. Mor. Ego illos comitabor, satis sum jocatus hodie. Gno. At ego intus me recipiam, bene hodie fecimus. Exeunt, Celtifores, Pieret, Merten.

Ire domum fature, venit Hesperus, ite capella. Exit.

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ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Emylio, Dinon.

Am. TRO certon' habes advenisse Polyporum? Din. Siquidem quod vidi certum'ft, Nisi fallant oculi.

Em, Mirum est ni fallant aliquando, si fint tui. Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nifi aftutia; Sed ut placet, ubi vidifti? ecquid idoneus visus s, Ex quo argentum cudimus? ha! numquid est tractabilis? Utinam accepiffer literas.

Din. Accepit jam in portu, hart and the siles.

Et largue lacrymarum huc properat.

Em. Qui istud nosti?

Din. Ut vidi, suspenso gradu ibam, adstabam, comprimebam animam, michiga in manifest in militari malife

Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermonem hoc cap tavi modo. Proin tu Bombardomachidem induas, ut accipiamus hominem, Hic esto; cum rogitabit, ubi habet Bombardomachides? Huc per posticum introducam illum. tibi. .ment muinegal icore metegit del fine-ames il l

Em. At militi claves reddidi.

Din. Pish! sexcentæ sunt causæ quamobrem illas possis repetere. Abi modo; sed enim captivis quid facie-

mus; absunt perincommode.

Am. Oh! dicam Polyporo tempus nunc non esse ut illos videat, Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin posita sunt hæe consilia? O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc mihi enerasti diem! Abeamus, mi charissime Dinon.

Din, O, mi suavissime Æmylio, abeamus. [Exeunt.

SCENAII.

Gelasimus, Psecas, Morion.

Pf. Viden ergo quam posthabus omnes res ingenio tuo? Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt Principes, Quos demis, quia indocti erant, doloris compotes.

Gel. Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi minu' gaudeam
De pollentia tua (nam & ipse in mea patria
Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ nuptiæ
Magno suturæ sint totius orbis commodo.
Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur semine
Suis se dictis immortali afficiet gloria,
Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maximus.

Pf. Cupio equidem Poetam parere.

Gel. Meâ side paries.

Nam vagiebam ego metrice, & in lactis loco
Heliconis aquam suxi, tum autem in Parnasso bicipiti
Sæpicule somniavi, sed, ut verum satear,
Nulla mihi carmina tam sacili Minervâ sluunt,
Quam Epigrammata aut Satyri, nam testivissime
(Ut nosti) deridere homines soleo.

Pf. O Musas omnes!

Quam undiquaq; sententiis tuis intermisces facetias!

Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertistin'? at peperci ego disere, De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eos intelligeres.

Tui causa, nisi intelligerem probe ingenium tuum.

Naufragium Joculare. 201

Mor. Colloquuntur familiariter, metuo ne præripiat-

Illius animum, namq; amo illam plus vino & saccharo.

Et nisi me amet mutud, abeat sane in locum
In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

Gel. Abeamus, mea Sappho, Ut à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis matrimonium.

Morion, abi tu domum.

Mor. Ne me contemptim conteras; Tam ego disputabam hodie, quam tu, publicitus. Er consutavi hominem.

Pf. Exemplis pessimis
Ludisicabor istum fruticem nisi hinc propere avolet.
Oh superos? occidi, mortua sum! Pater huc venit, nos quæritans,

Et stricto gladio necem hic minatur omnibus.

Mer. Oh, oh, non possum aspicere Bombardomachidemi-

Nimio nimis ferox eft, jocari mecum noluit modo.

Gel. Tam mortui herclè sumus, quam mare est mortuum, Ibi iterum, velim, nolim, non reprimo me, quiri jocer. Nullumne hie latibulum est?

Mor. Oh! quæso ostendas aliquod,

In iplo foramine acus nunc jam jacere poteram,
Ecquem hie habes caleum? nam muris instar optime
In illo delitescerem.

Gel. Non, non, falfus es, Morion, Nam tunc exedere latebras tuas. Ut illum derideo. Hoc tanto in periculo!

Pf. Hei mihi! est intus dolium-

Ut contollit gradum! ut oculi virent iracundia!

Mor. Dolium? cedò sis; bona fæmina: Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exemplum sumere. Utinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi quam citissime.

More Ità, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium? magnifica pol domus est. [En. Pf. & More

202 NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE.

Gel. Oh! oh! audire visu sum strepitum militis, Tergum vel pænas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex Macedonicus. Oh! jam venit scio; jacebo hic, quasi essem mortuus; Nolo saltem cernere satum meum. [recumb.

Psecas intrat.

Pf. Ha, ha, he! Gel. Oh! adeft!

Pf. Gelasime, furge, ne metuas malum.

Gel. Profedo, Bombardomachides, non duxi tuam fi-

Gel. Non; quæso, ne me jugules,

Memineris oblecro, jocorum militarium, quos feci tibi, Quin effeci insuper, lambi ut incedant pede.

Pf. O Venus! ludos lepidos, Adípice ad me Gelafime,

Pater non adeftutte augalian Si

· Wallanarialum

Venit? O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus? obsecto an

Pf. Neque venturus est, ex composito hoc seci adeo. Ut nobis sine Morione arbitro fierent nuptiæ.

Gel. Ha! scio hoc equidem, & etiam per industriam

[furgit.

Dissimulavi quasi essem timidus—sed numnam in vado sumus—Annon dissimulabam lepide?—certe aliquid audio—Non venit spero.

Pf. Ne time ; fed festinate opu'st; a sada mois de ?

Ne randem fortaffe ferio nos pater opprimat. 3 3003 ms/

Gel. Vera dicis; properemus, mea Musa, mea Urania, Ut te amo, mea Polyhymnie, mea Melpomene! [Exeunt.

SCEN: A Tilips tomot six il silli

Amylio (ornatu militis) Dinon, Polyporus, april

Æm. Intromittatur sino; fac pateat janus.

Pol. Tun' ille es miles, arte tam infignis duellica?

Æm. Periphrasim veram nominis dicis mei.

Pol. Si is es, filium cepisti meum.

Æm. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

Naufragium Joculare.

Pol. Hue itaque ea gratia veni tibi,
Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim.
Oro igitur me abfolvas quam primum poteris,
Nec mora in te sit sita, quin pretium auferas.
Cupio videre ipsos; & complecti miseros.
Tam pater capto sum, quam dudum sui libero.

Am. Nunc aliqui me expectant reges; cras redeas-

the herromoter at the

licet.

Pol. Cras illud, Patri filium querenti annus eft.

Bom. Oculifne claves obviam fiunt tuis? [Intus-Cal. p. Nisi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, [Intus-

Ne mora Exorciftæ objecta fit, cum huc advenerit.

Posthee ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem.

Em. Occiliffimi fumus Dinon; Heus! quis est ad fores!

som Charlem because earlier sules non fallinge,

Bombardomachides, Calliphanes P. Emylio, Dinon, Poly-

Bom. Oh! spectra cerno? Indit an oculos meos.

Imago fallax? non possam pergere Iambice,
Ita valde timeo.

Cal. p. Ha! quid eft? quid tremis adeo?

Bom. Me frigus, hand formido, ut tremam facit.

Am. Dinon, in te spes omnis vertitur, sis Dæmon iterum, Repræsentari salus nostra non aliter potest.

Din. Ne desponde animum, pulchte homines vorsa-

dir, ipfus est Leopardus quem conspexi prius.

Din. O ho, o ho, write, fundite, tundite, cadite, ver-

tite domum: he, he, fundite, tandite domum,

Pol. Quænam hæc deliramenta de funtne atra bile pers

NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE.

Din. Hone of avaira, advavra, adequate to, obxust to MASOV.

Ет. Фенти врамитибрии ввийсте фіда зудитич. Pol. Quicquid fir, aut hi homines infaniunt valide. Aut aliquid monstri subest, qua fugere insistam via?

Bom. Oh! queso bone Demon ne accedas adeo, oh!

e Rol. Men' quæris ? obsecro,

Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! qualo.

Din. Пожа Л' ауанта патанта, Am. mi parni Te, Sixua 7 nador-

Gal. p. Oh! metuo male ne me persequantur Dæmo-

nes, Quia ad nuptias injustitia mea coegi filium.

Bom. Mallem in media acie, quam hie stare loci. Utinam - (quid faciam?) utinam effem jam nune mortuus, Sed mari non possum.

Bol. Proculdubio istud fomnium est.

Ita res hae me dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam. Bom. Claudam hercle oculos ; videre non sustineo.

Din: Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illico.

Bom. Immo non timeo, videbo profecto nihil.

Cal. p. Nihil? cœcus eft Bombardomachides? accipe sis specularian asign of tibul floures stared with it is

[Bombardomachides manus extendens forte tiaram Emylionis dejicit.

Am. Honvorossoio Sundame. Bom. Oh! Bom. Dinon, acta res eft ; emergere hinc non poteft. Bom. Servuine nofter? facinus indignum & grave!

Tupiter, omni parte violentum intona; faculare flammas, lumen ereptum polo

Kulminibus exple-jam possum iterum Iambice. Cali pi Proh Deos! ficein' te fervus pro delectamento

du't! mility irecens mangrentelegis i ficialique, ville Arripiant aliqui fublimem, & extinguant illi animum, Tun' (seelus) pro arbitrio nos terres senes?

Bom, Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.

Cal. p. Non fum compos animi, ita incendor iracundia. Itane istud patere Bombardomachides? occide cos.

Bom. De fine pænæ loqueris, ego pænam volo. Ardeo furore; tam diu cur innocens Hos versor inter? tota jam ante oculos meos Imago cædis errat.

Din. O! dii te perdant, Emylio.

Em. Quin, quod ferendum eft feramus zquo animo. Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.

Pol Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis nequeo.

Heus; estne miles hic Bombardomachides?

Bom. Men' ergo nescis? Ipse Bombardomachides sum (in versu sequenti.)

Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere?

Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, sed nullum habeo. Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem ! hem Literas tuas.

Quas in portu accepi modo.

Bom. Ha! Dux Bombardomachides? Emylio scripfit iftnd : O ingens scelus! Incertus, atrox, mente non fana feror Partes in omnes; unde me ulcisci queam?

[Verberat Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.-

Din. Oh! obsecro te.

Pol. O Dii boni! quid ego video : Dinonem fervum ? Hem! Dinon! quid hie agis? ubi filius meu'ft?

Din. Emylio, quid faciam in his angustiis? confitebor

Omnia.

Em. Sulpende te, fi vis; Dis iratis natu' fum.

Cal. p. Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fa-Articulatim te concidit hie fervus tuus; Quantum adhuc video ; faxo confiteantur omnia, Heus Lorarii! quis intus eft? Lorarii inquam!

Pol. Immo depolita vefte se verberibus impleant invicem. Donec omnia exquitivimus, ut lubitum ft nobis.

Bom. Locutus es non mele, fiet modo.

A leste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet. [lugred. Lorarii. Em. Strenuum me præbebo hominem; lcapularum mihi Sat magna confidentia est. Dinon, bono animo es. Din: Quin Stoicus, inquam sum, dolorem punquam.

Gelasmost lines is consoling adjusted by a larger min

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Moriemur, fat fcio ; fi præter fpem quid evenit, In lucro deputabo esfe.

Bom. Audin' ferve ?

Flagella fac fint nobis in promptu duo.

[Exit Serous & redit cum flagellis.

Cal. p. Interea quod est temporis, tu-deme illis diploides. Ha statuz verberez, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio? [ponunt diploid.

Em. Aliud cura, Carnufex; non possum ego hoc exad lorarium.

Vapulare herclè nolo in generosis meis vestibus,

Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

Din. O miram rem! Scientia talis,

Dicenda eft sola liberalis. Satin' Emylio fortiter ?

Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet. Cal. p. Hem! da flagella illis in manus ocyus.

Nisi pœnas de se strenue sumant invicem.

Quali incudem cædas illos; ac pugnis oneres. Din. Video necesse est, ut exerceamus nosmet.

Age, incipiamus, mea Commoditas.

Em. Mea opportunitas, incipiamus.

Din. Tu nebulo major es, tibi herclè locum cedo.

Cal. p. Ludunt hercle; heus Lorarii, facite ut pugniin malis hæreant. Ad mortem vos ambos darem, fi effetis mei.

Æm. Quin abi în malam tem; nil operâ opus tuâ est.

Tad Lorarium.

direntions me

Annon Dinon fatis idoneus visu'ft, qui me verberet ?

Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem !

Em. Meus bonus Genius! [Se vicibus flagellant.

Din. Meus Pylades! Am. Oreftes meus! Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi fat methodus placet

Tam fimilis est bello.

Cal. p. Fecifis probe.

Ceffate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quid vis.

Pol. Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tutore cjus & Gela smo?

NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE. Din. Emunximus illos mucidos; & argentum effecimus. Il seine mierenatio misia Em. Et vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui? Me multo decent magis. Pol. O frontes hominum! al communication Din. Dicam omnia; animum advottite, nam fabula lepidiffima'ft: Primum omnium, appoti probe ut obdor-Mon, non, non auder; quequid it, in leman, non Em. Deln vestes Morionis pannis commutavi meis. Din. Dein, quasi captivos, in vinclis hie habuimus. Em. Dein scripfimus Epistolam, te ut vorsaremus inluper. Din. Dein fpedris fidis Bombardomachidem perterre-Bom. Egone vana ut spectra timerem scelus! Adesse vel jam demonum turbam velim. Pol. O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis Marentone fum died iro. fed fic berg fall erer ente Am, Ha, ha! homo fuavis! nos ut parceremus tibi ? Cum bardum genuisti, sapientum id fecisti gratia, Stultus eff Commune Bonum. do approved by () Cal pe Obstupelco! ita hæc res mira'sti in see 164 Din. Immo nihil jam celabo; nolo, Emylio, Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi. 2 1 12945 id U Eucomiffa thinlant mainealle ni mus ivra ed ind. Am. Dinon! Offeeleftum caputib marage [flagellati Bom. Mutiren' audes? pifce fis mutus magis. ... Div. Emylioni nupfit hodie, & Dir vortent feliciter. Bom. Quid tangit aurem? ferte me infanz procul,

Illo procelle ferte, quo fentur dies i inco de la della Hinc raptus, ò quisfiliam oftendet mihital inpromina O Longinqua, claufa, abstrufa, diversa, invita a contra ton O Emetiemur, nullus obstabit lucuso mano (Exist Bombard.

Em. Nune demum perii folide, hoc durumith coide Quod mei gratia, Eucomissa pejus crit, culla sev est mihitale Præterquam, quòd carendum est illa, nil adhue doleo.

Cal. p. Si esset mea, omnem de illa animum Ejicerem Patris, & alienarem miseram à familia.

NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE. 208 Si filius meus ad hunc modum—fed nonvult, aut fi cu-Captare confilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius. Din. Immoille proculdubio his noxis vacuu'st. Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, tantum, Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam justisti seduld. Eglen hodie duxit. Cal. p. Eglen? non porest fieri. Non, non, non audet; quicquid fit, videbo tamen. Si verum eft, statim cum uxore quatietur foras. | [Exit. Am. Quicunque fis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi Orare ut fies, nam adverfus isther obfirmavi mala, Sed ut pacem Eucomiffe conciliares ab ejus Patre. Id oro, atq; obsecro; age, etsi parum de te meruerim, Popularis tuus lum. Pol. Meus? Æm. Siquidem es Anglus patria. Pol. Qui iftud factum eft, hie ut servitutem servias? Em. Fortung edepol vitio, nam prognatus patre Mercatore sum ditissimo, sed sic fors tulit Cum forore simul parvula, his ut me caperet parvulum. Pol. Hei mihi ! I be new a soul difference y as were Em. Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis. Pol. Quia miferias mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam redigis. Nam filiolam ego etiam cum fratre una perdidi. Ubi capti effis 30 mi amus , il andem felt frides to fil Em. In navi, cum in Hispaniam transmist Pater, Mercature operam dans, ac rei ftudens lamid .m. Pol. Quodnam erat navi fignum? Em. Caftori& Pollux, filed tique ment with .ell Pol. Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eò plus plusq; conve-Si eft, ut hac mini res indictum facit, and allow [niti Omnium qui funt in terra; fum beatiffimus. 30 91 Conginaus, clauft, collina, diverla sinde sinne tou Em. Mente proximo erunt oftodecim. an aumaitam Pol. Dil memet ex re perdita fenvatum volunt: Si ifthee vera funt; non dubito quin fis meus, Caterum adest Miles, ille me certiorem faciet.

all h. Si eller men, omnem de illa animom

LANGOR Patris, & alienarem mileram à familié, milione la la

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SCENA V.

Bombard. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomiffa, Ægle.

Cal. p. Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore trivenefica, Faxo, fi vita mihi superest, istius obsaturabere.

Eg. Obsecto prolixe senex, uti quod te habet male, In me totum evomas, cum illo modò in gratiam redeas. Mea omnis culpa est; Ille abs te innoxius; Per Deos mea est.

Cal. f. Non, non, cave illi credas Pater, Tuam in me iram derivari multò æquin'st. Blanditiis istam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.

Pol. Accommoda mihi, miles, paululum aures tuas,

Nisi fit molestum.

Bom. Uruntur ira fibræ, & exardet jeeur, Uruntur inquam ; loquere at quidvis tamen.

Eu. O Emylio! huncce in modum celebrantur nuptie?

Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta sum.

Em. Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas vicem, nam Deos testor, Si una hac nocte cubuissem in complexu tuo, Cris illud esset, cum me vellem intersici,

Ne ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium. Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes sita est mea.

Pol. Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti pul-Insperate Fili, salve, [chre-

Cum hie te conspicor; quam superat mihi

Atque abundat lætitia pectus. Ubi foror tua eft?

Am. Eccam ipsam, mi pater charissime! Amænitates

Hic mihi dies obtulit! Pol. Jam, virgo mea es. Ha ha! filium & filiam? ha, ha! lacrymo gaudio. ht tam liberaliter educatos! quis me felicior? Age, miles, face te lubentem filiæ nuptiis.

Bom. Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo, senex, Quoniámque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

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Em. Audin' Eucomifa? iterum mihi natus videor.

Eu. Et ego iterum nupta ; ô mi Emylio.

Cal. p. Quam suo sermone arrexit aures!
Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam misere deperis,
Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.

Cal. f. Revera mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

Din. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

Emylio, volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tuâ.

En

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H

Meministin' quo ornatu te primum invenerim, Mea profecto opera hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.

Em. Fænerato hanc mihi operam locasti, Dinon, Nam mecum semper vives, suppeditabo ego tibi sumptibus.

Din. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

Em. Meruifti hercle ;

Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verberasti

Din. Meruisti hercle. Ego vel iterum, mi Amylio,

Voluptatis tuz causa, defessus verberando fierem.

Em. Sed obsecro, mi Pater, in Morion meus frater est?

Pol. Nihil minus; nam cum vosmet infortunatus perdidi; Ne prorsus viderer orbus, recens natum servi mei
puerum Pro meo sustuli; is hic est, quem vidisti, Morion.

SCENA VI.

Gelasimus, Psecas.

Sed quem ego video? Gelasimum, amicum Morionis mei? Gelasime, salve.

Gel. O Polypore, salve; nescis quam beatus sum! Ubi est Bombardomachides? Ps. Iilic; non vides?

Gel. Hic non est ille Bombardomachides, ad quem me infinuavi callide.

Pf. Pish, credin' me ignorare pattem meum, quis siet?
Gel: Non, non; silius tuus Gelasimus, hic slexo poplite.
Ut sibi benedicas, obsecrat, atque ut nuptiis suis.

Bom. Ex ore quid venit tuo? Tun' filius meus?

NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE 211

Gel. Fortaffis hoc me credis per jocum dicere, Quia jocari semper soleo; sed profecto loquor serio. Detrahe yelum, mea Musa; hem! nostin filiam tuam? Om. Ha, ha, ha line out his nieue . susmant out /

Pf. Immo ne admiremini. Monthon word O -- All

Ego nupfi isti Afino, fed præceptis meis, Efficiam brevi, ut moratus fit fat bene. Eucomiffa, falve, jam fum ejusdem tecum ordinis, Colloquemur inter nolmet amice, & capiemus confilium, Quid maritis faciundum sit, servire si nolint nobis,

Gel. Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc effe?

Om. Ha, ha, hæ!

Gel., Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum hie dixi jocum. Em. Gelafime, da hoc etiam pugillaribus tuis,

Os mihi callide sublitum est quarto Non Feb.

Gel. Nolo sic me rideant ; immò, quæ sit, satis novie Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem? Vah! ifta ingeniosa eft, hoc sufficit mihi. Facetissime à me amovi istud dedecus.

Mor. Oh! non possum recipere animam, quaso bona fæmina."

Am. Ha! quid hoc? Pf. Inter tot nuptias Nè desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio.

Cal. p. Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam miras res, Nulla me vidisse unquam in Comædia memini. Ha! quid fit tandem? ropini emissions de la la contraction de la cont

SCENA VII.

Psecas, Morion in dolio,

Pf. Hem! vobis vinum meum!

Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum. [in dolio.] [Exit. Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus me recipiam. ingred. iter.

Gel. Exi, exi inquam, Diogenes: ô Morion, ut ego te derideo!

Mor. Videon' ego patrem meum? o pater, tun' hic aderas?

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Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus. Jocari homines doceo.

Pol. Posthac ne me Patrem vocites.

Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio sustuli.

Mor. O! tu me non nosti fortassis his vestibus.

Ego sum profecto Morion; roga Gelasimum.

Nos hic captivi sumus. Pol. Non, non, jam estis liberi,

Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem tuum

Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam transmissimus.

SCENA VIII.

Gnomicus.

Gel. O Tutor! mira hic profecto evenerunt hodie.
Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & Morion,
Mundum omnem jocularem colligite, nam in Angliam
mecum redibitia;

Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus Scholam. Emptores jocorum ibi habitant quamplurimi.

Mor. Recte; tum pater si nolis esse, ne sis amplius mibi. Tutor, ego non sum filius Polypori natu maximus. Geo. Enimero, ut ait Comicus, Dii nos homines qua-

fi pilas habent.

Cal. p. Intereà ad me omnes introite ad prandium,

Frugaliter vos accipiam. Gno. Confilium placet.

Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores adsient, Cum Poeta illis dicesom; Valete & plaudite. Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt. Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur invidia.

Violant the nation means of pater line his

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el ogo in tel de la composition EPILO.

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EPILOGUS.

() All Market (183

HAbet, perasta est Fabula, nil restat de-

Nisi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut siat mutud; Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor.

Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placui-

Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admira-

Cam cords arcang faltent feiliver hages,
Car peda vol rellingtrica incluence (one ?
Quidve bibat Regi, quamperdit inche, falterat

Vis hoftes gants ved lugaralle in a gant for a land to a land for a land to a gant of the form of the form of the provide provide provide a vetter?

O bons compagnitudes and discontina vetter?

O bons compagnitudes are and discontina vetter?

Sint mea pro fahre Velsta victa vica.

Crede millig not, firm, non inderes ignellas or

Volum inder grange games vica fels.

Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

3.

Vicifii tanden, vicifii cata visia, i Cedit de feri Zero Lisa Justinia Linguista A te fievinci mi Zent June June Gudalt i Zent

Inter MUSAS Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia ab Auctore A. Cow. LEY conscripta, qua ne dependantur dum in Chartulis latitant, bis adnectere visum est.

That HELY

De felici partu Regine Maria,

an pond a undant distant son

UM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur, Et populum paleit telligiola fames ; Quinta beat noftram soboles formosa Mariam; Pene iterum nobis, læte December ades. Ite, quibus Iulum Bacchulque Cerelque ministrant, Ét risum vitis lachryma rubra movet. Nos fine lætitiæ ftrepitu, fine murmure læti : Ipla dies novit vix fibi verba dari. Cum corda arcana saltant festiva chorea, Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet? Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem? Sint mea pro tanto fobria vota viro. Crede mihi, non funt, non funt ea gaudia vera, Que fiunt pompa gaudia vera sua. Vicifti tandem, vicifti, casta Maria; Cedit de fexu Carolus iple fuo! A te sic vinci magnus quam gaudeat ille! Vix hoftes tanti vel Tuperaffe fuit. Jam tua plus vivit pictura; at proxima fiet Regis, & in methodo te peperisse juvat. O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri! O fancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!

Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro

Tam populo (& notum est quam placet ille) placet.

Da veniam, hic omnes nimium quod simus avari;

Da veniam, hic animos quòd satiare nequis.

Cúmque (sed ô nostris siat lux serior annis)

In currum ascendas læta per astra tuam,

Natorum in facie tua viva & mollis imago

Non minùs in terris quam tua sculpta, regat.

ur

Ob paciferum

Serenissimi Regis CAROLI

è Scotia reditum.

RGO redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva, Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adest. Vicerunt alii bellis & Marte cruento; Carole, Tu folus vincere bella potes. Te sequitur voluci mitis victoria penna, Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipla luæ. Te voluere fequi convulsis Orcades undis. Sed retinent fixos frigora fæva pedes. Te propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo, Nascentem, & Delo plus licuisse dolent. Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum. Si pelago redeas, Infula navis cat: Si terra, vostri comitentur plaustra Bootæ: Sed rota tarda gelu, fed nimis iple piger. Compositam placide jam lætus despicit Arcton. Horrentésque novo lumine adornat equos. Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda, Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!

Ob paciferum, &c.

216 Callifto in vetitum potius descenderet æquor, Quam vellet tantum mæsta videre nefas. Convenisse feris inter le noverat Ursis, Et generi ingenium mitius effe fuo. Nos gens una fumus; De Scoti nomine & Angli Grammatici foli prælia rauca gerant. Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses, Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis. Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem Eripuit ; nunquam bella videre poteft.

Sic gladios folvit vaginis fulgur in ipfis; Effectuque poteft vix priùs ire suo. Sic vigil eterno regnator Phæbus Olympo Circumfert subitam, quà volat ipse, diem. Nil illi prodeft stellarum exercitus ingens;

Ut posit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

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Mr. Abraham Cowley:

Being his SIX BOOKS of

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The First and Second of HERBS,
The Third and Fourth of Flowers.
The Fifth and Sixth of TREES.

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Succept of the Latter Work the Soule.

ery of Canalan and America Man bery morning in

Eing obliged before we freak of this Translation. to give some prefatory Account of the Original it will be necessary to resume what has been deliver'd by the incomparable Dr. Sprait, late Bishop of Rochester, in the Account he has given of the Life and Writings of Mr. Cowley. Concerning thele Six Books of Planes, he has thus express'd his Sentiments with that Strength of Judgment and Freedom of Ingenuity which was requifite. Was as to sell as to sell as sew ting

The Occasion (lays he) of his chusing the Subject of his Six Books of Plants, was this: When he return'd into England, he was advised to diffemble the main Intention of his coming over, under the Disguise of applying himself to some settled Profession. And that of Physick was thought most proper. To this parpole, after many Anatomical Diffections, he proceeded to the Consideration of Simples, and having furnish'd himself with Books of that Nature, he retired into a fruitful Part of Kent, where every Field and Wood might hew him the real Figures of those Plants of which he had read. Thus he speedily mafter'd that Part of the Art of Medicine. Bur then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the Study of the Law, instead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he presently digested it into that Form which we behold.

The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a Style resembling the Elegies of Ovid and Tibullus, in the Sweetness

and Freedom of the Verse; but excelling them in the Strength of the Fancy, and Vigour of the Senie. The Third and Fourth discourse of Flowers in all the Variety of Catullus and Horace's Numbers; for the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the flately and numerous Pace of his Odes and Epodes, but in the familiar Easiness of his Epifiles and Speeches. The two last speak of Trees, in the way of Virgil's Georgicks: Of thefe, the fixth Book is wholly dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the British Oak to prefide in the Affembly of the Forest-Trees, upon that Occasion he enlarges on the History of the late Rebellion, the King's Afflictions and Return, and the beginning of the Dutch Wars; and mamages all in a Style, that (to fay all in a Word) is equal to the Valour and Greatness of the English Nation ?

This was as much as could be expected in a transient and general Account, and what has left but little room for a more particular Essay. As the Nature of the Subject has sometimes surnished our Author with great and beautiful Occasions of Wit and Poetry, so it must be confess'd, that in the main he has but a barren Province to cultivate, where the Soil was to be enriched by the Improvements of Art and Fancy. He must so frequently descend to such minute Descriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which administer so feeble Occasions for Thought, and are so unsurnished of Variety, that since the Enumerations are no where tedious, but every Thing made beautiful and entertaining, it must be wholly ascribed to the Ability of the Artist, with a Materiem superavit opus.

This wonderful Performance put me on a Confideration, by what Artifices of Ingenuity he could possibly effect it: I was sensible that the smallest Subjects were capable of some Ornament in the Hands of a good Poet:

To the READER.

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, siquem Numina læva sinant, audit que vocatus Apollos

This was defignedly hinted by Virgil, when he eame to his Description of Bees, to raise the Credit of his own Performance; whereas those Manners, Politicks, and Battles with which he has adorn'd his Poem, were for the most part true in Fact, and the rest lay obvious to Invention; but our Author was obliged to animate his filent Tribe of Plants, to inspire them with Motion and Discourse, in order to lighten his Descriptions with Story: But where he is confined to the descriptive Pare it felf, where he is to register them standing mute in their Beds, divested of that imaginary Life which might beautify the Work, Hic labor, bec opus; it is there it feems worth our while to observe the sagacious Methods of his Fancy, in finding Topicks for his Wit, and Instances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat on in their own naked Nature, and simply consider'd, could afford but flender Matter; yet that many things were greater in their Circumstances than they are in themselves, accordingly he has most nicely fasten'd upon each minute Circumstance of the Places where his Plants and Herbs delight to spring, the Seasons of their Flowering, Seeding, and Withering, their long or fhore Duration, their noxious or healthful Qualities, their Figures and Colouring; all which be has manag'd withfuch Dexterity of Fancy and unexhausted Conceit, that each Individual (as he has dress'd and set them out) appears with a different Aspect and peculiar Beauty : The very Agreeableness or Disagreeableness of their Names to thole Dispositions wherewith Nature has induc'd. them, are frequently the surprizing and diverting Occafion of his Wir.

L 3

To the READER.

Yet in all this Liberty, you find him no where diverped from his Point, Judgment, that is to lay, a just regard to his Subject, every where conspicuous; being never carried too remote by the Heat of his Imagination and Quickness of his Apprehension. His Invention exerts its utmost Faculties, but so constantly over rul'd by the Dictates of Sense, that even those Conceits which are so unexpectedly flarted, and had lain undiscover'd by a less piercing Wit, are no sooner brought to light, burthey appear the Refult of a genuine Thought, and naturally arising from his Matter. Antiquity had been before-hand, in furnishing him with diverting Fables relating to feveral Plants, which he never fuffers to escape his Hands; of which he is not a cold and dull Reciter? but delivers them with to new a Grace, such an ingenious Connexion and Application to his Defign, that in every one, instead of a stale Tradition, we have the Pleasure of a Story first told, hav ald the to east the

Having mentioned our Author's Design in this Work, we must speak something of the Occonomy thereof, the most important Part of a Poem, and from whence it properly takes its Character; for without that artificial Cast and Drift, it can never be able to support it felf, the boldeft Efforts of Wir and Fancy being otherwise but extravagant Excursions. This it is that has compleated the Georgicks of Virgil, where each Book is concluded with a furprizing and natural Turn. Nor does our Author here fall thort of him in Contrivance and arrificial Periods. For having in his First and Second of these Books taken in the Species of Herbs, the First is a promileuous Account (not without Poetical Starts upon all occasions.) The Second is an Assembly of such chiefly as come under the Female Province, and are ferviceable in Generation of Birth. The Scene which he hath chosen for calling this Council, is the Physick

To the READERS

Garden at Oxford; in which having adjusted Matters for the Benefit of the reeming Sex, they are not at last tumultuously dissolved, but antificially broke up by the Approach of the Gardenerolwhom our Author fracies to have chief'd than Morning more rearly than usual rd gather Auch Herbs as he knew (would be of affiftance) to his Wife, who was fallen pin Labour. The Third and Fourth Books treat of Flowers; in the Third he ranges those that appear in the Spring; in the Fourth he musters up the Tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which regerber with the former are affembled before fibra, co-offer their respective. Claims don't Precedency; the Goddess as last, being doubtful how to determin amongst such noble Competitors, and to decline the Odium of a Decision, the pure them in mind of the Infolence of Tarquin, the dangerous Confequences. of a fingle and arbitrary Principality; that the was a Roman Deity, and they themselves were Flowers of a Roman Breed: She therefore adviles them to follow the Model of the Roman Government, and resolve themfelves into a Commonwealth of Plants: where the Pres fermenrs or Offices being annual and successive, there would be room left to gratifie their leveral Merits. Here we fee the utmost Force of Judgment and Invention in most happy Conjunction; what more beautiful Cast or Turn could the Poer have given to the Subject before him, or where can we fee the Drama it felf wind man with a more artificial Closed In his Bifth Book, the Competition is between the Trees of the American World and ours. Pomona feated in one of the Fortunate Islands between the two Worlds, the Convention from each is affembled before her; the Author finding the Preference to be in truth due to the Indian Plants, yet unwilling to determin for the Savage Climate, prevents the Decision, by a Quarrel between Omelochilus the Indian Bacchus,

L.A

To the READER.

and the European, The Powers of both Countries are thereupon drawn into Parties, and ready to engage; when Apollo difarms the barbarous Deity by the Charms of his Musick. A Which is for beautiful and artificial a Turn, that an ordinary Poet would have refted fatisfied with the Discovery. Our Author purfues his Advantage, and belides the Conquest of his Harp, puts a Song into Apollo's Mouth, and fastens upon the most noble, as well as agreeable Subject that the Nature could afford. of Columbus his Discovery of America. The drift of his last Book, which yet feems to top upon the rest, is defcribed to our Hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial Reader may judge, if Vogilhimfelf has better defign'd for the Glory of Rome and Augustus, than Cowley for his Country and the Monarch of his time.

As for the Translation we have here presented, I fear I shall be thought too much a Party to speak with any great Freedom; I will only presume to say, that if the Reader considers the difficulty of the Task, he will not think the Version altogether unworthy of the Original. He that takes the pains to compare them, will at least find a justness to the Author's Sense; and I hope that the performance of the rest that were engaged with me in the Attempt, will not only support their Parts of the Undertaking, but make amends for the Desects of mine. If in the main you meet with that Diversion I proposed, it is all that is expected by

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the Convention from each ly

Your Humble Servant,

all the Trion in the Author finding the Preferences

The AUTHOR'S Preface to his Two First Books of PLANTS: Publish'd before the rest.

Onsidering the incredible Veneration which the best Poets always had for Gardens, Fields and Woods, insomuch that in all other Subjects they seem'd to be banish'd from the Muses Territories, I wonder'd what evil Planet was so malicious to the Breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired Tribe to celebrate their Beauty and admirable Virtues. Certainly a copious Field of Matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of Fruit; where each particular, besides its pleasant History (the extent whereof every body; or to speak more truly, no body, can sufficiently understand) which contains the whole Fabrick of bumane Frame, and a compleat Body of Phylick : From whence I am induced to believe, that those great Men did not so much think them: improper Subjects of Poetry, as discouraged by. the greatness and almost inexplicable. Variety of the Matter, and that they were unwilling to. begin a Work which they despaired of finishing. So that I who am but a Pigmy in Learning, and scarce Sufficient to express the Virtues of the vile Sea-Weed, attempt the Work which those 1.5

Giants declin'd. Tet wherefore should I not attempt? Forasmuch as they disdained to take up with less than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it Reputation enough for me to have my Name carved on the Barks of some Trees, or (what is reckon'd a Royal Prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. Tou must not therefore expect to find so many Herbs collected for this Fardel, as sometimes go to the compounding of one single Medicine.

These Iwo little Books then are offer'd as small Pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of Style; in the choice whereof I have not much labour'd, but took them as they came to my Hand, there being none amongst them which contain'd not plenty of Juice if it were drawn out according to Art, none so insipid that would not afford Matter

for a whole Book, if well extracted.

The Method which I judged most genuine and proper for this Work, was not to press out their Liquor crude in a simple enumeration, but as it were in a Limbeck, by the gentle Heat of Poetry, to distil and extract their Spirits. Nor have I chosen to put them together which had Affinity, in Nature, that might create a disgust for want of Variety; I rather connected those of the most different Qualities, that their con-

trary Colours, being mixt, might the better fet

off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for oftentation of Learning (whereof there is no occasion here offered; for what is more easie than to turn over one or two Herbalists?) but because that beside Physicians (whom I pretend not to instruct, but divert) there are so few well vers'd in the History of Plants, as to be acquainted with the Names of them all. It is a part of Philosophy that lies out of the common Road of Learning; to such Persons I was to supply the Place of a Lexicon. But for the fake of the very Plants : themselves, lest the treating of them in a Poetical way might derogate from their real Merit, and that should seem not to attribute to them those Faculties wherewith Nature has indued them (who studies what is to be done, not what is most capable of rerbal Ornaments) but to have feigned those Qualities which would afford the greatest Matter for Pomp and empty Pleasure. For, because Poets are sometimes allowed to make Fistions, and some have too ex-cessively abused that Liberty, Trust is so wholly denied to us, that we may not without Hesitation be believed when we Jay,

O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, ant erit, aut non. the high places I forestatilist

Hor. Serm. 25. ;.

I was thereupon willing to cite proper Witmesses, that is such as wrote in loose and free Prose, which compared with Verse, bears the Authority of an Oath. I have yet contented my self with Two of those, (which is the Number required by Law.) Pliny and Fernelius I bave chiefly made choice of, the first being an Author of unquestion'd Latin, and the latter amongst the Moderns of the truest Sentiments, and no ill Master of Expression. If any except against the former, as too credulous of the Greekish idle Tales, that he may not safely be credited, he will find nothing on this Subject mention'd by him, which is not represented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the Reader, because I have made my Plants to discourse, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's Grove) to expect Oracles; which, I fear, my Verses will only resemble in this, that they are as bad Metre as what the Gods of old deliver'd from their own Temples, to those who consulted them.

Having given you this Account, if any shall light upon this Book who have read my former, published not long since by me in English, I fear they may take Occasion from thence, of reprebending some Things, concerning which, it will not be impertinent briefly to clear my felf before I proceed. In the first place, I foresee that I shall be accused by some of too much Delicacy and Levity, in that having undertaken great

Subjects, and after a Day or two's Journey, I have stopt, through Laziness and Despondency of reaching home, or possess with some new Frenzy, have started into some other Road, insomuch that not only the half (as they say) but the third part of the Task has been greater than my whole Performance: Away (they cry) with this Desultory Writer. Tet with what Spirit, what Voice threatning mighty Matters, he begins

Of War and Turns of Fate I fing.

Thou fing of Wars, thou Dastard, who throw'st away thy Arms so soon, or betak'st thy self to the Enemy's Camp, a Renegade, before the first Charge is sounded? Or, if at any time thou adventurest to engage, it is like the antient Gauls, making the Onset with more than the Courage of a Man, and presently retreating with more than that of a Coward: Whereas, he that has once apply'd himself to a Poem, as if he had married a Wife, should slick to it for better for worse, whether the Matter be grateful and easie, or barsh, and almost intractable; ought neither to quit it for Tiresomness, nor be diverted by new Loves; nor think of a Divorce, or at any time relinquish, till he has brought it to a Conclusion, as Wedlock terminates with Life. This is imputed to me as a Fault; and since I cannot

deny the Charge, whether I am therein to be

blamed or not, let us examine.

In the first place therefore, that which is most truly asserted of Human Life, is too applicable to my Poetry; that it is best never to have been born, or being born, forthwith to die. And if my Essays should be carried on to their Omesa, (to which the Works of Homes by a peculiar Felicity were continued vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into Dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend Trisles, or make them tolerable, is that they give off seasonably, that is suddenly; for that Author goes very much too far, who leaves his Reader tir'd behind him.

These Considerations, if I write ill, will excuse my Brevity, tho' not so easily excuse the Undertaking; nor shall my Inconstancy in not finishing what I have begun, be so much blamed, as my Constancy in ceasing not continually to begin, and being like Fortune, constant in Levity. But if, Reader (as it is my Desire) we have furnished you with what is agreeable to your Appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have used such Moderation, as neither to send you away hungry, nor cloy your Stomach with too much Satiety. To this you must add, that our Attempts, such as they are, may excite the Industry of others, who are enabled by a greater Genius or Strength to undertake the very same,

or more noble Subjects. As Agefilaus of old. who though he had made no great progress into Asia, yet, being the first in that Adventure, he open'd the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire Conquest. Lastly, (to confess to thee as a Friend, for Such I will presume thee) I thus employ'd my self, not so much out of Design, as carried on by a Warmth of Mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other Diverfion of my Troubles; therefore throng's a Wearisomness of human Affairs, to these more pleafing Solaces of Literature (made agreeable to me by Custom and Nature) my fick Mind betakes it self; and not long after, from an Irksomness of the same Things, it changes its Course, and turns off to some other Theme. But they press more dangerously upon me, and as it were stab me with my own Weapon, who bring those things : to my Mind, which I declaimed for vehemently against, the Use of exolete and interpolated Repetitions of old Fables in Poetry; when Truth it self in the sacred Books of God, and awful Registers of the Church, bas laid open a new, more rich and ample World of Poetry, for the Wits of Men to be exercised upon,

When thou thy self (say they) hast thus declared, with the Approbation of all good Men, and given an Example in thy Davideis for others to imitate; dost thou, like an apostate Iew, loathing Manna, return to the Leeks and Garlick of Egypt? After the Appearance of Christ bimself in thy Verse, and imposing Silence on the Oracles of Demons, shall we again bear the Voice of Apollo from the profane Tripod? After the Restauration of Sion, and the Purgation of it from Monsters, shall it be again possessed by the dreary Ghosts of antiquated Deities, and what the Prophet threatned as the Extremity of Evils: Tour Muse is in this no less an Object of Shame and Pity, than if Magdalen should backslide again to the Brothel. Behold how the just Punishment does not (as in other Offenders) follow your Crime, but even accompanies it. The very Lowness of your Subject has retrenched your Wirgs, Tou are fasten'd to the Ground with your Herbs, and cannot soar as formerly to the Clouds; nor can we more admire at your Halting, than at your fabulous Vulcan; when be had fallen from the Skies.

Vulcan; when he had fallen from the Skies.

A beavy Charge indeed, and terrible at the first Sight; but I esteem that which celebrates the wonderful Works of Providence, not to be far distant from a Sacred Poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the Virtues of several Plants; therefore, amongst other things, of a most noble Strain, the Divine Poet upon that account praises the Deity, Who brings forth Grass upon the Mountains, and Herbs for the use of Man, Psalm cxii. ver. 8. Nor do I think the Liberty immodest.

where I introduce Plants Speaking, to whom the Sacred Writ it self does speak, as to Intelli-gent Beings: Bless the Lord, all ye green things upon the Earth, praise and exalt him for ever. Da. ch. iii. v. 53. Apocr. Those Fi-Lions are not to be accounted for Lies, which cannot be believed, nor defire to be so. But that the Names of Heathen Deities and Fabulous Transformations are sometimes intermixt, the Matter it felf compell'd me against my Will. being no other way capable of Embellishment, and it is well, if by that means they are fo. No painted Garb is to be preferred to the native Dress and living Colours of Truth; yet in some Persons, and on some Occasions, it is more agreeable: There was a time when it did not misbecome a King to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his Coronation Robes. Tou are not therefore to expect, in a Work of this Nature, the Majesty of an Heroick Style, (which I never found any Plant to speak in) for I propose not here to fly, but only to walk in my Garden, for Health's sake, and partly for Recreation.

There remains a third Difficulty which will not perhaps so easily be solved. I had some time since been resolved in my self to write no more Verses, and made thereof such publick and solemn Protestation, as almost amounts to an

Oath come are block Gives can tensor with the Oath

Siquidem Hercle possim, nil prius, neq, fortius.

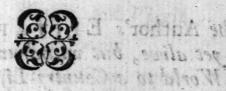
Eunuch. Scen. I.

When behold, I have set in anew. Concerning which Matter, because I remember my self to have formerly given an Account in Metre, I am willing (and Martial assimplies it to be a Poet's Right) to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and a most ingenious Friend, who labour'd under the very same Disease, though not with the same dangerous Symptoms.

More Poetry! You'll cry : doft thou return, Fond Man, to the Disease thou hast forsworn? T has reach'd thy Marrow, feiz'd thy inmost Senfe, And Porce or Reason cannot draw it thence : Slangeren Think's thoughat Heav's the Liberty allows to selve And laughs at Poets, as at Lovers Vows?

Forbear, my Friend, to wound with therp Discourse A wretched Man that feels too much remorie. Fate drags me on against my Will; in vain I struggle, fret, and try to break my Chain. Thrice I took Hellebore, and must confess, Hop'd I was fairly quit of the Disease. But the Moon's Power, to which all Herbs must yield Bids me be mad again, and gains the Field ; then hab At her Command for Pen and Ink I call, And in one Morn Three hundred Rhimes let fall; Which, in the Transport of my frantick Fit, I throw like Stones, at the next Man I meet : " I want Ev n thee, my Friend, Apollo-like, Iswound, The Arrows fly, the String and Bow refound. What Methods canst thou study to reclaim, Whom nor his own, nor publick Griefs can tame?

Who in all Seasons keep my chirping Strain, A Grashopper that fings in Frost and Rain. Like her whom Boys, and Youths, and Elders knew, I fee the Path my Judgment should pursue : But what can naked I gainft armed Nature do? I'm no Tydides, who a Power divine Could overcome; I must, I must refign. Even thou, my Friend (unless I much mistake) Whose thundring Sermons make the Pulpit shake, Unfold the Secrets of the World to come. And bid the trembling Earth expect its Doom, As if Elias were come down in Fire, Yet thou at Eight dost to thy Glass retire, Like one of us, and (after moderate Ufe Of th' Indian Fume, and European Juice,) Sett'ft into Rhime, and doft thy Mule carels, In learn'd Conceits, and harmless Wantonness. Tis therefore just thou should'it excuse thy Friend, Who's none of those that trifle without end : I can be ferious too when Bulinels calls, . . My Frenzy fill has lucid Intervals and sared sared and Muss Vite gandes Mortga-floribus.



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THE Refleagers begench this Shed

The Author's E.

EPITAPHIUM

Vivi Autoris.

HIC, & Viator, Sub Lare parvulo
COULEIUS Hic est Conditus, Hic facet,
Defunctus bumani laboris
Sorte, Supervacuaque Vita.

Non indecora pauperie nitens, Et non inerti nobilis otio; Vanoq; dilettis popello Divitiis animolus hostis:

Possis ut illum dicere Mortuum, En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit! Exempta sit curit, Viator, Terra sit illa Levis, precare.

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adbuc Cinerem Calentem.

, ଜୟରତ୍ର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର୍ଥ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର୍ଥ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର୍ଥ

The Author's EPITAPH upon himself, yet alive, but withdrawn from the busy World to a Country-Life; to be supposed written on his House.

HERE Passenger, beneath this Shed Lies Cowley, the entombed, not dead, Yet freed from human Toil and Strife, And all th' Impertinence of Life, Who in his Poverty is neat, And even in Retirement, Great. With Gold, the Peoples Idol, he Holds endless War and Enmity.

Can you not fay, he has refign'd His Breath, to this small Cell confin'd? With this small Mansion let him have The Rest and Silence of the Grave.

Strew Roses here as on his Hearse, And reckon this his Funeral Verse: With Wreaths of fragrant Herbs adorn The yet surviving Poet's Urn.



The EPITAPH on the AUTHOR's Tomb in Westminster Abby, attempted in English.

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

The Pindar, Horace, and Virgil

Of the English Nation.

W Hile through the World thy Labours shine Bright as thy self, thou Bard divine; Thou in thy Fame wilt live, and be A Parener with Eternity.

Here in soft Peace for ever rest, (Soft as the Love that sill'd thy Breast:) Let boary Faith around thy Urn,
And all the watchful Muses mourn

For ever facred be this Room,
May no Rude Hand disturb thy Tomb;
Or facrilegious Rage and Lust
Affront thy venerable Dust:

Sweet Cowley's Dust let none profane;
Here may it undisturb'd remain:
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this Stone for ever live.

The Translation of Mr. Cowley's Six Books of PLANTS.

File timened the Weels the Laboury Stime Hills of the Stand divines

They in the Party with the and be

(Soft as the Love that fell d thy Beech .)

THE EPTTAPH ON DEAUTHOR'S

made wit Expensed to a confliction

Litte the traversiant part of a

Book I. and H. Of Herbs, by J. O.

HI. Of Flowers, by C. Cleeve.

IV. Of Flowers, by N. Tate.

V. Of Trees, by N. Tate.

VI. Of Trees, by Mrs. A. Behn.

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PLANTS.

WAR BOOK I.

IFE a loweft, but far greateft Sphere I fing, Of all Things, that adorn the gaudy Spring: Such as in Defarts live, whom, unconfin d, None but the simple Laws of Nature bind; And those who growing tame by human Care, The well bred Citizens of Gardens are: Those that aspire to Sol, their Sire's bright Face, Or floop into their Mother Earth's Embrace : Such as drink Streams of Wells, or those dry fed Who have Fove only for their Ganymede ? And all that Solomon's loft Work of old, (Ah, fatal Loss!) so wisely did unfold, Though I the Oaks vivacious Age should live, I ne'er to all, their Names in Verle should give. Yet I the Rife of Groves will briefly show, In Verles like their Trees, rang'd all a-row. To which some one perhaps new Shades may join, Till mine, at last become a Grove Divine : Affift me, Phæbus! Wit of Heav'n, whose Care So bounteoully both Plants and Poets share.

Where'er thou com'ft, hurl Light and Heat around, And with new Life enamel all the Ground; As when the Spring feels thee, with Magick Light, Break thro' the Bonds of the dead Winter's Night When thee to (a) Colchis the gilt Ram conveys, And the warm'd North rejoices in thy Rays. Where shall I first begin? For, with Delight Each gentle Plant me kindly does invise. My felf to flavish Method I'll not tie, But like the Bee, where en I please, will fly ; Where I the glorious Hopes of Honey fee, Or the free Wing of Fancy carries me. Here no fine Garden Emblems shall reside. In well made Beds to proffitute their Pride, But we rich Nature, who her Gifts bestows. Unlimited (nor the vaft Treasure knows) And various Plenty of the pathless Woods Will follow; poor Men only count their Goods. Do thou, bright Phabus ! guide me luckily To the first Plant by some kind Augury.

The Omen's good; so, we may hope the best,
The Gods mild Looks our grand Design have blest,
For thou, kind Bet'ny at the first we see,
And opportunely com'st, dear Plant, for me;
For me, because the Brain thou dost protect,
See, if you're wise, my Brain you don't neglect.
For it concerns you, that in Health that be,
I sing thy Sisters, Betony, and thee.
But who, best Plant! can praise thee to thy Merit,

Or number the Perfections you inherit?
The Trees, he, in th' Hereynian Woods as well,
Or Roses, that in Pessum grow, may tell.

So bouncebully both Plants and Poets iffich

im

Sm

⁽a) When the Sun enters Aries, i. e. in March. Colchis is a Northern Region near the Black Sea, whence the Ram with the Golden Fleece was faid to have been translated into a Constellation.

curise.

(b) Musa at large, they say, thy Praises writ, and and But I suppose, did part of them omit, and no soobio Casar his Triumphs would recount; do thou, and did W. Greater than he, a Conqueres ! do so now had rebau

BETONNELLE AND ANTIONAL BEET ON NEW MARKET

(f) Vaid Phantams of the Man O know my Virtues briefly, if you can gaire bak Defire, all which this whole Book can't contains) O'er all the World of Man great I prefide, world and T Where-e'er red Streams through milky Meadows glide; O'er all you fee throughout the Body fored, want, and Between the diffant Poles of Heel and Head, has , Sod T But in the (c) Head my thief Dominions are, and 109 The Soul commits her Palace to my Care. of anisa's sid I, all the Corners purge, refresh, feenre, A vM , anive? Nor let it be, for want of Light, obscure, ad that bak That Soul that came from Heavin, which Stars adorn Her God's great Daughter, by Creation born now 510 Alas! to what a frail Apartment now, God: He do d' And ruinated Cottage does the bow lod a tent out bo A. Her very Mansion to Infection turns, treat street did dily And in the Place wherein the lives, the burns i too a I When Falling Sickness Thunder-ftrikes the Brain, Oft Men, like Victims fall, as Thunder dain, mont ovi Oft does the Head with a Swift Whimfie reck in winpaA And the Soul's turn'd, as on Ixion's Wheel, alaling m'I Oft Pains i'th' Head an Anvil fcem to beat, 11 11 11 11 And like a Forge, the Brain-pan burns with Heat, A (d) Some Parts the Palfe oft of Sense deprives about 10 & And Motion, (ftrange Effect) one Side furvives amount Open th' obstructed Porces and per

(b) Antonius Musa, Physician to Augustus,
(c) Betony is hot and dry in the second Degree. Wine and Vinegar impregnated with it, is excellent for the Stomach and Sight. The Smell of it alone refreshes the Brain. Tis an Italian Proverb, He has as many Virtues as Betony, i. s. innumerable.

(4) Fernel.

The other, in(v) This Mezentian Fury quite and A ... Outdoes; in this Difeafe dead Limbs unitelegger I auff With live ones Some with Lethargy opprest Under Death's Weight feem fatally to roll, Ah! Life, thou art Death's Image, but that Thee In nought resembles, lave thy Brevity. (f) Vain Phantoms oft the Mind distracted keep, And roving Thoughts disturb the Place of Sleep. (a) Oft when the Nerves for want of Juice grow dry (That Heavenly Juice, unknown to th' outward Eye) Each feeble Limb as swere grows loofe and quakes, Yea, the whole Fabrick of the Body shakes and the good Thefe, and all Evils which the Brain infelt (For numerous faucy Griefs that part moleft) Me Phabus bade, by confiant War, referain; Saying, My Kingdom, Child! See you maintain. And frait he gave me Arms well forg'd from Heat'n. Like thole to Breastor Arbilles giv month and had red T One wondrous Leaf he wifely did create an about 19 H "Gainft all the Darts of Sickness and of Fate, or 121A And into that a Sovereign Myflicks Juice, Latenton ball With subtle Heat from Heav'n, he did infuse. "Tis not invain, bright Sire, that you bestow add ni buA Such Armston me, nor shall they ruly grow in and W No; from that Crime not the just Hend aland , not 10 Acquits mel but the inferior Limbs will owner asob 10 I'm guiltlefs. (b) When the Lungs with Phlogin oppress Want Air to fan the Meart, and cool the Breaft; A fainty Cough friver reespels the Focasand a sail back But feeks the help of powerful Medicines too. see (b) It comes no me, I'my Affiffance lend, notio M ha A Open th' obstructed Porcs, and gently fend

(h) Concerning these Diseases helpt by Burmy, see Pliny and Fer-

⁽f) Below is drank as a Remedy against Madness. Plin lib. 26. 11.
(g) This is according to D. Gliffer's Opinion, which fee in L. do Anatomia hepatis. And Plin. at Supra.

Refreshment to the Heart. Cool Gales abate 1979 nicht Th' internal Heat, and it grows temperatewen , flinsd. The Quartan Ague its dry Holes forfakes, hairson ad I As Adders do ; Drapfies like Water-Snakes, and attend both With liquid Aliment no longer fed, and all the best By me are forc'd to by their watiry Bed. I loss of Appetite repair, and heat it lo sdo on het siem ! The Stomach, to concool the Good Men estimated Torturing Gripes I singhe Gutsadlay, aged rad at war? And fend ont murmuring Blafts the backward way. I wash the Saffron Faundice of the Sking ad bairy toll And ease the Kedneys of dire Stones Within . 100 01 to 12 Thick Blood that flands in Womens Veins I foon Force to flow down, more pow rful than the Moon But then th' unnatural Floods of Whites arife, Ah me! that common Filth will not fuffice by or I (i) I likewife ftop the Current, when the Blood to and Thro' fome new Channel feeks a purple Flood saw bak I all the Tumults of the Womb appeale, And to the Head, which that diffurbs, give Eafe, (k) Womens Conceptions I corroborate, Live si vale at the And let no Births their time anticipate. But in the facred time of Labour . I The careful Midwifes Hands with Help Supply. (1) The lazy Gout my Virtue swiftly shuns, Whilft from the Joints with nimble Heels it runs. All Poisons I expel, that Men annoy, (m) And baneful Serpents by my Power deftroy. My pointed Odor through its Marrow flies, And of a fecret Wound the Adder dies. So Phæbus, I suppose, the Python flew, And with my Juice his Arrows did imbrew,

(i) See Plin, lib 26. 19.

⁽¹⁾ It is every where made use of against the Gous and Sciatica.

(m) Bosony is said to have so great a Virtue against Serpons, that if they are inclosed in a Circle made thereof, they'll last themselves to Death. Plin. lib. 25. 8;

From every Limb allkinds of Meb and Pain, normalists A I banish, never to return against but stool languant d'I The wearied Clown I with new Vigour blefs, and and And Pains as pleafant make as Idleness, which are A Nor do I only Life's Fatigue relieve, and A Lincold and W But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give. and an amount I make the colour of the Blood more bright, to del (n) And cloath the Skin with a more graceful White. Spain in her happy Woods first gave me Birth, into 10 Then kindly banish'd me o'er all the Earth of ball ba A Nor gain'd the greater Honour when the bore Trajan to rule the World, and to reftore A silve ba A Rome's Joys. 'Tis true, he justly might compare With my Deferts; his Virtues equal were. will of our of But a good Prince is the fbort Grant of Fate, it and the The World's foan robb'd of fuch a vest Estates 1 100 d A But of my Bounty Men for ever talte, a goal shwell I (1) And what be once was, I am like to laft wen amol 'ord I

(") It has a particular Faculty to amend the dead Colour of the Skin, and to render it vivid and clear. Id, 1 26. 11.

MAIDEN-HAIR or VENUS-HAIR.

Being the Chief of all the (o) Hairy State,
Me they have chosen for their Advocate.
To speak on their behalf: Now We, you know,
Among the other Plants make no small Show,
And (p) Fern too, far and near which does preside,
O'er the wild Fields, is to our kind ally'd.
Some * Hairy Comets also hence derive,
And Marriages of Stars with Plants contrive.
But we such Kindred do not care to own,
Rather than rude Relations we'll have none.

⁽e) Capillary Plants. (p) From the likeness of their Leaves.

My Hair of Parentage far better came. 'Tis not for nought, it has Love's gentle Name: (9) Beauty her felf my Debtor is, the knows, 1 361 13 And of my Threads Love does his nets compole. Their Thanks to me the beauteous Women pay For wanton Curls, and fhady Locks, that play Upon their Shoulders. Friend! who e'er thou art, (If thou'tt in Love) to me perform thy Parts Reep thy Hair florid, and let dangling Toils Around thy Head, make Ladies Hearts thy Spoils. For when your Head is bald, or Hair grows thin, In vain you boaft of Treasures lodg'd within angul and The Women won trbelieve you, mor will prize 1 1 20 1 Such Wealth; all Lovers ought to please the Eyes: So I to Venus my Affiftance lend (I'm pleas'd to be my Heavenly (*) Name-fake's Friend Though I am modelt, and content to go West (a) In simple Weeds, that make no gandy Show and had (s) For Pam cloath d, as when I first was born, No painted Flowers my rural Head adorp. But above all, I'm fober . I ne'er drink Sweet Streams, hor does my Thirft make Rivers fink. When Fove to Plants begins an Health in fhow'rs, And from the Sky large Bowls of Water pours, You fee the Herbs quaff all the Liquor up, When they ought only modefly to fup: You'd think the German Drunkards near the Rhine. Were keeping Holy-day with them in Wine ed a sale Mean while I blufh; shake from my trembling Leaves The Drops; and Jove my Thanks in Drought receives. But I no Topers envy; for my meen Is always gay, and my Complexion green.

⁽⁹⁾ The Name it bears, because it tinges the Hair, and is to this purpose, boil'd in Wise with Parsty-Seed, and Plenty of Oil, which renders the Hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. Plin. 22. 21.

⁽r) Being cal'd in Latin Capillas Venerit.

(i) Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in Summer, but withers not in Winter. Plin-

Winter itself does not exhaust the Juice,
That makes me look so verdant and so spruce.
Yet the Physicians steep me cruelly in the stand (a)
In hateful Water, which I drink and die.
(b) But I ev n dead, on Humors operate, alast I risk to Such force my Ashes have beyond my Fate.

Such force my Ashes have beyond my Fate.

I through the Liver, Spleen, and Reins the Foe my I have the with speed before me flow.

Ten thousand Maladies down with em they,
Like Monsters fell, in brackish Waves convey.

For this I might deserve, above the Airmon made to the Sea, the Stars turn round, many of I Rather than Heaven it felf, I'd chuse dry ground.

(1) It forces Urine, is good against the Dropto, Strangery &c. Plin.
(10) The Wife of Protony Energes, who having vowed, if her Husband had Success in his Afan Expedicion, that he would cut off and dedicate her Hair, at his Return she did so, and on the Morrow, it not being found in the Temple of Vonus, where it was said, Protony was highly enraged, till one Count, a Mathematician, made it out to him, that it was transferred to Heaven, and there matter a Control State fear the Lion's Table, which still bears this Name.

When fore to Plants Degins on Health in thow is And from the Sky last Dak OK ater pours.

Sage, whose Deserts all happy Mortals own, Since thou dear Sage! preservit the Memory, I cannot fare forgetful prove of Thee.

Thee, who (w) Mnemosyme dost recreate, Her Daughter Muses ought to celebrate, Nor shalt thou e'er complain, that they're ingrate.

The Virtues of Sage are highly celebrated in all Authors; parelcularly the Writers of Same salerations, who may be consulted. It is not in the first, and dry in the fecond Degree, it is easy affingent, and they Beeding. It throughout the Stomach and Brains, and rouzes a dull appeared but its peculiar Paculty is to corroborate the

High on a Mount the Soul's firm (x) Manfion Stands And with a view the Limbs below commands, I want Sure some great Architect this Pile doligh dodmeld an T Where all the World is to a Span confin di ton tolis A A mighty Throng of Spirits here refide it and the noy Which to the Soul are very near ally d. daswoods son I Here the grand Conneil's held; hence to and from slood The Spirits fcout to fee what News below Morit. He W Buse as Bees in every part they run, Thick as the Rays fream from the glitt ring Sun. Their fubtle Limbs Silk, thin as Air arrays (1) And therefore nought their rapid Journey Rayson we But with much Toil they weary grow; at length Perpetual Labor tires the greatest Strength. Oft too, as they in pains bestow their Homs The airy vagrants hoffile Heat devours. Oft in Venereal Raptures they expire, Or buent by Wine, and drown d in liquid Pirer id to Then Leaden Sleep does on the Senfes felze, And with dall drowzinels the Vitals freeze. Cold Floods of dire Diffempers wiftly fow! I fiel but For want of Dams and Fences, ber the South 110 1110 Y Then are the Nerves diffolv'd, each Member quakes, And the whole ruinited Fabrick thakes. You'd think the Hands fear'd Poilon in the Cop, They tremble fo, and cannot life it up, Hence, Sage! 'tis manifest what thou cunft do, And glorious dangers beg relief from you god di The Foe, by Cold, and Humours to inclos d, bal From his chill Throne by thy frong Heat's depos J, And to the Spirits thou bring it fresh Recruits, When they are wearied in such long Disputes.

Nerves, and to oppose all Diseases incident to them. Hence it hath the highest Reputation among Medicamene for the Memory.

(y) In the Conarion or inmost recess of the Brain, by many said to be the residence of the Soul.

To life, whose Body was almost its Urn, New Life, (if I may fay it) does return. The Members by the Nerves are fleady ty'd, A Pilot, not the Wages the Veffel guide. You all things fix: Who this for Truth would take! That thy weak Fibres such strong Bonds shou'd make, Loofe Teeth thou fasten'st; which, at thy command, Well rivetted in their firm Sockets stand. May that fair, ufeful Bulwark ne'er decay, Nor the Mouth's Ivory Fences e'er give way! (y) Conceptions Women by thy help retain, alto a ried T Nor does the injected Seed flow back again. Ah! Death, don't Life itself anticipate, don't Life itself anticipate, Let a Man live before he meets his Fate, Thou'rt too fevere, if, in the very Dock, Our Ship, before 'tis built, firikes on a Rock. Of thy Perfections this is but a Tafte. You bring to view things absent, and what's past Recal; fuch Tracks i'th' Mind of things you make, None can the well-form'd Characters mistake. And left the Colours there should fade away, all Your Oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

BAUM.

HENCE, Cares! my constant troublesome Company,
Be gone! (2) Meliss's come and smiles on me.
Smiling the comes, and courteously my Head
With Chaplets binds from every fragrant bed:
Bidding me sing of Her, and for my Strains,
Her self will be the Guerdon of my Pains.

1 101

⁽⁷⁾ Agrippa calls it the Holly Herb, and fays, the Lionesses eat it when they are big. See Henraini concerning its Virtues this way.

(2) Bann is hot and dry in the first Degree, it is excellent against Melancholy, and the Evils arising there-from. It causes Chearfulness, a good Digestion, a florid Colour. The Leaves are said, by those who mind Signatures, to resemble a Heart,

My Heart, methinks, is much more lightfome grown, And I thy Influence, kind Plant! must own: Justly thy Leaves may represent the Heart, For that among its Wealth, counts thee a part. As of Kings Head Guineas th' Impression bear, That Princely part you in Effigie wear, All Storms and Clouds you banish from the Mind, But leave Serenity and Peace behind. Bacchus himself not more revives our Blood," When he infuses his hot purple Flood: When in full Bowls he all our Sorrow drowns, And flattering Hopes with thort liv'd Riches crowns, But those Enjoyments some disturbance bring, And fuch Delights flow from a muddy Spring. For Bucchus does not kill, but wound the Foe, Whole Rage and Strength increases by the Blow: But without Force or Dregs thy Pleasures flow, Thy Joys no after-claps of Torments know. Thy Honey, gentle Baum! no pointed Stings, Like (a) Bees, thy great Admirers, with it brings. Oh! heavenly Gift to fickly human-kind, All Goddels, if from Care thou freelt the Mind. All Plagues annoy, but Cares the whole Man ferze; Whene'er we labour under this Difeafe, These, tho' in prosp'rous Affluence we live, To all our Joys a bitter Tincture give, Frail human Nature its own Poilon breeds, And Life itself thy healing Virtue needs.

SCURVIGRASS.

A Malady there is, that runs through all
The Northern World, which they the Scurey call.

(b) Thrice happy Greece, that scorns the barbarous Word;
Nor in its Tongue a nearer does afford.

(a) It is very much lo'd by the Bees, and is a present Remedy against the Snings of them and Wasps, &c Plin.

(b) There is no proper Greek word for the Scurvy, the Difeate be-

Destructive Monster! God ne'er laid a Curfe On Man like this, nor could he fend a worfe. (c) A Thousand horrid Shapes the Monfier wears, And in as many Hands fierce Arms it bears, This Water Serpent in the Belly's bred, By muddy Fens, and fulph rons Moistures fed, Him either Sloth or too much Labour breeds, He Both from Ease and Pain itfelf proceeds Oft from a dying Feyer he receives His Birth, and in the Ashes of it lives. Of him just born you easily may dispose, Then he's a Dwarf, but foon a Giant grows. That a small Fgg should breed a Orocodile, sloup, and Of such valt bulk and strength, the wond ring A Thinks that as much amaz d He ought to fland, and As Men, when he o'erflows the drowned Land With nafty Humours and dry Salt he's fed, By flinking Wind and Vapours nourished. Even in his Cradle he unfucky grows (Though he be Son of Sloth, no Sloth this thows) His Toils no looner Hercules began; Monsters now age that Monster-murdering Man E're he's well born the Limbs he does oppreis. And they are tird with very Idienels, They languish and deliberating fland, Loth to obey the active Soul's Command. Nor does it to your wilder'd Sense appear, where their Pain is, cause it is every where. In I had When Men for want of Breath can hardly blow. Nos Purple Streams in source Channels flow. Then the bold Enemy thews he's too night of M. One fo milchievous cannot hidden lie. The Teeth drop out, and notiome grows the Breath The Man not only smells, but looks like Death. Qualms, Vomiting, and torturing Gripes within, Befides unfeemly Spors upon the Skin, on (150 & al (5))

ing not known to them.

⁽d) Description of the Sinry,

His other Symptoms are; with Clouds the Mind He overcasts, and, fettering the Sense, To Life itself makes Living an Offence. This Montter Nature gave me to fubdue, (Such Feats with Herbs to accomplish 'tis not new) So the fierce Bull, and watchful Dragon too, On Colchis Shoar the valiant Fason flew; But whether those defeated Monfters fell By virtue of my Juice I cannot tell. But them he conquer'd, and then back he rowl'd O'er the proud Waves; nor was it only Gold He got; he brought away a Royal Maid Belide (may all Phylicians fo be paid,) The hardness of my Task my Courage fir d A powerful Foe was that I most defir'd. I love to be commended, I must own, And that my Name in Physick Books be shown; I envy them, whom Galen deigns to name, Or old Hippocrates, great Sons of Fame, Achilles Alexander envy'd; why, If he complain d to juftly, may not T?
When Greeian Names did other Plants adorn. And were by them as Marks of Honous worns 1 100dA (d) I grew inglorious on the Britis Coast. (For Britain then no reason had to boalt) Hapless I on the Gotbick Shoar did lie, Nor was the Sea-weed less esteem d than I Now fure 'tis time, those Losses were regain d, Which in my Youth and Fame so long Lhave sustain d, 'Tis time, and so they are: Now I am known. Through all the Universe my Fame is hown. Who my Deserts denies, when by my Hands That Tyrant falls, that plagues the Northern Lands?

Scurry Grass is reckaned among the Medicines peculiar to this Diferale. It opens, penetrates renders volatile the cride and grass fluming the purpose by Urine and Swear, and frengthens the Entrails.

(d.) Not but its by some than he to be the Brannica of This.

Sing lo Pann; yea, thrice lo fing, And let the Gothick Shoar with Triumphs ring; That wild Disease which such Disturbance gave, Is led before my Chariot like a Slave.

DODDER.

Hou, neither Leaf, nor Stalk, nor Root can'ft Thow; How, in this penfile posture dost thou grow? Thou'rt perfect Magick, and I cannot now Those things you do, for Miracles allow; Those Wonders, if compar'd to you, are none; Since you your felf are a far greater one. To make the Strength of other Herbs thy Prey, A The Huntress thou thy felf for Nets dost lay, Live, Riddle! He that would thy Mysteries Unfold, must with some Oedipus advise. No wonder in your Arms the Plants you hold, Thou being all Arms must needs them fo infold. For thee large Threads the fatal Sifters Spin, But to your Work nor Woof nor Web puting Hence tis, that you to intricately twine About the Flax, which yields fo long a Line. Oh Spouse! most constant to a Plant most dear, Than whom no Comple e'er more loving were. No more let Love of wanton loy boaft, Her Kindness is the effect of nought but Luft. Another the enjoys; but that ber Love And the are (e) Two, many Distinctions prove.
Their Strength and Leaves are different, and her Fruit Puts all the Difference beyond dispute. The Likeness to the Parent does profes, That she in that is no Adulteress.

⁽e) The Ivy is always call'd Ivy, whatfoever it cleaves to: but this Herb takes the Name from the Plant on which it hangs, with whom also it partakes its Virtues, as Epithymum, Epithium, Epithium, Epithium,

Her Root with different Juices is supply'd, And the her Maiden Name bears, though a Bride. But Dodder on her Spoule depends alone, And nothing in her felf can call her own. Fed with his Juice, she on his Stalk is born; And thinks his Leaves her Head full well adorn. Whoe'er he be, she loves to take its Name, And must with him be every way the same. Alceste and Evadne thus enflam'd, Are, with some others, for their Passion fam'd. So Dodder! for thy Husband Flax thou'dft die. I guess; but may it thon speed more luckily. This is her living Passion; but the grows Still more renown'd for kindness; which she shows To mortal Men, when the has refign'd her Breath; For the of them is mindful, even in Death. (f) The Liver and the Spleen most faithfully Of all Oppressions the does ease and free. Where has fo small a Plant such Strength and Store Of Virtues, when her Husband's weak and poor? Who'd think the Liver shou'd Assistance need, A noble Part from such a wretched Weed? Use therefore little Things; nor take it ill That Men small Things preserve; for less may kill.

(f) Concerning its manifold Virtues, confult Heurnius and Fernelius.

WORMWOOD.

Mong Children I a baneful (g) Weed am thought,
By none but Hags or Fiends desir'd or sought.
They think a Doctor is in jest, or mad,
If he agrees not that my Juice is bad.
The Women also I offend I know,
Though to my bounteous Hands so much they owe.

⁽g) Pliny spends all Chap. 7. lib. 27. in enumerating the Virtues of Wormwood, and Fernelius is large upon it, whom consult.

Few Palates do my bitter Taste approve, How few, alas! are well inform d by Fove! Sweet Things alone they love, but in the end They find what bitter Gusts those Sweets attend. Long Nauseousness succeeds their short-liv'd Joys, And that which so much pleas'd the Palate, cloys. The Palate juftly fuffers for the wrong Sh' has done the (b) Stomach, into which fo long All tasteful Food she cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd, She loaths the Dainties she before admir'd A grievous Stench does from the Stomach rife, And from the Mouth Lernean Poison flies. Then they're content to drink my harfher Juice, Which for its Bitternels they he'er refule. It does not idle in the Stomach lie, But, like some God, gives present Remedy. (So the warm Sun my Vigour does restore, When he returns, and the cold Winter's o'er.); There I a Jakes out of a Stable throw, and and W The Stomach eas'd, its Office does repeat, sight b'ody And with new living Fire concolls the Meat-The purple Tinture foon it does devour, ernteredt all Nor does that Chyle the hungry Veins o erpowers The Vilage by degrees fresh Roses stain, And the perfumed Breath grows sweet again. The good I do, Penns her felt will own, 1 1111 (1) She, though all Sweets, yet loyes not Sweets alone. She wisely mixes with my Juice her Joys, And her Delights with butter Things alloys; We Herbs to different Studies are inclin'd, And every Faction does its Author find. Some Epicurus's Sentiments defend, And follow Pleasure as their only End.

⁽b) It ftrengthens the Stomach, and purges it of Choler, Wind and Crudities. It going drawn at the control of the cond has some from the land of the condition of the condition

It is their Pride and Boaft Sweet Fruits to bear, And on their Heads they flowry Chaplets wear. Whilst others courting rigid Zeno's Sect, In Virtue fruitful, all Things elle neglect. They love not Pomp, or what delights the Senfe, And think all's well if they give no Offence. And none a greater Stoick is than Is and allow a sered The Stoa's Pillars on my Stalk rely show of our of Let others please, to profit is my pleasure, The Love I flowly gain's a lasting Treasure. In Town's debauch'd he's the best Officer, Who most centerious is and most fevere; Such I am and fuch you, dear Cato ! were. But I no dire revengeful Pallion how, good visiad od Our Schools in Wilemen Anger don't allow; No Fault I punish more than that which lies of hor W Within my Province; wherefore from my Lyes-Choler with hasty speed before me flies. As foon as Me it in the Stomach Spies, Preparing for a War in Marnial guile. Not daring in its lurking Holes to flay, enit barw 10 It makes a fwift Escape the backward way worth but I follow him at th' Heels, and by the Scent Find out which way the noisome Enemy went. Of Water too I drain (i) the Flesh and Blood, When Winter threatens a devouring Flood, we of I The Dutchmen with less Skill their Country drain, And turn the Course of Waters back again on 101 (m) Sometimes the obftrn ded Reins top narrow grow, And the falt Floods back to their Fountains flow; Unhappy flate! the neighbouring Members quake, And all th'adjacent Country feems to hake Then I begin the Waters thus to chide, Why, sluggish Waters, do you stop your Tide? Glide on with me, I'll break the Rampiers down, That stop the Channel where you once have flown. ion d the Name, We

⁽i) It is good against the Droply (ii) Conserned the (ii)

This all the Members does rejoice and chear,

Who of a dismal Deluge stood in fear.

Men-eating (k) Worms I from the Body scare, And conquering Arms against the Plague prepare; (Voracious Worm! thou wilt most certainly Heir of our Bodies be, whene'er we die; Defer a while the Meal which in the Grave, Of humane Viands thou e're long must have.) Those Vermin Infants Bowels make their Food. And love to fuck their fill of tender Blood. They cannot flay till Death ferves up their Feaft." But greedily fnatch up the Meat undreft. Why should I speak of Fleas? such Foes I hate, So basely born, ev'n to enumerate; Such Duft-born, skipping Points of Life, I fay, Whose only Virtue is to run away. My Triumphs to fuch Numbers do amount, That I the greater Ones can hardly count. To fuch a Bulk the waft Account does fwell, That I some Trophies lose which I should tell : Oft wandring Death is featter'd through the Skies, And through the Elements (1) Infection flies. The Earth below is fick, the Air above, Slow Rivers prove they're fickly, whilst they moves All Things Death's Arms in cold Embraces catch; Life even the vital Air away doth fnatch. To remedy fuch Evils God took care, (m) Nor me as least of Med cines did prepare. Oft too, they fay, I (though no Giant neither) Have born the shock of three strong Foes together. Not without Reason therefore, or in vain Did conquering Rome my Honour so maintain: The Conqu'ror a Triumphal Draught of Me Drank, as the Guerdon of his Victory.

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⁽k) And Worms which occasion d the Name, Wormwood, (l) And useful in time of Pertilence.

⁽m) Concerning this Custom, fee Pliny, at fupra,

Holding the crowned Goblet in his Hand, He cry'd aloud, This Cup can Health command. Nor does it, 'cause' tis bitter, please me less, My Toils were so, in which I met Success.

WATER-LILT.

'Ye flight me, 'cause a Bog my Belly feeds, And I am found among a Crowd of Reeds. I'm no green vulgar Daughter of the Earth, But to the noble Waters owe my Birth, I was a (n) Goddels of no mean Degree, But Love, alas! depos'd my Deity. He bad me love, and straight my kindled Heart In Hercules's Triumphs bore a Part. I with his Fame and Actions fell in Love, And Limbs that might become his Father Fove. And by Degrees Me a ftrong Impulse hurl'd, That Man t' enjoy, who conquer'd all the World. To tell you true, that Night I most admir'd, When he got fifty Sons and was not tir'd. Now blushing, such Deeds hate I to profess; But 'twas a Night of noble Wickedness. He (to be short) my Honour stain'd, and he Had the first Flow'r of my Virginity. But He by's Father Fove's Example led, Rambled, and cou'd not brook a fingle Bed. Fierce monstrous Beafts, and Tyrants worse than they. All o'er the World he ran to feek and flay. But he the Tyrant, for his Guerdon still A Maid requires, if he a Monster kill. All Woman-kind to me his Harlots are. Ev'n Goddesses in my Suspicion share,

⁽n) Deianira's Blood is said by Calepine to be turn'd into this Herbs after she had kill'd herself with Hercules's Cub, for Grief that she had been the Cause of his Death.

Perish me; let the Sun this Water dry; And may I fcorch'd in this burnt Puddle die; If I of June were not jealous grown, story it is to not And thought I shew'd her Hatred in my own. die I'vin (Perhaps, faid I, my Passion he derides, And I'm the Scorn of all his virtuous Brides. Grief, Anger, Shame and Fury vex my Mind, But, maugre all, Love's Darts those Passions blind, If I from Tortures of eternal Grief, Did not delign by Death to feek Relief. But Goddesses in Love can never die, Hard Fate! our Punishment's Eternity. Mean time I'm all in Tears both Night and Day, And as they drop, my tedious Hours decay. Into a Lake the flanding Showers grow, And o'er my Feet th' united Waters flow: Then (as the dismal Boast of Misery) I triumph in my Grief's fertility. Till Jove at length in pity, from above, Said, I shou'd never from that Fen remove. His Word my Body of its Form bereft, And ftraight all vanish d, that my Grief had left, (0) My knotty Root under the Earth does fink, And makes me of a Club too often think. My thirsty Leaves no Liquor can suffice; (p) My Tears are now return'd into my Eyes. My Form its ancient Whitenels fill retains, And pristine Paleness in my Cheeks remains, Now in perpetual Mirth my Days I pals, We Plants, believe me, are an happy Race; We truly feel the Sun's kind Influence, Cool Winds and warmer Air refresh our Sense. Nectar in Dew does from Aurora rife, And Earth Ambrofia untill'd supplies.

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⁽e) It is ca'l'd by some Hercules's Club.

(p) There are two Sorts, a White and Yellow.

I pity Man, whom thousand Cares perplex, And crael Love, that greatest Plague, does vex; Whilst mindful of the Ills I once endur'd, (9) Mis Flames by me are quenche, his Wounds are cur'd. I triumph that my Victor I beethrow I do and I W Such Changes Tyrants Thranes thou'd undergo; Don't wonder, Love, that Thee thy Slave shou'd beat, Alcides Monfters taught me to defeat. And left, unhappy Boy! thou should'st believe, All handfome Folks the cruel Yoke receive; at but I have a (1) Wash that beautifies the Face and out ball Yet chaftly look in thy own Watery Glass 18 11 10 - 11 1 Diana's Mieny and Venus Face I lend, and volt bak So to both Deities I prove a Friends of all amount of But left that God shou'd artfully his Flame Conceal, and burn me in another's Name; All Heats in general Irelift, nay I (1) and and To all that's Hot am a fwore Edding and 2nd 200 0 Whether diffracting Flames with Fury fly an add on W. Thro' the buent Brain, like Comets through the Sky; Or whether from the Belly they aftend, Lan 1940 bal. And Fumes all o'er the Body fwifily fend and all 30 & Whether with fulph tons Fire the Veins within ... They kindle, ownerft finge the outward Skin. In the Whate'er they are my a widh I nice they fly going but When glimmering thro' the Pores, they run and die. Why wink figthout Why doft fo with half an Hye Look on med Oh! my fleepy R not's founight of HA Besides, my tedious Discourse might make Any Man have but little Mind to wake; It i'mob I Without that's help; Thus then our Leaves we take,

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⁽⁹⁾ Tis faid to be an allayer of Lechery.

⁽r) It tikes away Morphiws and Frechidenoqu vlongal hort

⁽f) It is Gold in the Second Degree, its Robt and Seed are drying, but the Flower moistens, being applied to the Forehead and Nostrils, it cures the Head ach arising from Philegro, and is very cooling. Fernel,

SPLEENWORT or MILTWAST.

Well a mindful of the His I once endon

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SA

ME cruel (t) Nature, when the made me, gave (n). Nor Stalk, nor Seed, nor Flow'r, as others have: The San ne'er warms me, nor will the allow, of the I froud in cultivated Gardens grow. And to augment the Torment of my Years; No loyely Colour in my Leaves appears. You'd think me Heaven's Aversion, and the Earth !! Had brought me forth at some chance, spurious Birthe Vain outward gaudy Shews, Mankind Surprize, 10 10 Y And they refign their Reason to their Eyes. What would To Gardens no poor Plant admittance gains, and of of For there, God-wot, the painted Tulip reigns; But the wife Gods mind no fuch Vanity, The place of Phæbus, above all Tulips, values me. 154 1 2 2 2 2 So does that Coan, old Hippocrates, as told a tadt ile o'T Who the next Place to Phabus challenges in radion W For when the Members Nature did divide,d on one And over fuch and fuch bade Herbs prefide; and w I of the favage and unruly Spleen, to o lis comment both A flubborn Province, was created Queen. In addition V I that restrain, though it resist my Power, should yet I And bring its swelling; rebel Humonr lower and will The Pallages with Rampires it in vain small and W. Obstructs; I quickly break them down again and will All Commerce I with speedy Force restore, an about And the Ways open all my Kingdom o'er. ym ashits & If I don't take that Course, it furious grows, And into every Part Contagion throws. With pois nous Vapours it infects the Blood, And Life it self drinks of a venomous Flood. Foul Leprofy upon the Skin appears, My () () And the chang'd Vifage Death's pale Colours wears.

⁽¹⁾ The Virtues of this Herb are told in its Name.

Hence Watchfulness, diffracting Cares and Tears, byd W And Pain proceeds; with hafty killing Fears. and rad T Hence Halters, cruel Love! our Necks releafe qual ? From thy more fatal Yoke, and Daggers cafe to the Our Souls of Life's incurable Disease: May no fuch monftrous Evils good Men hurt! Fove and my Virtue all fuch Things avert! The Treasury, Trajan rightly to the Spleen all Maria Compar'dg for when that swells, the Body's lean. Why do you laugh ? Is it because that I to Work and he A Pretend to know the Roman History? Samuel vil 1A I a dull Stock, and not a Plant shou'd be, Having to long kept Doctors Company, If their Discourse shou'd not advantage me.; It has, and I great Wonders could relate, But I'm a Plant that ne'er was given to prate. and ston W But to return from whence I have digres'd, I many Creatures cale by Spleen opprest. (w) Creet, though so used to lie, you may believe. When for their Swine their Thanks to me they give. The wretched Ass, whom constant Labour tires, Sick of the Spleen, my speedy Aid defires. Eating my Leaves (for I relieve his Pain) He cheerfully refumes his Work again. Now, if you can vain painted Flow's admire, Delights fearce fooner born, than they expire. His asial They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful and they're But I, the fad, procure a gladfome Mien. [green;

("") Vitywoins fays, that in Crees, where this Herb abounds, the Swine have no Spleen.

LETTUCE.

Some think your Commendation you deserve, 'Cause you of old (w) Augustus did preserve.

⁽m) Augustus is said to have been preserv'd in his Sickness by Les-

Why did you fill prolong that faral Breath, is Wood That banished Good, and was Tully's Death and air I bak But I suppose that neither of 'emoyou, oro letter or all Nor Orator, nor Poet ever knew; I latel shom yell more Wherefore, I wonder not, you thou'd comply, alor in O And the World's Tyrant to far gratify. on don't go wall Thou truly, to all Tyrants art of Ule, and you has some Their Madnels flies before thy pow rful Trice loss Tout Their Heads with better Wreaths I prithee crown, 1000 And let the World in them thy Kindness own you and W At thy Command forth from its scorehed Heart, baster Of Tyrants Love the greatest does depart: , 20012 flub a T Falle Love, I mean; for thou ne er try ft t expel True Love, who, like a good King, governs well to Justly that Dog far, Cupid, thou dolf hate, I has war all Whose Fire kills Herbs, and Monsters does create. I tuil But to recurn from whence I have

I many Creatures control adt noqU.

AT me with Bread and Oil, you'll ne'er repine. d. Or fay in Summer you want Meat to dine. 191 word The World's first golden Age fuch Viands blefs'd, to the I was the chief Ingredient at a Feaft! Poved I you willed Large Bodies for the Demi-Gods my Juice, villaments of And Blood propostionable, ditt produce and noy it , wol Then neither Fraud nor Force, nor Luft was known. Such Ills their Rife from too much Heat must own, von 1 Let their vile Name religiously becount; his out I to Who to base Glutt'ny gave Dominion first. For thence sprang Vice, whose Train Distempers were, And Death did in new ghaftly Shapes appear. a state sniw Shun cruel Tables, that with Blood are dy'd. And Banquets by deffendive Death Supply'd. Sick, if not well, thou'lt Herbs defire, and well amo Shall prove, if not thy Meat, thy Remedy.

(a) response is find to have been present an his Sickness by Lan-

Francisco de Adria de estrado como encor de estado

THE SHORE

ETE-BRIGHT.

Nter fweet Stranger, to my Eyes reveal to li ant Thy felt, and gratefully thy Poet heal. If I of Plants have any thing delerv'd, Or in my Verle their Honour be preserv'd, Thus, lying on the Grass and fad, pray'd I, Whilst nimble Eye-bright came and stood just by. I wonder d that to noble an Herb fo foon Role by my Side like a Champignon; state of the book. I faw her not before, nor did fh' appear, For any thing I knew, to be fo near. On a black Stalk nine Inches long the grew, With Leaves all notch'd, and of a greenish Hue. While pretty Flowers on her Top the bore, With yellow mixt, and purple Streaks all o'er. I knew her straight, her Name and Visage sute, And my glad Eyes their Patronels falute. Strange News! to me the bow'd with Flow'r and Stilk. And thus in Language fit for her, did talk. Twas low; for Herbs that modelt Custom love. Hoarle Murmurs of the Trees they don't approve.

Thou only Bard, faid the, o'th' verdant Race,
Who in thy Songs do'ft all our Virtues trace:
All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,
Though such Respect to you, our Friend, we bear.
We hate the Custom, which with Men obtains,
To slight a kind ingenuous Poet's Pains.
I wish my Root cou'd heal you, and I'm sure,
Our (x) Nation all wou'd gladly see the Cure.
But if by Nature's Self it be withstood,
The Pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good.
Nature's snjunctions none of us withstands,
We're Slaves to all her Ladyship's Commands.

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⁽x) Of Plants.

Let what She gives your Appetite suffice, Nor grumble when the any thing denies, For the with sparing Hands large Gifts supplies. But if some Malady impair the Sight, Or Wine, or Love, that's blind, and hates the Light; Or Surfeits, watchful Cares, or putrid Air, Or numerous other Things that hurtful are; Then am I useful: if you wou'd engage To count my Conquelts, or the Wars I wage The Ev'ning Star much fooner wou'd go down, And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown. (y) Oft a falt Flood, which from the Head descends With the Eyes fresher Streams its Current blends. That Pain, which causes many watry Eyes, From its own Tears it felf does here arise. Oft-times the Channels of a paler Flood Are fill'd, and fwell with strange unnatural Blood; And by a Guest, who thither lately came, The House is set all on a raging Flame. Take care, if your Imall World's bright Sun appear Blood-red, or he'll foon leave your Hemisphere. (z) Oft Fumes and wandring Flies obscure the Eye. And in those Clouds strange Monsters seem to fly. Fume, what does thy dull, footy Vifage here? I fee no Fire, that then should if be so near. Or what (with a Mischief) means the troublesome Fly? I'd as soon have the (a) God of Flies as nigh. Oft times the Sight is darkned with falle Snow. And Night it self in blanched Robes does go; Whilst Shapes of distant Things that real were, In different Colours, or in none appear. (b) Tumours and Cancers, Peftles, Ulcers, why Shou'd I recount those Torments of the Eye?

(b) Egilops, Carcinomata, Phlyttana Epicoumata.

⁽⁷⁾ Several Diseases of the Eyes are recounted, Epiphora, Ophthalmia.
(2) Suffusio. (a) Leucoma.

Or thousands more, which I'm afraid to name, Lest when I tell them, they my Tongue inflame; Or that which from its hollow Length, Men call Fiftula [Pipe] a Name too Musical. All thefe I tame, the Air my Virtue clears, Whilst the Clouds vanish, and the Day appears. The joyful Face smiles with diffused Light : What Comeline's is mix'd with that Delight! You know, (c) Arnoldus (if you've read him o'er) Did Sight by me, to Men Stone blind restore. Tis true; and my known Virtue ought to be The more efteem'd for that firange Prodigy. With my kind Leaves he bids you tinge your Wines. And Profit with your Pleasure wisely joins. Those Light will truly give, and sacred Bowls, Bacchus will truly dwell in your enlarged Souls. Then call thy Boy with a capacious Cup, And with that Wine be fure to fill it up, Till thou haft drunk, for all the amorous Dames." An Health to ev'ry Letter of their Names. Then drink an Health to th' Eyes; they won't refuse I'm confident, to pledge you in my Juice. But we lose time; go, carefully rehearse What I have faid, in never-dying Verse. She spake, then vanishing, away she flew : I, Reader, tell you nothing but what's true.

(c) Arnold de Vil'a novo. lib. de Vin se

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WINTER-CHERRIES.

WHEN I stand musing, as I often do,
I'm fill'd with Shame and noble Anger too;
To think that all we Plants (except some few
Whom Phabus with more Vigour did endue)

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Cannot away with Winter's nipping Fare, and and all But more effeminate than Mankind are. From Father-Sun, and Mother-Earth in vain We sprang; they both their Figure still retain. To our Delights why don't the Seasons yield, And banish Winter from each verdant Field? Why in Elysian Gardens don't we grow, Where no chill Blafts may on our Beauties blow? We're Haleyons for footh, and can't with eafe would be it Bring forth, unless the World be all at Peace. Nor is this Softness only to be found you like a south at I Among small Herbs, still creeping on the Ground: Great Elms and Oaks themselves it does controul. In their hard Bark they wear a tender Soul. Thefe Hufts Effeminacy count no Crime; You'd think in Summer they to Heav'n would climb. But if the Year its Back upon them turn, val. 110 and 1 Each Giant creeps back into th' Earth, his Urn. Here lies you on his bulky Trunk may write; For shame! There lie; let not the Mold lie light. But I, who very hardly dare receive The Name of Shrub (though Pliny gives me leave) The dreadful Winter to the Combat dare; Though Heav'n it felf should fall, I'd take no Care. The Winter comes; and I'm by Storms alarm'd, She comes with Legions numberless, well arm'd. Then I my Fruit produce, and having first Expos'd them to her, cry, Now do thy worft. Pour, pour upon them all the Rain i'th' Skie, It will not wast away their Scarlet-Die. Pour Snow, their Purple thence will grow more bright, Some red in a white Vessel gives delight. So the red Lip the Ivory Teeth befriends, And a white Skin the roly Cheeks commends. With fuch like Rudiments do I inure My Virtue, and the Force of it secure: I, who rebellious Sicknels must subdue, And every Day fresh Victories pursue.

Thus did I learn vast Stones to break in twain, (d) And Ice, at first, put me to little Pain. For I not only Water do expel, (That other weaker Plants can do as well) But fuch hard Rocks of Adamant I break. As Hannibal to pals wou'd prove too weak. Unhappy He, who on this Rock is toff, And thipwrack'd is in his own Waters loft! Ev'n Sifyphus might pity and bemoan The Wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred Stone. How does he envy, ah, how much, the Dead, Whose Corps with Stones are only covered! Wou'd I not help him? might the Earth divide; And Iwallow me, if I my Aid deny'd. Then I my felf Child of some Rock must own And that my Roots were Veins of hardest Stone. But truly I do pity fuch a Man, so Dobahasas vali of And the obdurate Matter quickly can in that awa at both Disfolve; my piercing Liquor round it lies, And firait into a thousand Parts it flies ; The long obstructed Streams then glide away, high and And Fragments with them of the Stone convey.

(e) SUNDEW or LUSTWORT.

For all thy Days thou spend'st in Luxury.

Thy Flowers are Silver, and a purple Down
Covers thy Body, like a Silken Gown:

Whilst, to increase thy Pomp and Pride, each Vein
Of thine a Golden Humour does contain.

Each Leaf is hollow made, just like a Cup,
Which Liquor always to the Brim fills up.

(e, Yulgarly call'd alfo Refe Solis, And Annual ollar ward no Y

⁽d) It is excellent against the Stone and all Diseases in the Bladder, thence in Latin call d Vesicaria.

The drunken Sun cannot exhaust thy Bowl,
Nor Sirius himself, that thirsty Soul.
Full thou survey st the parched Fields around,
And enviously in thy own Floods art drown'd.
Drinking, the thirsty Months thou laugh'st away,
The Hydra of thy Spring's reviv'd each Day.
Thy Nile from secret Sources moistens Thee;
And bids Thee merry, though Jove angry be.

Upon the Same.

HY conquer'd Ivy, Bacchus, now throw down, And of this Herb make a far nobler Crown. This Herb with Plenty's bounteous Current feeds : Plenty which constantly it self succeeds. So thy extended Guts thy Godfhip fwills, And its own felf thy tilted Hogherd fills. So at Fove's Table, Gods the Goblet drain. But ftraight with Nectar it grows full again. Nor do the Cups the Phrygian Stripling need To fill them; each is his own Gangmede, So in the Heart, that double lufty Bowl (In which the Soul it Jelf drinks Life and Soul) That Heav'nly Bowl, made by an Heav'nly Hand, With purple Nectar always crown d does frand. Of what the spends Nature ne er feels the lack, What one throwsout, another brings it back. Bleft Plant, brimful of Moifture radically dell' street No wonder they the Spirits, left they fall on of Alle Support'st, or that Confumptive Bodies you, and a And the firm Limbs bind with a lafting Glue, and the Or that Life's Lamp, which ready is to die, and doin! With fuch vivacious Oil you can supply. No wonder to the Lungs thou grateful art. Thy conftant Waters feed that Ipongy Part. You Venus also loves, for though you're wet, Your In-fide like your Out- fide's burnt with Heat.

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Of PLANTS



These are Lusts Elements; of Heat she makes. A Soul, and Moisture for her Body takes.

SOW-BREAD.

HE dropping, bloody Note you gently bind, and tis but natural, that who thuts the Fore, shou'd at the same time open the Back-door.

Upon the Same. distall of

SEE how with Pride the groveling (f) Pot-herb fwells,
And faucily the generous Vine repels.
Her, that great Emperours of in Triumph drew Book
A base, unworthy Colewort does subdue.
But though o'er That the Wretch victorious be,
It cannot stand, puissant Plant, near thee;
For Meat to Medicines still must give the Place,
That feeds Diseases, which away these chase;
You bravely Men and other Plants outvie,
Who no kind Office do, until they die;
Who no kind Office do, until they die;
And ev'n to thy own Garden Physick art.
Though on me (g) Greece bestow'd a graceful Name;

Which well the Figure of my Leaves became;
The Apothecaries have a new one found,
(Dull Knaves! that hate the very Greek Words found)
And from a nafty Sow, (whose very Name
Stinks on my Tongue) have fligmatized my Fame,
But I to them, more than to Swine give Btead,
They are the Hogs, by my large Bounty fed.

⁽f) The Colomort, is faid to kill the Vine, and is it felf kill d by this Herb.

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Upon the Same.

And native Softness to the Skin restores.

My Pow'r hard Tumours cannot, if I list,
Either by Water, or with Fire resist.

Of Scars, by burning caus'd, I clear the Face,
Nor let Small-pox the Countenance disgrace.

My conquering Hand Pimpgenets cannot shun,
Nor blackish, yellow Spots the Face o'er-run;
Morphew departs, and out each Freckle slies,
Though from our God himself they had their Rise.

Nor leave I ought upon the Cheeks of Lasses.

To make 'em shy of looking in their Glasses.

Nor doubt I but that Sex much Thanks will give,
For that the Pangs of Child-birth I relieve.

Upon the Same.

N my Fire, that false (b) Gold, the Jaundice, I Consume (true Gold scarce does more Injury.) Black Blood, at my Command, the back-way flows; Nafty it felf, through nafty Holes it goes. Choler and Phlegm yellow and white I drain, They wear th' dear (i) Metals Colours both in vain. All Meteors from the Eyes I drive away, And whatfoe'er obscures the small Worlds Day. I of the Gout remove the very Seed, And all the Humours which that Torment breed. Thorns, Splinters, Nails I draw, who wondering fland How they could so come forth without an Hand. This is the leaft; all Poisons I expel, And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell :-Infants that know not what it is to live, Before they're wretched, from the Womb I drive, do

() Silver and Gold.

⁽h) The Jaundice, fometimes call'd in Latin Aurige, from Aurum.

Oh Heavens! fays th' ignorant amazed World: What's Is't a Diftemper to be born? Yes, 'tis. [this? For if we make a true Account, 'tis more Advantage Life to hinder than restore.

DUCKS. MEAT.

Lufty Frog, a Duck swears, is such Meat, Fatned by me, as Fove himself may eat. And if the learn'd Apicius (k) knew that Dish, He'd hangry grow, though Dead, and Life won'd wish. By this our Value's in some Measure thewn; Bat I'm not born to fatten Ducks alone, Nor o'er green Ponds did Nature Carpets frow, That She to flimy Frogs Good-will might show. From me great Benefits all the World must own, Though long time hid, they're many, yet unknown. In a small Ring the Wits of Learned Men Run, and the same, confin'd, trace o'er agen, The Plants which Nature through the Universe In various Shapes and Colours does disperse. Why Thould I mention? this their Ignorance Thews, That even of Me, Mankind so little knows. Something they do; and more I wou'd reveal, Which Phabus and the Fates bid me conceal. But this I'll tell you, dry, blue Cankers I, And cholerick Fire of hot St. Anthony, Do foon extinguish; and all other Flames, Whatever are their Natures or their Names. My Native Cold, and watery Temper show, Who my chill Parent is, and where I grow. Thus when the Water in the Joints inclos'd Bubbles, by (1) Pain and natural Heat opposid; The boiling Caldron my strong Virtue rules, And sprinkled with my Dew the Fury cools.

⁽k) An ancient Roman Author that wrote about good Eating,

OF PLANTS

ROSEMARY.

Touching the bite of the (m) Tarantula.

Aunian (n) Arachne! who spinn'sf all the Day, Nor to Minerva wil't ey'n yet give way ; Whilft thy own Bowels thou to Lawn doft weave, What Pleasure can'ft thou from such Pains receive? Why thy fad Hours in such base Deeds doft spill, Or do things fo ridiculoully ill? Why doft thou take delight to ftop our Breath, Or act the serious Sports of cruel Death? Whom thou scarce toucheft, ftraight to rave he's found, He raves although he hardly feels thy Wound. One Atome of thy Poilon in the Veins, Dominion foon o'er all the Body gains. Within upon the Soul herfelf it preys, Which it distracts a thousand capel ways. One's filent, whilft another roars aloud ; He's fearful, t'other fights with th' gazing Crowd. This cries, and this his Sides with Laughter shakes, A thousand Habits this same Fury takes. But all with love of Dancing are poffest, All Day and Night they dance and never reft. As foon as Musick from struck Strings rebounds. Or the full Pipes breath forth their Magick Sounds: The stiff old Woman straight begins a Round, And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the Ground. The poor lame Fellow, though he cannot prance So nimble as the reft, he hops a Dance. The old Man, whom this merry Poison fires, Satyrs themselves with Dancing almost tires. To such a sad, phrenetick Dance as this, A Siren, sure, the fittest Minstrel is.

⁽m) An Infect of the Spider-kind.
(n) A Nymph turn d into a Spider.

Cruel Distemper! thy wild Fury provestingibal drive Soft Mafter of the Revels which it loves : Andu M Too When this fad (o) Pyrrhick Meafure they begin, 2001 Oh! what a weight hangs on their Hearts within. Tell me, Physicians, which way hall I cale , book and Poor Mortals of this strange, unknown Difeste ? 4 oT For me may Phabus never more protect 110 1 s of add (Whole Godhead you and I fo much respect) lastico If I know any more, to tell you true; of or , and ball Whence this dire Mischief springs, than one of You, But to the Heart, you know it, and the Brain, of a a Those distant Provinces in which I reign, ob and lad (To you, my Friends, I no falle Stories teign.) ag ei Auxiliary Troops of Spirits Tine , revisions di sios baA Send, and the Camp with fresh Recents supply. and T Many kind Plants befides me to the Warin hill led? Attend, nor blush that under me they Soldiers aceis The merry Baum, and Rue which Serpents kills and W Cent'ry and Saffron from Cilician Hills. so dismol zi T And thou, kind Birthwort, whole anspicious Namen I From thy good Deeds to teeming Women came. The kind Pomegranate also does engage, With her bright Arms, and my dear Sifter Sage. Berries of Laurel, Myrele, Tomarisk, A ven sil A Toy nor Juniper are very brisk. " I dow you Lavender, and fweet Marjonam march away; at pay il Southernwood and Angelica don t Stay, we sommo T mov Plantain, the Thiftle which they Bleffed call, it will And uleful Wormwood in their Order falls A salt on 104 Then Carrot, Anife, and white Cuntin Seed and and 10 With Gab, that pretty; chaft, black Rogue, proceed. Next Viper-grafs, a Plant but lately known, nam woll And Tormentil, and Rofes red, full blownest aid no To which, I Garlick may, and Onions join; All thefe to fight I lead; go, give the Sign.

^(*) A heavy fort of Dancing in Armoura and such basengement

A

With Indignation I am vex'd, and hate amelia leur Soft Musick, that great Praise should arrogate. Anow Poets will fay, 'tis true (they're given to lie) Willing their Miftress so to gratifie But Food, I fay it does, not Physick, prove-To Madmen, witness all that are in Love Lorold 1009 She to a short-lived Folly does supply 19 was an and Conftant Additions of new Vanity ov beat 200 stor W) And here, to show her Wit and Courage too, and the Flances the Tyrant whom the thould fobdue Ot is the greatoft Part of the Difeate, man and of all That the does to immoderately please; Tis part of the Disease, that so they throw And tols themselves, which does for Physick go; This Plague it felf is plagu'd fo Night and Day, That tir'd with Labous it flies quite away; haid varely Palfodend an Hand to cafe her Grief, ild . . . When from her own Strength, Nature feeks Relief. Tis fomething that I do ; but truly I have you inco Think the Dilease is its own Remedy. From thy said I bels to teeming Worken came.

See MoIN T. STORE

Ake my Advice, Men! and no Riddles use; a Why won't you rather to speak plainly choose? If you're attaid your Secrets shou'd be told, Your Tongues you sthat's the surest way) may hold. Why shou'd we Sense with barbarous Cruelty. Put to the Rack, to make it tell a Lie; Of this just Reason I have to complain, Old dubious Saws long since my Fame do stain. How many ill Conjectures grounded are On this, that I must ne'er be (1) set in War.

⁽p) Arifietle gave the World a Rule, Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of War, which being variously understood by his Followers, the faid Herb does in his Speech make out, that it can with no Sense be interpreted to its Dishonour, by telling her Virtues in chearing the Spinis and exciting the Stomach.

The Reader of a Thing obscure will be Inclin'd to carp, and to take Liberty. Hence one fays, Mint, Mars does entirely hate; And Mint to Venus also is ingrate. Mars loves as well to get as to destroy Mankind, the Booty of his fierce Employ. Mint from the Seed all feminal Virtue takes, And of brisk Men dull frigid Eunuchs makes. And then (to make the spreading Error creep Farther and farther still I they hear, I keep Their Milk from thicknings; but how this I do, I'll tell you on these Terms alone, That you Shall me before resolve how first you gain Notions of Things, then, how you them retain. This I dare boldly fay; The Fire of Love With genial Heat I gently do improve; Though constantly the noble, humane Seed, That facred Lamp with vital Oil does feed; For what to Venus e'er will faithful feem, If Heat it self an Enemy you esteem?
Whether I know her (q) Proserpine can tell, I by my Punishment am clear'd too well. Belides, nought more the Stomach rectifies, Or threngthens the digestive Faculties. Such, such a Plant that feeds the amorous Flame, If Venus love not, she is much to blame; And with Ingratitude the Seed I may Charge, if to me great Thanks it do not pay. But other Causes others have affign'd, Who make the Reason which they cannot find. They say, Wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew, And I wound Wounds themselves; 'tis very true. For I a dry aftringent Pow'r retain. By which all Ulcers of their Gore I drain.

Minths was a Nymph, one of Pluto's Harlots, whom Proferpine there; fore chang'd into this Herb. N 6

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Bloody-fluxes stop, my Virtue's sure The Wounds that Nature's felf has made to cure-On bites of Serpents and mad Dogs I feize, And them (Wars hurts are flight) I heal with eafe. I scarce dare mention, that from Galling I If in the Hand I'm born, preserve the Thigh. D'ye laugh? laugh on, fo I with Laughter may Requite the Scandals which on me you layer and both Of which some I omit; and the true Cause has added Of all will tell (and then she made a paule.) Though I abhor my Sorrows to recal (And here the Tears down her green Cheeks did fall) I did not always in your Gardens grow, it is proported But once a comely Virgin's Face cou'd show. Black though I was (Cocytus was my Sire) famed drive Yet Beauty had to kindle am rous Fire me flags denot I Left any one should think this is a Lie, and hereit and T (r) Ovid will tell you fo as well as I. My Father had a pleasant, shady Grove, and a send it Where he perpetually to walk did love, and I refusely There mournful Yew, and funeral Cypress grow, ? Whose melancholy Greens no Winter know, and With other Trees whose Looks their Sorrow show. Here Plute (Fove of the infernal Throne) Saw me, as I was walking all alone. He saw me, and was pleas'd; for his Desire At any Face, or white or black, takes fire; Ah! if you knew him but so well as I, He's an unsatiable Deity. Who make the Armana He never stands a tender Maid to woe, and to wall But cruelly by Violence falls to. He caught me, though I fled, till out of Breath I was: I thought he wou'd ha' been my Death. What cou'd I do? his Strength was far above Mine; he the Strength has of his Brother Jove.

⁽r) Ovid Metam, lib. 10,

In thort, Me to a fecret Cave he led, And there the Ravisher got my Maiden head; But in the midft of all his Wickedness, (How it fell out the Poets don't express, Nor can you think that I, poor Creature, well The Cause, at such a time as that cou'd tell) and the Lo! Proferpine, his Wife, came in, and found My wretched Limbs all profrate on the Grounds - hand She no Excule wou dihear, nor me again would be Let rife ; but faid, There fix'd I fhou'd remain. She spake, and ffraight my Body I perceiv'd, (Each Limb diffolv'd) of all its Strength bereav'd. My Veins are all ftraight rooted in the Earth (From whence my ruddy Stalk receives its Birth) A blushing Crown of Flowers adorn my Head, My Leaves are jagged, of a darkish red; And fo a lovely Bed of Mint I make, sin W as byen A In the same posture that She did me take. min had bak But the infernal Ravilher my Fate Inthought wall (Twould move a Devil) did commiserate; And, his Respect for what I was, to show, Great Virtue on my Leaves he did beftow. Rich Qualities to humble Me he gave, bed are gold doo's Of which my fragrant Smell's the leaft I have ; via both All this the Ancients underflood was true, white A o T And thence their great religious Caution grew. They thought me facred toth' infernal King, And that 'twas ominous for me to fpring In Times of Death and Danger, nor would let Me in the midft of War and Blood be fet. But they mistaken were; for I take care ill and int That others be not eaught in his frong Snare, Nor pass the Styginn Lake without gray Hair. And on the metree Count to treat thinks her

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MISSELTOE M TO BE

WElcome, thrice welcome, facred Miffeltoe! The greatest Gift, (f) Tentates does bestow. With more Religion, Druid Priefts invoke Thee, than thy facred, flurdy Sire, the Oak. Raife holy Alters from the verdant Ground, And strow your various Flowers all around: Next let the Priest, when to the (t) Gods h' has paid All due Devotion, and his Or fons made, Cloth'd all in white, by the Attendants be With Hands and Necks rais'd to the facred Tree. Where that he may more freely it receive, Let him first beg the Shrub's indulgent leave. And when h' has cut it with a golden Hook, Let the expeding Crowd that upward look, Array'd in White, the falling Treasure meet, And catch it in a pure, clean, fnowy Sheet; Then let two spotless Bulls before him lie, And with their grateful Blood the Altars die. [fing, Which when you've done, then feast and dance and And let the Wood with their lond Voices ring. Such Honour had the Miffeltoe; which Hate And Envy to it did in Gods create. mangail yandowie 10) Th' Egyptian Temples do not louder found, distributed When there again th' adored Heifer's found. Nor did the feem less Majesty to wear (If any Tree there Miffeltoe did bear) When in Dodona's Grove upon an Oak She grew; that in its hollow Oracles spoke; or this one Plant the Antients, above all, him ward to !! Protectress of their Life did think and call : 110 100 100 1 She only from the Earth loaths to be born, and and and And on the meaner Ground to tread thinks fcorn.

⁽f) Tentates and Hefus were the two greatest Gods of the Ganls.
(c) Concerning these Ceremonies, see Plin. 1. 16. 43.

Nor did she from prolifick Matter come, But like the World, from Nothing's fruitful Womb. Others are fet and grow by human Care, Her Leaves the Product of mere Nature are. Hence Serpents the of their black Stings difarms, And baffles (Man's worfe Poison) Magick (u) Charms; Besides all other kind of Maladies and a fire and and I (How numberless, alas!) that on us seize; Nor wonder, that all other Ills it beats, Torres Since the (w) Herculean Sickness it defeats, Than which none more Chimera-like appears, One part on't's dead, the other raves and tears, This Monster the subdues; hence 'twas believ'd, (And truly though 'twas falle, it was receiv'd On no bad grounds) that leffer Monsters the Cou'd make the Trophies of her Victory. The Antients thought for in the Infancy O'th' World, they then knew nought of Fallacy. Nor was the then thought only to defend And guard Life's Fort, but Life it felf to lend, Ev'n the Womb's fruitful Soil t' improve and mend. For what Soil barren to that Plant can be. Which without Seed has its Nativity? Or what to her close that and lock'd can feem, That makes th' obdurate Oaks hard Entrails teem ? That from a Tree comes forth in Pangs and Pain. Like the Athenian Goddels from Jove's Brain. But if that's true which antient Bards have writ, (For though they're antient (x) Bards I question it) I wonder not, that Miffeltee's fo kind To us, fince her the Ties of Nature bind. For Men of old, (if you'll believe 'twas fo) Born out of Oaks, were the first Misseltoe.

. Survey of the (a)

⁽n) It averts Charms being tied to the Neck, Cluf,

⁽w) The Falling-Sickness,

⁽x) Virg. Juven. Staties.

CELANDINE

OFE how the yellow (y) Gall the delug'd Eyes, And Saffion- Jaundice the whole Visage dies. That Colour, which on Gold we think fo fair; That hue which most adorns the tressed Hair is selded When, like a Tyrant, it unjustly gains indiana woll) Anothers Throne, and there usurping reigns; ow woll It frightful grows, and far more Beauty lacks de sont Than, with their Saddle-Nofes, dusky Blacks. So, I suppose, to the Gods Eyes the Soul and and and O'th' Mifer looks; as yellow and as foul. For if with Gold alone the Soul's inflam'd, which has It has th' Aurigo, from the Metal nam'd. 1 blon to This the Almighty Gods can only cure, I sale b'koo And Reason, more than Herbs, our Minds secure. But the outward faundice does our Help implore When with Gall-Floods the Body's dy'd all o'er. I cannot tell what others do; but I Give to that Jaundice prefent Remedy; Nor do I rashly undertake the Cure, I an Affistant have, that makes me fure and the than W Nature's own Parent gives me my Command. W O See, here's her own (2) Sign manual, here's her Hand. Through Leaves, and Stalk, and Roots themselves it

The yellow Blood through my whole Body flows.

Whoever me diffects, would think, nay fwear,

O'erflown with Gall I fick o'th' faundice were.

Mean time my Skin all o'er is fresh and green,

And Colour good, as in an Herb you've feen.

(z) The Signature.

⁽¹⁾ A Decoction hereof with White wine and Annifeeds, is faid to be excellent against the Jaundie. Matthielus says it will cure the same, being applied to the Soles of the Feet.

Upon the Same.

EN thousand Bleffing may the Gods beffow Upon thee, tuneful (a) Swallow! and ne er show, Which thou halt fuffer'd for fo long a rime. For that the Ule of a choice Plant thou it taught, Which ne'er before (b) blind Man had feen or fought. Of thee large Rent now ev'ry House receives, For th' Nests which they to thee let under th' Eaves. The painted Springs whole Train on thee attend, Yet nought thou feeft which thou canft more commend. For this it is that makes thee all things fee, This Plant a special Favour has for thee. When thou com'ft, th' others come; that wo'nt fuffice; At thy return away This with thee flies. Yet we to it must more Engagements own; Tis a small thing to healthe Eyes alone is or side Ten thousand Torments of our Life it cures, tou on van I From which good Fertune you, bleft Birds, Iccures. The (c) Gripes, by its approach, it mitigates, And Tortures of an aching Tooth abates, And you and The golden Jaundice quickly it defeats, and to show by A And with gift Arms at his own Weapons bears: Janudice, which Morhus Regins they call From a King, but fally; 'tis tyrannical. Foul Ulcers too that from the Body bud, if hard you all This dries and drains off all their putrid Blood, drive bal At gaping wounds one Lip, like any Brother, too od'T Approaches nearer, and falutes the other. 217100 10 Nor do thy Shankers now, foul Luft! remain, But all thy fhealing Scabs rub off again. A sought 1 -A

to Lenner, a Priend to Final and her Affect.

⁽a) Alluding to the Fable of Philamel turn'd into a Smallow.

(v) The extraordinary Faculty of this Herb in healing the Eyes, is faid to have been found out by the Swallow, who cures its Young therewith the swallow of the Swallow o

The burning Cancer, and the Tetter, fly, Whilst all hot, angry, red Biles sink and dry. Diseases Paint wears off, and Places, where The Sun once printed Kisses, disappear. Purg'd of all Blemishes, the smiling Face Is cleaner far, and smoother than its Glass. Kind Friend to th' Eyes! who gives not only Sight, But with it also Objects that delight. She may be seen, as well as some to see, Whatever Woman's doubly blest by thee: The gaudy Spring by thy Approach is known, And blooming Beauties thy Arrival own.

ROCKET

7 OU! who in facred (d) Wedlock coupled are, (Where all Joys fawful, all Joys feemly are) Ben't shie to eat of my Leaves heartily, They do not Hunger only fatisfy. They'll be a Banquer to you all the Night, On them the Body chews with fresh Delight, But you, chaft Lads, and Girls, that he alone, 110 1 but A And none of Love's Enjoyments yet have known, Take care, and stand aloof, if you are wife; Touch not this Plant, Venus her Sacrifice; I bring a Poison for your Modefties. In my Grass, like a Snake, blind Cupid lies, And with my Juice his deadly Weapons dyes. The God of Gardens no Herb values more, Or courts, presents, or does himself devour. This is the reason, hot Priapus, why, As I suppose, you itch so constantly : And that your Arms still ready are to do The wicked Business that you pur 'em to.

⁽d) Rocket is hot and dry. in the third Degree, of a contrary Nature to Lessuce, a Friend to Venus and her Affairs.

Let him who Love would fhun, from me remove, Says (e) Nafo, that Hippocrates in Love. Yet to his Table I was duly ferv'd, Who me, choice Dainty, to himself referv'd. Prove that from Love he ever would be free, More chaft than Lettuce I'll confent to be. The Praise of Chastity let others keep, And gratify the widow'd Bed with Sleep. Action's my Task, bold Lovers to engage, And to precipitate the sportive Rage. Frankly I own my Nature, I delight In Love unmix'd, and reftless Appetite. From curing Maladies I leek no Fame, (Though ev'n for that I might put in my (f) Claim) Fuel I bring, that Pleasure may not cease: Take that from Life, and Life is a Disease. If thus you like me, make me your Repast, I would not gratify a Stoick's Tafte. If Morals gross and crude be your delight, Marsh-Weeds can best oblige your Appetite. Go from my Book, foul Bawd of Pleafure, go, (For what have I, lewd Bawd, with thee to do?) From these chast Herbs, and their chast Poet flee, Us thou offend'st, and w'are asham'd of thee. With such a Prostitute to come in view. Chaft Matrons think a Sin and Scandal too: Blushes pale Water-Lilies Cheeks o'erspread, To be with thee in the same Volume read. Who still the sad Remembrance does retain, How, when a (g) Nymph, in thee she gorg'd her Bane. That very Night t' Alcides Arms betray'd, Through thy deceitful Force, the yielding Maid. While I but mention thee (who would believe?) And but thy Image in my Thoughts conceive;

(2) See Wa er-Lily.

⁽e) Ovid, de Rem. Amor. lib. 2.

⁽f) Its Medicinal Virtues fee Plin. lib, 20, 13.

Through all my Bones I felt thy Lightning move, The fure fore-runner of approaching Love. With this, of old, he us'd t'attack my Senfe, Before the dreadful Fight he did commence. But Love and Luft I now alike deteft, My Muse and Mind with nobler Themes possess. Lascivious Plant, some other Poet find, For Ovid's or Catullus Verle delign'd : For thou in mine shalt have no Place at all, Or in the Lift of pois nous Herbs shalt fall. The Flames of Lust of Fuel have no need, His Appetite without thy Sauce can feed. Love, in our very Diet, finds his way, And makes the Guards, that should defend, betray Our other Ills permit our Herbs to cure, Venus; we plague enough in thee endure. Those Plants which Nature made of Sex devoid, Improperly are in thy Work employ'd. Yet Venus too, much skill'd in impious Arts; Thefe foreign Aids to her own Use converts. Who'd think green Plants, with conftant Dew Supply'd, (Life's Friends delign'd) fuch mortal Flame fhou'd hide? What wonder therefore, if when Monarchs feaft, Luft is of Luxury the constant Guest. When (b) He, who with the Herd on Herbage fed. Could find her lurking in the verdant Bed.

(h) Pythogoras, near own of own fath in sport this ad a T

The End of the First Book.

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PLANTS.

BOOK II.

TBELE's (i) Holy Mysteries now begin; Hence all you Males; for you it is a Sin One Moment in this hallow'd Place to flay, You jibing Males who no Devotion pay. Into the Female Secrets do not pry, Or them at least pretend you don't descry. "Tis rude that Sex t' inspect too narrowly, Whose Out-fide with such Beauties treats the Eye. Auspicious Glory of th' enlighten'd Sky, More facred than thy Brother's Deity, With thy whole Horns, kind Luna! favour me, And let thy crescent Face look luckily. Thee many Names and Offices adorn, By (k) thy kind Aid, poor tender Babes are born: Thou eafest Women when their Labour's hard, And the Womb's vital Gates, you, Jana, guard. The menstruous Courses you bring down, and them, Changing, convert into a milky Stream. Women, unconstant as the Sea, you bind To Rules; both flow according to thy Mind. Oh! may the Rivulets of my Fancy glide By the fame fecret Force which move the Tide.

(i) This Book treating only of Female Plants, is dedicated to Cybele, at whose Mysteries no Man ought to be present.

⁽k) The Moon is call'd Lucina, the Goddels of Midwifery; and Jana, as the Sun Janus, and Mana, as the is the Governels of Womens mentious Courses,

Be thou the Midwife to my teeming Brain, And let it fruitful be, as free from Pain.

It was the time, when April decks the Year, And the glad Fields in pompous Garbs appear; That the recruited Plants now leave their Beds, And at the Sun's Command dare shew their Heads. How pleas'd they are the Heav'ns again to fee! And that from Winter's Fetters they are free! The World around, and Sifters whom they love, They view; fuch Objects fure their Smiles must move. Straight their great Work the diligent Nation ply, And Bus'ness mind amidft their Luxury. Each one contends with all her might and main, Each Day an higher verdant Crown to gain. Each one does Leaves with beauteous Flow'rs pro-And haftens to be fit for human Use. Equipp'd, they make no flay, but one and all, Intent upon th' Affair, a Council call. Each Tribe (for there are many) as of old Their Custom was, a separate Council hold. They're near a Thousand Tribes; their Minutes well An hundred Clerk-like Tongues can fcarcely tell. Nor could I know them (for they don't reveal Their facred Acts, but cautiously conceal) Had not my Laurel told me (whose Tribes Name (1) The Female's stil'd) which fummon'd thither came. The Secrets of the House she open laid, Telling how each Herb spoke, and what it said. Ye gentle, Florid part of human Kind, (To you, and not to Men, I fpeak) pray mind My Words, and them most stedfastly believe, Which from the Delphic Laurel you receive. [bright, Twas Midnight (whilft the Moon, at Full, shone And her Cheeks feem'd to fwell with moisten'd Light)

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⁽f) Gyntecitis.

When on the loofen'd Roots the Plants that grow In the Oxford Gardens, did to Council go; And fuch, I mean, as fuccour Womens Pains; Orpheus, you'd think, had mov'd them by his Strains. They met upon a Bed, neat smooth and round, And foftly fate in Order on the Ground, Mugwort first took her Place (at that time she The President of the Council chanc'd to be) Birthwort, her Predecessor in the Chair, Next fate, whose Virtues breeding Women share. Then Baum, with Smiles and Pleasure in her Face, Without regard to Dignity, took place. Tyme, Sav'ry, Wormwood, which looks ruggedly, Sparagus, Southernwood, both He and (m) She, And (n) Crocus too, glad fill foft Maids to cheer, Once a fad Lover, merry does appear. And thou (o) Amaracus, who a trifling Ill Didst mourn, when thou the fragrant Box didst spill Of Ointment, in this Place, now far more sweet, Than the occasion of thy Death dost meet. There Lilies with red Peonies find a Room, And purple Violets the Place perfume. Yea, noisome (p) Devils-turd, because the knows Her worth, into that fweet Affembly goes, hall had The milky Lettuce too does thither move, And Water lily, though a Foe to Love. Sweet Ladies-glove, with flinking Horebound come, And kind Germander which relieves the Womb. Poley and Calamint, which on Mountains dwell, But against Frost and Snow are guarded well.

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there eight your Langett Loring a council a

⁽m) Lavender Cotton.

⁽m) Lavender Cotton.
(n) i. e. Soffron, Crocus was a Boy that dy'd for Love, and was turn'd into Soffren.

⁽e) The Name of a B y that fpile a Box of (weet Ointmen; and was turn'd into Sweet Marjoraro.

⁽p) If a Dog tastes it he ll run mad. Plin.

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Next vital Sage, well-join'd with wholfom Rue, And Flower-de-luce, nam'd from its splendid hue di al Then Hartwort (much more grateful to the Deer bak Than Dittany) with wild Carrots enters there. Confound and Plantain; frugal (9) Herbs are they, Who all things keep fafe under Lock and Key. And Master-wort, whose Name Dominion wears, With her who an (r) Angelick Tirle bears. Lavender, Corn-rose, Peny-royal fate, And that which Cars (f) effects fo delicate. After a while, flow-pac'd, with much ado, Ground-pine, with her short Legs, crept thither too. Behind the reft, Camemile could not flay. Through Stone and craggy Rocks the cut her way. From Spanish Woods the wholsom (t) Vett'ny came, The only Glory of the Vettons Name. vol bit a son O Minerva's Plant did likewife thither hie, words ba A And was Companion to Mercury, a nadw amon house There Scarlet Mudder too a Place did find, Drawing a Train of its long Root behind. Thither at last too Dittany did repair, Half-starv'd, and griev'd to leave the Cretan Air. With her the bold ftrong Sow-bread came along; And Hundreds more, in thort, to them did throng. Many befides from th' Indies crofs'd the Main Plants, that of our chill Clime did much complain. But Oxford's Fame, through both the Indies told, Eas'd all their Cares, and warm'd the nipping Cold: The Pigmy and Gigantick Sons o'th' Wood. Betwixt all these in equal Spaces stood; Spreading their verdant Glories round above, Which did Delight and Admiration move. The Scarlet Oak, that Worms for Fruit brings forth. Which the Hefperian Fruit exceed in Worth,

⁽q) They are binding. (r) Angelica. (f) Cat-Mint. (r) Betony, call'd Vetonica; from a People in Spain that found it out, and are memorable only upon that score; Was

Was there, good Womens Maladies to eafe, And Sprains, which we as truly call, Difeafe. Her treacheroully the loy does embrace, And kills the Tree with Kindness in her Face. Hardly, in nobler Scarlet clad, the Rofe, The Envy of those stately Berries grows. Near which the Birch her rigid Arms extends, And Savine which kind Sinners much befriends. Next them the Beech with Limbs fo strong and large, With the Bush purchas'd at so small a Charge; Nor did the Golden Quince herself conceal, Or (u) Myrrh, whose Wounds distemper'd Mortals heal. Laftly (ye Plants whom I forget to name Excuse me) Juniper too thither came, And Laurel, sacred to the Sons of Fame. Such reverend Heads did the grave Senate fill: The Night was ealm, all things were hush'd and still : Each Plant, with liftening Leaves flood mute to hear Their Pres'dent speak, and these her Dicates were.

MUGWORT [the President, begins.]

A Fter long Cold, grave Matrons! in this Place,
For th' Good of ours, I hope, and human Race,
This facred Garden, we, whilst others sleep,
Blest April's facred Nights come here to keep.
Our Thanks to Thee, great Father, Sun! we pay,
And to thee, Luna! for thy nursing Ray;
Who the bright Witness art of what we say.
But the short Moments of our Liberty
(Who fetter'd at Day-break again must lie)
Let us improve, and our Affairs attend,
Norfestal Hours, like idle Mortals, spend.
'Tis fit at this time we shou'd truly live,
When Winters us of half our Life deprive.

^{(&}quot;) It is cut, that the Gum may flow forth.

Come then, from uleful Pains make no delay, Winter will give you too much time to play. How many Focs Fove has to you affign'd, And what a Task you in the Conquest find. By numerous and great Fatigues you've try'd. And to th' opprest kind Aid have oft supply'd. You're generous, noble, Female Plants, nor ought The Glory of your Sex, cheap to be bought. The felf-same Battles you must wage again, Which will as long as teeming Wombs remain; But that to War you may securer go, 'Tis fit the Foes and your own Strength you know. -Call the bright Moon to witness what you fay, Whilst each such Tributes to their Country pay. Let each one willingly both teach and learn, Nor let that move their Envy or their Scorn. And first, I think, upon the menstruous Source. My conftant Task, 'tis fit we shou'd discourse. From what original Spring that Nilus goes, Or by what Influx it to oft o'erflows; What will reffrain, and what drive on the Tide. And what Goods, or what Mischiefs in it glide. See you its secret Myfferies difclose, A thing fo weighty 'tis no shame t' expose. She spake, the rest began, and hotly all, As Scholars use, upon the Bufiness fall.

PENNT-ROTAL.

T

First Penny-royal, to advance her Fame,
(And from her Mouth a grateful Odour came)
Tells'em, they say, how many Ills that Source
Threatens, whene'er it stops its purple Course.
That foggy Dulness in the Limbs attends.
And under its own weight the Body bends.
Things ne'er so pleasant once, now will not please,
And Life it self becomes a mere Disease.

Ulcers and Inflammations too it breeds, And dreadful, bloody Vomiting succeeds.

The Womb now lab'ring feems to ftrive for Breath, And the Soul struggles with a short-liv'd Death. The Lungs opprest hard Respiration make, And breathless Coughs soon all the Fabrick shake. Yea the proud Foes the Capitol, in time, And all the Minds well-guarded Towers climb. Hence watchful Nights, but frightful Dreams proceed, And Minds that suffer true, false Evils breed. Droply at last the wearied Life o'erflows; Which floating from its Shipwreck'd Veffel goes. How oft, alas! poor, tender blooming Maids (Before Love's Pow'r their kinder Hearts invades) Does this lad Malady with Clouds o'ercast, Which all the longing Lovers Passion blast? The Face looks green, the ruddy Lips grow pale. Like Roses tinctur'd by a sulph'rous Gale. To Ashes, Coals, and Lime their Appetite (A loathfom Treat) their Stomach does invite. But 'tis a Sin to fay the Ladies eat Such things; those are the vile Distempers Meat. Thus Penny-royal spake (more passionate In Words, than human Voice can e'er relate) At which, they fay, the whole Affembly mov'd, Wept o'er the loss of Beauty once belov'd. So that good Company, when Day returns, The fetting of the Moon, their Mistress, mourns, She told the Means too; by what fecret Aid That conquering Ill did all the Limbs invade. Through the Wombs Arteries, faid she, it goes, And unto all the noted Paffes flows. (Whether the Wombs magnetick Pow'r's the Caufe. As the whole Body's Floods the Kidney draws; Or that the Moon, the Queen of fluid Things. Directs and rules that like the Oceans Springs.)

But if the Gates it finds fo fortify'd,

It rages and it swells; the gross Part stays, And in the neighbouring Parts dire Revels plays: Whilft the more liquid Parts do upwards rife, And into Veins of purer Nature flies. It taints the rose Channels as it goes, And all the Soil's corrupted where it flows. The Bane its Journey through the (w) Cava takes, And fierce Attacks upon the Liver makes, And Heart, whose Right-side Avenue it commands. Whilst That for fear amaz'd and trembling stands. But the Left Region so well-guarded seems, That in her Walls fafe fhe her felf efteems. Nor stops it there, but on the Lungs does seize, Where drawing Breath it felf grows a Disease. Thence through a small Propontis carried down, It makes the Port, and takes the Left-side Town. What will suffice that covetous Disease. Which all the Heart's vast Treasures cannot please? But Avarice still craves for more and more, And if it all Things don't enjoy, is poor. Th' Aorta its wild Legions next engage, Bless me! how uncontroul'd in that they rage! The distant Head and Heel no Safety knows, Through every part th' unbounded Victor flows. But as the Blood through all the Body's us'd To run, this Plague through all the Blood's diffus'd. They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt, How Life in Purple Circles wheels about, That Plant they'd his out of their Company, Which Hanvey's Circulation shou'd deny.

I

T

DITTANY.

Dittany, though cold Winds her Lips did close, Put on her Winter-Gown and up she rose. For what can hinder Grecian Plants to be Rhetorical, when they occasion see?

⁽w) Vena cava, a large Place.

For Penny-royal, painting that Disease, Her nice and quainter Fancy did not please. She spake to what the other did omit, And pleas dher self with her own prating Wit. If this dire Poisons force their duller Eyes

Can't fee, whilft in the Body warm it lies, Think with your felves how it offends the Sense, When all alone, (nay dead) if driven thence; Let Dogs or Men by chance but tafte of it (But on Dogs rather let such Mischiefs light) Madness the tainted Soul invades within, And fordid Leprofy rough cafts the Skin: Whilst panting (x) Dogs quite raving mad appear. And thirst for Water, but the Water fear; It stabs an half-Man by abortive Birth, And from the Womb (Oh! horrid) drags it forth. Now fancy Children born of fuch base Blood, Which gives the Embryo Poison 'stead of Food. Nor is this all: for Corn and Vines too know Its baneful Force, by which Fields barren grow. A Tree, once us'd to bear, its Fruit denies : If young it fades, and if new-born, it dies. Witness the loies ('tis no Shame) to you say and all What good does their medicinal Virtue do? Thou also, Rue! who all Things dost o'ercome. From this strong Venom must receive thy Doom. Plants dry and yellow, as in Autumn, grow, And Herbs, as if they had the Jaundice, show. Offended Bees with one small touch it drives (Though murm'ring to be exil'd) from their Hives. The wretched Creatures leave their golden Store, And fweet Abodes, which they must see no more. Nor do ftrong Vats their Wines within defend. Which in their very Youth draw to their end.

⁽x) Laserpitium, the Gum of which is call'd Affa fatida.

But I name Things of little Eminence; The warlike Sword it felf makes no Defence; And Metals, which so oft have won the Field, To this effeminate Distemper yield. For frequent Blood-fhed, Blood now Vengeance takes, And mortal Wounds ev'n in the Weapons makes. Beauty, the thing for which we Women love, Th' occasion of keen Swords does often prove; Let then the Female-Plague those Swords rebate, Yea, even the Mem'ry of what's so ingrate. Maids with proud Thought, alas! themselves deceive, Whilst each her self a Goddess does believe; Like Tyrants, they missise the Pow'r they have, And make their very Worshipper their Slave. But if they truly would confider Things, And think what Filth each Month returning brings. If they their cheating Glasses then wou'd mind, (Which now they think fo faithful and fo kind) How beautiful they are they needs must find. The smooth Corrupter of their Looks they taint, Which long and certain Signs at that time paint. Each Maid in that still suffers the Disgrace Of being pois ner to her own fweet Face. What an unnatural Diffemper's this, Which ev'n to their own Shadows mortal is?

Thus the; and as much more the was about To fay, the whole Assembly gave a shout. Through all the Boughs and all the Leaves around, There went an angry, loud and murm'ring Sound. For they of Womens Honour tender are, Though she thereof had seem'd to take no Care.

PLANTAIN, or WAT. BRED.

Who th' Honour of a noble House preserves:

⁽¹⁾ The many Virtues of Plantoin are to be read in Pliny and Ferneliu.

The old Phylician Themison wrote a whole Volume concerning them.

Her Nature is aftringent, which great hate Of her among Blood-letters does create. But her no Quarrels more than Words engage, Nor does she ever like mad Mortals rage, I envy not the Praises which to you, Ye num'rous Race of Leechy kind, are due. The purple Tyrant wifely you expel,. And banishing such murdering Blood, do well Proudly he o'er the vital Spirits reigns, And cruelly infults in all the Veins. Arms he of dreadful Poison bears about, And leads of Maladies a mighty Rout. But why should you such vain Additions make, And Ills already Great for greater take? Whilst you so tragically paint the Foe More dreadful, but less credible they grow. He lessens that would raise an Hero's Fame By Lies; false Praises cloud a glorious Name. One Geryon flew (a mighty Feat) and he Three Bodies had, in this I can't agree. You any Monster easily subdue; But I scarce think such monstrous Lies are true. Greek Poets, (z) Ditt'ny, you who oft have read, Keep up their Art of Lying, though they're dead .: But (a) what their Country-men once faid of you, Pray mind it, for I fear 'tis very true. Let that which (b, blafts the Corn a Goddels be: I cannot think her Courses e'er cou'd be So hurtful to the Grain. And then, I'm fure, A Vat of lufty Wine is more secure From Danger, where a thousand Damsels sit, Than if one drunken Beldam came at it. None, 'cause a taste of that rank Blood they've had, But from the Place, from whence it comes, run mad.

⁽²⁾ See Dittany.

⁽a) tpimenides Cretenfis faid, the Cretans were always Liars!

⁽b) Rubigo.

Madness of Dogs most certainly it cures, As thy own Author Pliny us affures. Whether by Womens touch the Bee's annoy'd I cannot tell; but Maids shou'd Bees avoid. Rue ought to let the fatal Blood remain Within its Veffel, and ne'er force the Vein; If for her Pains nought but her Death she gain. Thou, loy, too more careful oughtest to be Both of thy felf and thy great (c) Deity. But when the fays, Swords Edges it rebates, I cou'd rejoice, methinks, and bless the Fates, If that be all the Mischief it creates, I only wish a Beauty might remain Perfect, till that the Looking-glass wou'd stain. But I waste time____By this sufficiently These Grecian Wonders are o'erthrown, that I No Woman see of this dread Poison die.

At which the Bramble rose (whose fluent Tongue With thorny Sharpness arm'd is neatly hung)
And said, all Serpents have the Gift to be.
As much as these, from their own Venom free;
Nor wou'd the Bassisk, whose baneful Eye
All others kills, by his own Image die.
This mov'd 'em, and they quaver'd with a Smile,
Some Wind you wou'd ha' thought pass'd by the while.
For by that Cynick Shrub great Freedom's shown,
Which he by constant Use has made his own.

Way-bred at this took Pet, displeas'd, that she
By such an one shou'd interrupted be,
And sate her down; when straight before 'em all,
These Words the Rose from her fair Lips let fall;
Whilst modest Blushes beautify'd her Face,
Like those in Spring, that blooming Flowers grace.

Production of the state of the

⁽e) Bacchus, to whom the Ivy is confecrated.

The ROSE.

TOU Cretan Dittany, who such Poisons mix (For on my Kiniman Wild Rose I'll not fix) With Womens Blood; fee what a sprightly Grace, And ardent Scarlet decks their lovely Face. No Flower, no not Flora's felf to Sight Or Touch than them appears more foft and white. But at the same time also take a view Of Man's rough, prickly Limbs, and rufty Hue. You'll fay with Butchers-broom, fweet Violets grow, . And mourn that Lilies (hou'd with Brambles go. Then let their Eyes and Reason testify, Whether pure Veins their purer Limbs supply. You cannot fay that Dying-Vat is bad, From whence a florid Colour may be had. But this, you'll say, committed some Offence, Or the just Moon had never driv'n him thence. No, you're mistaken, it has done no Wrong, But all the Fault lies in its copious Throng: It's therefore from the rest, by the great Law: Of publick Safety, order'd to withdraw. So, if a Nation to such Numbers rile, That them their native Country can't fuffice; To feek new Lands some part of them are sent, And fuffer, for their Country, Banishment. But why does Woman-kind fo much abound? Oh! think not Nature e'er was lavish found. Nor does the lay up Riches to the end (Like Prodigals) the more may have to fpend. Whate'er she does is good; What then remains? No room for Doubt, the Thing it self explains. This bloody Vintage, see, lasts all the Year, And the fresh Chyle duly does Life repair: The Presses still with Juice swell to the brink, Of which their Fill, the hot Male-bodies drink.

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But temperate Women only kiss the Cup, Nor does their Heat fuck all the Liquor up-A vital Treasure for great Uses, She Lays up, left Nature shou'd a Bankrupt be. Left both the Parents shares of mingled Love Too little to beget a Child shou'd prove; Unless the Mother some Additions made, To perfect the Delign they both had laid. One part on't's red, the other white as Snow, And both from Springs of the same Colour flow. One Wood, you'd think, and t'other Stones did yield, Whilst out of both a living House they build. The former, of fuch poisoning Arts accus'd, In which you fancy Venom is infus'd, (Perhaps with this the fatal Robe was dy'd, Which Hercules had fent him from his Bride.) The tender Embryo's Body does compole, And for two Months to kind Nutrition goes. Nor is this all, but on the Mother's Breaft Again it meets the little Infant Guest. Then chang'd it comes both in its Hue and Course, Like Arethufa through a secret Source. Then from the Paps it flows in double Tides, Far whiter than the Banks in which it glides. The Golden Age, of old, fuch Rivers drank, That sprang from Dugs of e'ery happy Bank. The Candor and Simplicity of Men Deferv d the milky Food of the Infants then. How Just and Prudent is Dame Nature's Care! Who for each Age does proper Food prepare. Before the Liver's form'd, the Mother's Blood, Supplies the Babe with necessary Food. And when to work the Novice Heat first goes In its new Shop, and scarce its Business knows, Its first Imployment is in Scarlet grain (A childish Task for Learners) Milk to stain. At last in every kind its Skill it tries, And spends its self in Curiosities.

Now fay, it Venom in the Members breeds, With which the Child the careful Mother feeds. Their Bane to Infants cruel Step-dames give, Whilft Mothers fuck from better Springs de rive. But how, you'll fay, does that which Infants love, So prejudicial to their Mothers prove? 'Tis lively whilst i'th' native Womb it lies, But by the Veins flung out, decays and dies. Then shipwrack'd on the neighbouring Shore it lies, And gasping, wishes for its Obsequies. This being deny'd, new Strength it does recover, And flies in Vapours all the Body over. But what first Taste Fruits from the Tree receive. When rotten, they no natural Sign can give. So in pure Seed the Life's white Mantion stands, But furly Death corrupted Seed commands. Of Life Death's no good Witness; do not think A living Man can like a Carcals flink. But you a running Stream (that duly flows, And no Corruption by long-standing knows) To be as hurtful in their Nature hold, As if from fome corrupted Spring they roul'd. But now do you go on (for much you know Part falle, I think, part very true) and shew: If any hurtful Seeds you can defery her all your war In human Bodies, where they often lie, ... were set How quickly Nature's Orders they obey, When to the Blood the Flood-gates once give way. The Courses this, perhaps, may putrify, 'Tis dangerous to keep bad Company. Is this the Blood's Fault? I'm no Witch, I hope, Though with my Juice a Man shou'd Poison tope, . She spake, and with Ambrofial Odours clos'd Her Speech, which many there, they fay, oppos'd. At last the Laurel's Thoughts they all defired, Th Oracular Laurel's Words they all admirid. .

LAUREL.

Hat Fate which frequently attends on all Great Men, does Thee, egregious Blood, befall Some Praise what others too much Disapprove, Excessive in their Hatred as their Love. This Man in Prejudice, that in Favour lies, and to ! Whilst to their Ears a various Rumour flies. Hear Dittany; she says, each Woman's known The Moon to bring each Month with Pollons down. Nor need we mingle Herbs, or Charms, each one Medea proves in her own Blood alone, Yet the fair Rose, if all be true sh' has said, Each Woman has in that a Goddess made. From thence, the fays, Life fpins its purple Thread And tells you how the half-form'd Embryo's fed. But if my Dear Apollo be nt unkind, and golve A Nor I in vain his facred Temples bind, and now the Such Blood, nor Form, nor Nourithment supplies, And so that triumphs in false Victories. The many Reasons here I need not tell, Which me induce; this one will ferve as well: Woman's the only Animal we know, Whose Veins with such immoderate Courses flows Yet every Beaft produces Young, we fee, and the And out-does Mankind in Fertility. White woll How many do fmall Mice at one time breed! Scorning the Product of the Trojan Steed: With what a Bulk does your vast El'phant come ! She feems to have a Castle in her Womb. Thy Circuits, Luna, Conies almost tell divingual By kindling, near like thee their Bodies Swell. And yet their Young no Bank of Blood maintains, Or Nourilhment that flows from gaping Veins For when i'th' amorous War a couple vies, A living Spark from the Male's Body files,

Which the Womb's thirsty Jaws, when they begin To feel and tafte, immediately fuck in: Into Recesses which so run and wind, That them Diffecters Eyes can hardly find. In the same Chambers part o'th' Female Life Keeps; a brisk Virgin, fit to make a Wife. Them Venus joins, and with connubial Love In mingled Flames they both begin to move. There Redness caus'd by Motion you may fee, And Blood the Sign of loft Virginity. Of their Invention, Blood, they're mighty glad: And to Invention case 'tis to add, The smallest Spark 'tis easie to augment, If you can get it proper Nutriment. You need not introduce new Flames besides. Th' Elixir by this Touch, rich Store provides. All Fires (provide them Fuel) think it shame To yield to Vefta's never dying Flame. Thus the first generous Drop of Blood is bred, Which proudly feorns hereafter to be fed. With the Seeds native white at first 'tis fill'd. And takes delight with itsown Stock to build. But when that fails, then Life grows burthensome, And Aid it wisely borrows from the Womb. Herself the Stuff the borrows purifies, And of a rolle, fearlet Colour dyes .. From whom the Womb's full Paps with thirfty Lips, Into its veiny Mouths it daily fips. Look, where a Child's new born, how foon it goes, And that Food swallows, which of old it knows. Kindly it plays and smiles upon the Breast, O'erjoy'd again to find its former Feaft. Shall Nature glut her tender Young with Blood? No; that can't be their elemental Food. That fure wou'd make them favage, were it to, And all Mankind fierce Cannibals wou'd grow. I Nero's Acts cou'd hardly then dispraise, Nor wou'd Orestes Fury wonder raile.

If Mother's Blood for wretched Infants first By Heav'n's defign'd, to fatisfy their Thirst. Yet still that Flux's Cause we don't reveal, Which does to cautioufly its Spring conceal. A Female Brute whate'er her Womb contains Cherishes; yet no Moon dissolves her Veins. Some Qual'ty then we for the Cause must find Which is peculiar to the Female Kind. This is the only Thing, which I can tell, That Man in Form and Softness they excel. No Horse a Mare out-does, nor Bull a Cow; If through this lo, through that Fove may low. . . The Lions favage are both He and She, And in their Afpect equally agree. The She's no neater lick'd than rough He-Bears, to Nor fitter to adorn the flarry Spheres. She-Tygers ha'n't than Males more spotted Charms, And Sows are clean as Boars, whom Thunder arms, No painted Bird for want of Feathers fcorns Her Mate, but Heaven them both alike adorns. The Swans (who are fo downy, foft and white) Leda can scarce distinguish by the Sight. In Fishes you no Difference can see, Both in the glittering of their Scales agree. Venus in them, arm'd by their naked Sex, The Darts of Beauty needed not t' annex, In them no killing Eyes the Conquest gain, in wants Their Smell alone their Triumphs can maintain. But human Race in Flames more bright are try'd, By Reason and resplendent Heat supply'd. Nor is Fruition their Original, (A paltry, short-liv'd Joy) Oh! may they All Perille, who that alone true Pleasure call. Kind Nature Beauty has on Maids bestow'd, And with a thousand Charms all o'er endow'd. Men the with Golden Fetters chose to bind, And with fweet Force their roving Souls confin'd.

Nor Women made for bestial Delight, But with chaft Pleasure too to rape the Sight. Hence all that Blood, which after preffings squeeze Out of the groffer Chyle, as Dregs or Lees, And that, which on the Body and the Chin With dusky Clouds o'ercasts the hairy Skin; From their fair Bodies constantly she drains, And Luna her Commission for't obtains. But if those slimy Floods, by chance supprest, Excessive Heats to Nutriment digest, Manlike in time, the Womens Cheeks become, And they, poor (d) Iphis, undergo thy Doom. So (e) Phatthufa, once so smooth and fair, Wonder'd to feel her Face o'ergrown with Hair. Her Hand she often blam'd, and for a Glass She call'd to look how 'twas; but there alas! A bearded Chin and Lips she found, and then, Blaming the Glass, felt with her Hands agen. Long-looking the her own ffrange Vilage fear d. And flarted, when an unknown Voice she heard. Thus and much more (but who can all relate!) Apollo's Laurel did expatiate. Hence to the Wonders of the teeming Bed The way it felf their grave Discourses led. Then Birth-wort, Juno's Plant, the Court commands To speak, who Women lends her Midwife Hands. Willing enough to talk, her Stalk the rais'd, And her own Virtues very boldly prais'd.

(d) The Story of Iphis chang'd into a Boy on her Wedding-day, see

⁽e) Hippocrates, lib. Epidem. fays, that Phaethufa, Wife of Pithens of Abdora, having before been a fruitful Woman, upon the Banishment of her Husband, and her Courses stopping, she became hairy, and had a Beard, and her Voice grew strong and hoarse, like that of a Man, the same he writes of Nemisa the Wife of Gorippus.

BIRTH-WORT.

Reen Berries I, and Seed, and Flowers bear; I And Patronels o'th' Womb's my Character. But deeper yet, my great Perfection lies, For as my chiefest Fruit, my Root I prize. This Nature did with the Womb's Figure feal, Nor fuffer'd me its Virtues to conceal. Thence am I call'd Earth's Apple; fuch a one, As in th' Hesperian Gardens there are none. Had this (fair Atalanta!) then been thrown Before you, when you ran (I know you'll own) Now you are married, 't has fo sweet a Face, You for this sooner wou'd ha' slack'd your Pace, Than that for which you loft your Maiden Race. Hence in her own Embraces Mother Earth Retains and hugs it, where the gave it Birth, Nor trufts dull Trees with things of fo much Worth. Eafing all Births, 'tis I the Wonder prove O'th' Earth our univerfal Parents love. That Poet was no Fool, nor did he lye; Who faid, each Herb cou'd shew a Deity. Nor shou'd we Egypt's Piety despise, Which to green Gods did daily Sacrifice. Rome, why doft jeer? 'They are in Gardens born, And Vegetable Gods the Fields adorn. What's Ceres elfe, but Corn, and Bacchus, Vines? And every holy Plain with Godheads shines. And I (f) Lucina am; for I make way, And Life's ftreight Folding-Doors wide open lay. Oh! pardon, Luna! what I rashly spoke, That from my Lips such impious Words have broke. In me, in me, Lucina, you remain, And in Difguife a Goddess I contain:

⁽f) Lune and Lucine, both the same, Goddess of Midwifry, &c.

For in my Roots small Circle you inclose Part of those Virtues which your Wisdom knows. Triumphant Conquests over Death I make; Arms from my felf, but Power from thee I take; O'erseer o'th' Ways, the Body's Roads I clear, And Streets, as I that Cities Ædile were. Straight Passages I widen, Stops remove, And every Obstacle down headlong shove. The Soul and her Attendants nothing flays, But they may freely come and go their ways. I also dry each Sink and fenny Flood, Left the swift Messengers shou'd stick i'th' Mud. But to my stricter Charge committed is The pleasant, sacred way that leads to Bliss. When dawning Life Cimmerian Night wou'd leave. And its Relation Day's bright Rays perceive. I keep Death off the Womb's straight Passages, That them the watchful Foe can ne'er poffes. You'd wonder (for great Nature when the thows Her greatest Wonders, nothing greater does) Which way the narrow Womb, so void of Pain, Such an unwieldy Weight con'd e'er contain: How such a Bulk, forc'd from its native Place, Through such a narrow Avenue shon'd pass. When such cross Motions teeming Wombs attain, First to dilate, then fold themselves again: What Knots unties and folid Bones divides, And what again unites the diffant Sides. But this I cannot do, nor all the Earth, Wherever powerful Plants receive their Birth. Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters, share In this great Work, and humble Handmaids are. But God (you know) performs the chiefest part; This Work is fit for the Almighty Art. He to the growing Embryo bids the Womb Extend, and bids the Limbs for that make room ? He parts the meeting Rocks, and with his Hand They gently forth at open Order stand.

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Mean time th' industrious Infant, loth to say, Struggles, and with its Head wou'd make its way. Whilst the tormented labouring Wretch wou'd fain-Be eas'd both of her Burthen and her Pain, Them too my piercing Heat both instigates, And the inclining Quarters separates. Sometimes within his Mother's fatal Womb, Before he's born, the Infant finds his Tomb. Life from her native Soil Death's Terrors-chase, Who fertile is herself in such a Place. Th' included Carcass breaths forth dire Perfumes, And its own Grave the buried Corps confames. Strange! the prepofterous Child's his Mother's Death; And dead, deprives his living Tomb of Breath. From that fad Fate, ye Gods, chafte Women guard; And let it be Adultery's Reward. As far as in me lies, I fave the Tree, And take the Rotten Thing away with me. The Goods to drown, 'tis the best way, I think, Left in a Storm the Ship and all shou'd fink. Rash Infants often make Escapes; unbind Their Cords, and leave their Luggage all behind. Their thicker Coats and thinner Shirts they leave, And that fweet Cake where they their Food received Lucina twice poor Women then implore, Their Throes return, although the Birth be o'er. Here to the Womb again my Aid I lend, And hard as well as noisom Work attend. What I to cleanse the Passage undergo, You wot not, but, let no Man, pray you, know. For if you do, 'twill Cupid's Power impair, Nor will he fuch an Awe o'er Mortals bear. But though in me a secret Virtue lie, Of pulling (g) Darts from deepest Wound, yet I, Thy pleasant Darts kind Cupid never strove To draw; that me no Friend to th' Womb would prove.

⁽g) It draws Splinters, Scales of Bones, &c. Fernel,

In me one Virtue I my felf admire,
(Ah! who can know themfelves as they defire,)
For 'tis a Riddle; wherefore I wou'd know
How I so oft have done the thing I do.
For though I Life to human Creatures give,
Yet if he eats of me, no Fish can live.
As soon as me they taste, away they sly
Under the Water, and in Silence die.
What may the Cause of this strange Quarrel be?
I know them not, nor have they injur'd me.
No Animals than these more fruitful prove,
Whom yet I hate, though Fruitfulness I love.
The Effect is plain and easy to be found,
But deep the Cause lies rooted under Ground.

The MASTICK-TREE.

Hen Chian Maftick thus began; Laid Ihe, This fuits not with this Opportunity. To Fishes (Sifter) do whate'er you please, . Depopulate and poison all the Seas. This let that Herb beware, who back again Made Glaucus (b) Fishes bounce into the Main. Which with new Forms the watery World fupplies And changes Men into Sea-Deities. But these are Trifies ; fince curs'd Savin here, Dares in a Throng of pious Plants appear. She, who the Altars of the Womb prophanes, And deep in Blood that living Temple Stains, Impatient to be wicked, the deftroys The naked Hopes of thousand future Boys. Tis one of Wars extream and greatest Harms, To fnatch an Infant from his Mother's Arms. But here the Womb (oh ftrange!) close shut and barr'd, The Mother's very Bowels are no Guard.

⁽b) Concerning Glaucus his Fishes. See Ovid, Met. lib, 3. fab. ult.

Whilst Poisons only in a civil Rage, And lingring Ills the Step-Dame's Hands engage. Oh! fimple Colchis, rude and ignorant, Who the new Arts of Wickedness dost want! Medea, Savin knows a better way, Than thy Medea-Children to destroy. Thou, Progne! know'ft not how Revenge to take, Let ltys live; thy Stay amends will make. Lie with thy Husband, though against thy Will, Let thy swell'd Womb with Hopes fierce Terens fill. When you are ripe for Hate, let Savin come, . And dress the fatal Banquet in your Womb. The reeking Bits let thy curst Husband take, And Meat of thine and his own Bowels make. Abortion caus'd for Spite's a generous Crime, Th' Effect of Pleasure at the present time. Officious Savin is at the Expence Of so much Wit and so much Diligence; To make the lewdest Whore most chast appear, That of her Crimes no Token the may wear. To make her Lechery frugal, and provide That thy Apartment, Luft, ben't made too wide. The Wrinkles from her Belly to remove, Which, with Difgrace, may her a Mother prove. If Men shou'd all conspire with such a Plant, The whole World foon Inhabitants wou'd want. You then the Brute alone in vain wou'd see, And no Employment for your Art won'd be. But you, who featch the rapid, wheeling Days, And Fate beguile with Art and sweet Delays; You, verdant Constellations here below, To whom their Birth and Fate all Mortals owe; Do you take care this Tree-like Hag to burn, Who makes the Womb the Infants living Urn. Let Nature's mortal Foe receive her Doom, And with moist Laurel purge the rainted Room. Or let her live in Crete, her native Home, And with her Virtues purge Pastphae's Womb.

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There two Miscarriages she might ha' made
At once; oh! Prize, now never to be had!
But I suppose she never wou'd ha' torn,
Or kept that hopeful (i) Monster from b'ing born;
For seven Boys, whose Death to her was dear,
That half-Man was to swallow e'ery Year.
Haste, Savin! home to Crete; we won't complain,
Though Ditt'ny too, with thee, return again.

At this they were divided; and the Sound Of various Murmurs flew the Court around. Whilst sharpned Leaves did Savin's Anger show, As when a Lion bristles at his Foe. Those three Degrees of Heat which she before From Nature had, her Anger now made four.

SAVIN.

Hou, wretched Shrub, (in passionate Tones) said Doft thou pretend to be my Enemy? Doft thou, a Plant, which through the World is known. Disparage? All Mankind my Virtues own. Whilst thou for hollow (k) Teeth a Med'cine art, And scarcely bear'ft in Barbers Shops a part. Go, hang thy Tables up, to shew thy Vows, And with thy Trophies load thy bending Boughs. Among the Monuments of thy Chivalry, The greatest, some old, rotten Tooth will be. What? 'cause thy Tears stop weeping Rheum, and lay A Damm, which Currents of Defluxions stay, Doft think thy Force can keep the Womb fo right, As to rettrain Conception's liquid Flight? No fure; but thou by Cheats a Name haft lought, And wou'dst, though vile thou art, too dear be bought? By false Pretences you on Fame impose, But I the Truth of what I am disclose.

⁽i) The Minotaur.

⁽⁴⁾ Mastich is good for the Toothach.

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Children, I own, I from the Belly wrest; Go now, of my Confession make your best. I own, I say; nor canst thou for thy Heart, Though thou more tender than the Mother wert, Prevent me with thy Tears or all thy Art, Thee let the pregnant Mother eat, and fence With thee her Womb; with Pitch and Frankincense; A Loadstone too about her let her bear; (That I suppose, does thy great Virtues wear.) For that, we know, (1) fix'd to their native place, Retains the Iron-feeds of human Race. Let Emeralds and Coral her adorn, And many Jaspers on her Fingers worn; With Diamonds and Pearl, Child of a Shell, Whose Fish herself and that, secures so well. But above all, let her the Eagle's Stone Carry, and two of them, not only one. For nothing strengthens Nature more, than that; Nothing the Womb does more corroborate. Let her do all, yet all shall prove in vain, If once Accels to her my Juices gain. I own it; nor will I ungrateful be To bounteous Nature, left I anger thee, Though thou haft done thy worff to anger m 'Tis Nature's Gift, whose Wildom I efteem Much more than thine, though thou a Cato feem. Into the Womb by flealth I never creep, Nor force my felf on Women when they fleep. I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropt be feen In Gardens always growing, fresh and green. I'm gather'd, pounded, and the untimely Blow Must give, which I my felf first undergo. You juftly blame Medea, but, for fhame, The guiltless Knife she cut with, do not blame.

⁽¹⁾ Sennertus, and other Phylicians, recommended these Stones to be held in the Hand, or otherwise applied to those who fear Abortion.

The list ning Trees will think thee drunk with Wine, If thou of Drunkenness accuse the Vine Nor this bare Pow'r do I to Heaven owe, Which greater Virtue did on me bestow. For I the Courses and the After birth, With the dead Members deadly Weight, bring forth. Poor Infants from their native Goal I free, And with aftonish'd Eyes the Sun they see. But nothing can they fee worth so much Pain, And wou'd return into the Dark again. They wish my fatal Draught had come before, E're the great Work of Life was yet quite o'er. That which you call a Crime, I own to be, But you must lay't on Men, and not on me. Ah! what at first wou'd tender Infants give (When newly form'd they scarce begin to live) For this, if possibly they cou'd but know, Through what a Passage they must after go? Ah! why did Heav'n (with Reverence let me fay) Into this World make fuch a narrow Way? You'd think the Child, by's Pains, to Heav'n fhou'd go, Whilst he, through Pain's born to a World of Woe, Through deadly Struggles he receives his Breath, And Pangs i'th' Birth resemble those of Death. Mothers the Name of Mothers dearly buy, And purchase Pleasure at a Rate too high. But thou, Child-bearing Woman, who no Eafe Canst find, (tormented with a dear Disease) Whole tortur'd Bowels that fweet Viper gnaws, That living Burthen of thy Rack the Caule) Take but my Leaves, with speed, their Virtue try, In them, believe me, fovereign Juices lie.) Thy Barriers they by Force foon open lay, And out o'th' World, 'tis scarce a wider Way. The Infant ripe drops from the Boughs, and cries, The whilst his half-dead Mother silent lies; But hearing him, the foon forgets her Pain, And thinks to do that pleasant Trick again.

But thou, on whom the filver Moons moist Rays (For the Womb's Night its Lady Moon obeys) No Influence have, I charge thee do not take My Leaves, but hafte, though loaded, from em make. Down from the Trees by my Force shaken, all The Fruits, though ne'er so green, and sour, fall. (This I foretel you, left, when you're aggriev'd, You then shou'd say, by me you are deceiv'd.) For innocent Girls fin fore against their Will, None ever wish'd her Womb a Child might fill. Yet if I were not in the World, they wou'd Incline to do the Fact, but never cou'd. But many other Plants the same can do, Wherefore, if Banishment you think my due, (m) Companions in it I shall have I know, And into Crete a Troop of us shall go. Thou, Myrrh! for one shalt go, who heretofore For Lewdness punish'd, now deserv'st the more. But thou, though lewd, didft not prevent the Birth, Though 'twas a Crime to bring the Infant forth. And All-beal too, who Death affrights, must pack, With Galbanum and Gum Armoniack. And Benzoin to Cyrenians never fold, Unless they brought the sweeter Smell of Gold. Ground-pine and Saffron too will Exiles prove. Saffron, once Crocus, yellow dy'd by Love. Madder, and Colloquintida with me, And Dragon too, the Cretan Shore must see: And Sowbread too, whose secret Darts are found, Child-bearing Women distantly to wound. And Rue, as noble a Plant as any's here, Phylick to other things, is Poison there. What shou'd I name the reft? We make a Throng, Thou, Birthwort too, with us must troop along. Nor must you, President, behind us stay, Rife then, and into Exile come away.

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^{(&}quot;) Plants that procure Abortion.

She ended with great Favour and Applause; And there's no doubt but she obtain'd the Cause. Then Mugwort next began, whose awful Face Check'd all their Stirs, and Silence fill'd the Place.

MUGWORT [the Prefident.]

IF the green Nation, Sifter, banish thee, will advised T I'll go along, and bear thee Company, and the . so'Y It we for Womens Faults must bear Difgrace, of the We, the (n) Echolicks, are a wretched Race. On her Head let it (if a Woman shall To her own Bowels prove inhuman) fall, Not part of Death's fad Penalties, but all. Man all. Why are we fent for at untimely Hours? at a will well That Day, when lucky (a) Juno comes, is outs. She's wicked, and deferves the worft of Fates, de and) Who to ill Ends that time anticipates on aming! 104 For the admitted Inice knows no Delay, a dilegge and But toroid as it is, will force its way; was all off ha A Nor is it hard a Fabrick to confound, plan ? served off Ill fix'd within it felf or to the Ground ton band al A Ship, well tackled, which the Winds may fcorn, 19. I Ill rigg'd, away by ev'ry Guft is born wore mail of T The Elements of Life what can't o'erthrow? No wonder : Life it felf's an empty Show. Sometimes it smells a Candle's (p) Snuff, and dies; The weaker Fume before the ftronger flies. Jan A wolf Let Cafar round the Globe with's Eagles fly, wolf and And grieve with Jove to there Equality. say how berook Yet what a Trifle might ha been his Deather , wint V A Preventing all his Triumphs with his Breath.

cause Abortion.

(e) The Goddess of Child bearing.

(p) The Smell of a Candle's Snuff, his said, will make Women milcarry.

⁽n) Echolick, i. e. fuch Medicines as bring away dead Children, or cause Abortion.

(o) The Goddess of Child-bearing.

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One Farthing Candle by its dying Flame, Wou'd have deprived the World of his great Name; Nor had we had fuch numerous Supplies Of mighty Lords and new found Deities. Thou, Alexander, too might'ft fo ha' dy'd, (How well the World that Smell had gratify d.) Thou, who a petty King o'th' Universe, Thought'ft with thy lelf alone thou didft converse. Yea, the same Chance might have removed from us, Both thee, Jour's Son, and thy Bucephalus. And if thy (4) Groom his Candle out had flept, (r) Bucephala he from being built had kept. So flight a Stink, you'd fearce think this shou'd do, Unless the Nicents of the Womb I knew. How thy it is of an ungrateful Smell, You, by its fecret Coynels know full well. (But that's no Prudence in it ; fince that Place For Pleasure no good Sirnation has:) But greedily sweet things it meets half way, And into its own Bosom does convey. The fecret Caufe of which Effect to find Is hard; nor have the Learned it allign d. Let's fee if any thing farther we can fay: The Night grows late, and now 'tis toward Day. Wherefore a thousand Wonders that remain Concerning Child-birth, us may entertain : I'th' next Atlembly, when we meet again. You, Myrrb! who from a Line of Monarchs came, The Glory of their angry (f) Father's Name; Sacred and grateful to the Gods; again . A Virgin, and shalt always to remain;

(1) Cynaras, King of Cyprus, See the Story of his Daughtet Myrrha.

⁽⁹⁾ The Stepch of a Snuff of a Candle, is faid also to cause Abortion in Marcs.

⁽r) A City built in Memory of Bucephalus, Horse to Alexander the Great, and called by his Name.

Book II.

You know the Secrets of the Female kind, And what you know, I hope, can call to mind. Then furely you the Nature of a Smell, Among the Odours born, must clearly tell. Besides, when formerly their Reason strove, Weak as it was, to cope with conquering Love; You in the middle of the Fight wou'd fall, They fay, and lie in (t) Fits Hysterical. Come then, let's hear what you at last can say? Speak, modest Myrrb! why do you fo delay? Why do the Teats run down thy Bark fo faft? Thou need'st not blush for Faults to long time past. Ah! happy Faults, that can fuch Tears produce. Which to the World are of fuch Sovereign Ufe. No Woman e'er deserv'd before this time So much for Virtue, as thou for a Crime.

MTRRH.

A T last when Myrrh had wip'd her od'rous Tears, Putting aside her Leaves, her Face and Head she Then the began, but blush'd, and stopp'd anon, frears. Nor could she be intreated to go on. So a dry Pump at first will hardly go, From whence a River by and by will flow. 'Tis known, the Female Tribe of all that live, Above the rest is far more talkative; And that a Plant who was a Maid before, Speaks faster much than all the rest, and more. Her Story therefore gently the begins, And with her Art upon the Audience wins. Her Wars with unchaft Love the reckon'd o'er, For fear of doing Ill, what Ills she bore: She told how oft her Breafts her Hands had try'd To fab, whilft chaft, fair Myrrba might ha' dy'd.

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⁽t) i. e, Fits of the Mother.

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How long and oft unequally with Love, with war to Who, even Goddesses subdu'd, she strove, And many Things besides, which I'll not name, Since (u) Ooid with more Wit has faid the same. Then of the Womb's intolerable Pains (Sh' had felt them) fadly the, tis faid, complains. Had I an hundred fluent Womens Tongues, Or made of sturdy Oak, a pair of Lungs. The Kinds and Forms, and Names of cruel Fate, mo And monstrous Shapes I hardly could relate; What meant the Gods, Life's native Seat to fill With such a numerous Host, so arm'd to kill? What is it, Pleasure! guards Man's Happiness? If thy chief City, Pain, thy Foe possels. But me my Laurel told; then most she rail'd. When the fad Fits o'th' Mother the bewail'd, Woe to the Body's wretched Town (faid she) When the Wombs Fort contains the Enemy! Thence baneful Vapours every way they throw, Which rout the conquer'd Soul where-e'er they go. The Troops of flying Spirits they deftroy. As Stenches from (w) Avernus Birds annoy. If they the Stomach feize, the Appetite's gone, And Tasks defign'd by Veins lie by half-done. No Meats it now endures, much less requires, And the crude Kitchin cools for want of Fires. If they the Heart invade, that's Walls they shake, And in the vital Work Confusion make; New Waves they thither bring, but those the Vein, Which Vena Cava's call'd, bears back again. The Art'ries by weak Pullings notify, Or else by none, the Soul's then passing by. By that black Cloud all Joy's extinguish'd quite, And Hopes, that make the Mind look gay and bright,

(a) Metam. 1, 10.

(w) A noisome Lake, over which, if Birds flew, they were often choak'd with the Stench of it,

So when grim Stygian Shades, they fay, appear; The Candles tremble, and go out for fear. Grief, Fear, and Hatred of the Light invade Their Heart, the Soul a Scene of Trouble's made. Then ftraight the Jaws themselves, the torturing Ill With deadly, firangling Vapours frives to fill. T' Etberial Air it never shews Defire, and abail But Salamander-like, lives all on Fire. Sometimes these restless Plagues the Head do seize, And rifle all the Soul's rich Palaces. In barbarous Triumph led, then Reason stands, Hoodwink'd, and manacled her Eyes and Hands. For the poor Wretch a merry Madness takes, And her fad Sides with doleful Laughter shakes. Her Dreams (in vain awake) the tells, and thole, If no body admire, amaz'd the thows. She fears, or threatens every thing she spies; A piteous, she, and dreadful Object, lies. One seems to rave, and from her sparkling Eyes Fierce Fire darts forth; another throbs and cries. Some Death's exacteft Image feizes, for That Sleep compar'd to that like Life wou'd show. A folid Dulness all the Senses keeps and you tall like the Lock'd up; no Soul of Trees more foundly fleeps. Her Breath, if any from her Nostrils go, The Down from Poppy. Tops wou d hardly blow. If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd fay, Two dead ones there, or two Hysterick lay. 30 a. a. 132 A. But then ('tis frange, and yet we must believe it is What we from long Experience receive) to o yournel and I Under her Nose strong-smelling Odours lay, d liw books The other Vapours these will chase away. Burn Partridge Feathers, Hair of Man or Beaft, Horns, Leather, Warts, that Horses Legs molest : All these are good, but what strange Accident First found them out, or cou'd such Cures invent? Burn Oil, that Nature from hard Rocks diffils, it list And Sulphur, which all things with Odour fills. I will

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To which the flinking Affa you may add, And Oil which from the Beaver's Stones is had. Through Pores, Nerves, Arteries, and all they go, And throng t' invade the labouring Womb below. But that each Avenue, which upward lies, al month and With Mounds and strong built Rampires fortifies. Then being contracted to a narrower Place, (For Force decays, spread in too wide a Space.) No Humours foul, or Vapours there must stay, But out it purges them the lower Way. On Foreign Parts now no Affaults the makes, But Care of her domestick Safety takes. Cartbage to Hann'bal now fends no Supply, To break the Force of distant Italy. When from their Walls with Horror they descry The threatning Roman Darts and Eagles fly. This for the Nose, the Womb then you must please, With fuch fweet Odonrs as the Gods appeale. With Cinnamon, and Goat-bread, Lodanum, With healing Balfam and my oily Gum, Civet, and Musk, and Amber too apply, (Scarce yet well known to human Industry) With all that my rich, native Soil supplies, Such Fumes as from the Phænix Nest arise, Nor fear from Gods to take their Frankincense, In such a pious Case, 'tis no Offence. Then shalt thou see the Limbs faint Motions make, A certain Sign that now the Soul's awake. Then will the Guts with an unusual Noise, The Enemy o'erthrown, feem to rejoice. Blood will below the fecret Passage Stain, And Arteries recruited beat again. Oft, glad to fee the Light, themselves the Eyes Lift up; the Face returning Purple Dyes; One Jaw from tother with a Groan retires, And the Difeste it felf, like Life, expires. At hone fi

Tell me, fweet Odours, tell me what have you with Parts fo diffant from the Nose to do?

Or what have you, ill Smells, so near the Nose To do, fince that and you are mortal Foes? And why dost thou, abominable Stenet, Upon remote Dominions lo intrench? Say, by what fecret Force you fling your Darts, now to Whom from your Bow, the Nose, Inch Diffance parts. For fome believe, that to the Brain alone Tadif They fly, thro' Ways, which in the Head are known; And that the Brain to the related Womb Sends (good and bad) all Smells, that to it come. The Womb too oft rejoices for That's fake, And when That's griev'd, does all its Griefs partake, The Womb's Orefles, Pylades the Brain, And what to one, to the other is a Pain. I don't deny the native Sympathy, and it is a sent so t And like Respects in which these Parts agree. Each its Conception has, and each its Birth, And both their Off-springs like the Sire, come forth; Still to produce both have a constant Vein, And their streight Bosoms mighty Things contain. Much I omit in both; but know, that This O'th' Body, That o'th' Soul the Matrix is. and indicated But th' Womb has this one proper Faculty, Its Actions of from Head and Nose are free. Oft when it strives to break its Bounds in vain (And often nought its Fury can contain) A sweet Perfume apply'd (unknown to th' Nose) Does with a grateful Glew its Body chole. 1 100019 3 4 1 But when oppres'd with Weight the Womb falls down (As sometimes it, when weak, does with its own) With dreadful Weapons arm'd a noisom Smell Meets it, and upward quickly does repelated So when th' Helvetians their own Land forfook, (People which in their Neighbours Terror (truck) A stronger Foe, their wand'ring to restrain, To their old Quarters beat 'em back again. I all itams as said emissive a such in a

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Here different Reasons different Authors show, But none worth speaking of, I'm sure, you know. What can I add? You, Learned Prefident, please To bid me speak, the Case says, hold your Peace. . Yet you I must obey, Heav'n is so kind To let us feek that Truth we cannot find. This Truth may be i'th' Wells dark Bottom fought, Pardon me, if I make an heavy Draught. You fee the wondrous Wars and Leagues of Things, From whence the World's harmonious Confort springs. This he that thinks from th' Elements may be had, Is a grave Sot, and studiously mad. Here many Causes branch themselves around, But to em all one only Root is found. For those which Mortals the four Elements call, In the World's Fabrick are not first of all, Treasures in them wise Nature laid, as Store, Ready at Hand, of Things that were before. Whence the might Principles draw for her Ule. And Mixtures New eternally produce. Infinite Seeds in these small Bodies lie To us, but numbred by the Deity. Nor is the Heat to Fire more natural, Nor Coldness more to Waters share does fall. Than either bitter, sweet, or white or black, Or any Smell that Nofes e er attack. Our purging or aftringent Quality Have proper Points of Matter where they lie, With Earth, Air, Water, Fire, Heav'n all Things bore; Why do I faintly speak? They were before. For what Earth, Air, Fire, Water now we call, Are Compounds from the first Original. For-but a sudden Fright her Senses shock'd, And flopt her Speech; she heard the Gate unlock'd. And Rue from far the Gardener faw come in, Trembling as the an Afpen Leaf had been, (For Rue, a fovereign Plant to purge the Eyes, Remotest Objects easily deseries)

She foftly whisper'd, Hence make haste away; Here's (x) Robert come, make hafte, why do we flay? Day was not broken, but 'twas almost light, And Luna swiftly rowl'd the wheeling Night; Nor was the Fellow us'd fo foon to rife, But him a sudden Chance did then surprize. His Wife in Pangs of Child-bed loudly roar'd. And gentle Juno's present Aid implor'd. But he who Plants that in his Garden grew. Than forty Juno's, of more Value knew, Came thicher Sow-bread, all in hafte to gather; That he with greater Ease might prove a Father. Soon as they faw the Man, straight up they gor; With gentle hafte, and flood upon the Spot. When briefly Mugwort, I this Court adjourn; What we have left, we'll do at our Return. Without tumultuous Noise away they fled, And every Plant crept to her proper Bed. - 1 2010 201

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As riles up from Lone Lweit-Imelling Value and Let Lightened Shades, he said Wender Speece And thew in gamed Verte the Seelon of the Vest. I Come then sway, for the full deleads Mora -

I'me tore ly Mail a Godlen did com nente. . . The Signs of Toy did werey we won spend to be did not The Entire and County throughour to See and Aire No wendring Cloud wit took high the Sky Tille view And Sky

Color distributed of the hearing over the The End of the Second Book ...

⁽x) The Name of the Gardener of the Physick Garden in Oxford.

PLANTS

BOOK III.

FLORA.

OW Muse, if ever, now look brisk and gay, The Spring's at hand; blith Looks like that display. Use all the Schemes and Colours now of Speech, Use all the Flowers that Poetry enrich; Its Glories all, its blooming Beauties bring, As may refemble the returning Spring. Let the same Musick through thy Verse resound, As in the Woods and shady Groves is found. Let every Line fuch fragrant Verse exhale, As rifes up from some fweet-smelling Vale. Let Lights and Shades, as in the Woods, appear, And shew in painted Verse the Season of the Year. Come then away, for the first welcome Morn Of the spruce. Month of May begins to dawn. This Day, fo tells the Poet's facred Page, Bright Chloris did in Nuptial Bands engage; This very Day the Knot was ty'd, and thence The lovely Maid a Goddels did commence. The Signs of Joy did every where appear, In Earth, in Heav'n, throughout the Sea and Air: No wandring Cloud was feen in all the Sky, And if there were, 'twas of a curious Dye. The Air serene, not an ungentle Blaft Ruffled the Waters with its rude Embrace,

The Wind that was, breath'd Odonrs all around, And only fann'd the Streams, and only kiss'd the Ground, Of unknown Flow'rs now fuch a numerous Birth Appear'd, as e'en aftonish'd Mother Earth. The Lily grew midft barren Heath and Sedge, And the Rose blush'd on each unprickly Hedge. The purple Violet and the Daffadil, The Places now of angry Nettles fill. This great and joyful Day, on which she knew What 'twas to be a Wife and Goddess too, The grateful Flora yearly did express In Shews, Religious Pomp and Gaudiness; Long has she thriv'd in Rome, and reign'd among The other Gods; a vast and numerous Throng; But when the facred Tribe was forc'd from Rome, Among the rest an Exile she became, Strip'd of her Plays, and of her Fane bereft, Nought of the Grandeur of a Goddels left. Since then, no more ador'd on Earth by Men, But forc'd o'er Flowers to preside and reign, The best she can, she still keeps up the Day; Not as of old, when blefs'd with Store fhe lay, When with a lavish Hand Her Bounties flew; She han't the Heart, and Means to do it now; But in a way fitting her humble State, She always did, and still does celebrate. And now that the the better may attend " The flowry Empire under her Command, To all the World, at Times, the does refort, Now in this Part, now that the keeps her Court. And fo the Seafons of the Year require; For here 'ris Spring, perhaps 'tis Autumn there. With Ease the flies to the remotest Shores, And vifits in the Way a World of Flow is. In Zepbyr's painted Car the cuts the Air, ... Pleas'd with the Way, her Spoule the Charioteer. It was the Year (thrice bleft that beauteous Year) Which mighty CHARLES's facred Name did bear. P 6

A Golden Year the Heavens brought about In high Procession, with a joyful Shout, A Year that barr'd up Janus brazen Gates, That brought home Peace, and laid our monstrous Heats; A greater Gift, bleft Albion, thou didft gain, [Train; It brought home God-like Charles, and all his peaceful Compos'd our Chaos; cover'd o'er the Scars, And clos'd the bleeding Wounds of twenty Years; Nor felt the Gown alone the Fruits of Peace, But Gardens, Woods, and all the flowry Race; This Year to every thing fresh Honours brought, Nor midft thefe were the learned Arts forgot. Poor exil'd Flora, with the Sylvan Gods, Came back again to their old lov'd Abodes ; . I faw her (through a Glass my Muse vouchsaf'd) Plac'd on the painted Bow fecurely waft : Triumphantly she rode, and made her Course Towards fair Albion's long forfaken Shores. That she our Goddess was to me was plain, From the gay various Colours of her Train. She light, renowned Thames, upon thy Shore, Long time belov'd, and known to her before; Twas here the Goddess an Appointment set For all the Flow rs; accordingly they met; Those that are parch'd with Heat, or pinch'd with Cold, Or those which a more temperate Clime does hold, Those drunk with Dew, the Sun just rising sees, Or those, when fetting, with a Face like his, All Sorts that East and West can boast were there, But not such Flowers as you see growing here, Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious still to harms, Which quickly die out of their Mothers Arms; But those that Plate faw, Ideas nam'd, Daughters of Fove, for heavenly Extract fam'd. A. A. Ethereal Plants! what Glories they disclose, What Excellence the first Celestial Rose; What Blush, what Smell! and yet on many Scores, The Learned fay, it much refembles ours;

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Only tis ever fresh, with long Life blest,
Not in your fading mortal Colours drest.
This Rose, the Image of the heavenly Mind,
The other growing in our Earth, we find;
Which is the Image of that Image, then
No wonder it appears less fresh and fine,
These Heaven-born Species of the flowry Race
Assembled all, the Wedding Morn to grace

Phabus, do thou the Pencil take, the same
With which thou gild's the World's great chequer'd
Light's Pencil take; try if thou canst display [Frame,
The various Scenes of this resplendent Day.
And yet I doubt thy Skill, though all must bow
To thee as God of Plants and Poets too;
I'm sure 'ris much too hard a Task for me,
Yet some I'll touch in passing, like the Bee.
Where the whole Garden can't be had, we know,

A Nofe-gay may; and that it fweet, will do. Now when a part of this triumphant Day, In facred pompous Rites had pass'd away; Rites, which no mortal Tongue can duly tell, And which, perhaps, 'ts not lawful to reveal, At length, the sporting Goddess thought it best (Though fure the Humour went beyond a Jeff) A pleafant fort of Tryal to propose, And from among the Plants a Queen to chuse, Which shou'd preside over the flowry Race, Be a Vice-Goddess, and supply her Place. Each Plant was to appear, and make its Plea, To fee which best deserv'd the Dignity. The Scene arch'd o'er with wreathing Branches stood, Which like a little hollow Temple show'd, The Shrubs and Branches darting from alouf, aled to ! Their pretty fragrant Shades compos'd the Roof; Red and white Fasmine, with the Myrtle Tree, The Favourite of the Cyprian Deity,
The Golden Apple-tree with Silver Bud, Both Sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew flood;

There was the twining Woodbind to be feen, And yellow Hather, Roses mixt between. Each Plant its Notes and known Distinctions brought, With various Art the gaudy Scene was wrought; Just in the Nave of this new-modell'd Fane, A Throne the judging Goddess did sustain, Rob'd in a thousand several Sorts of Leaves, And all the Colours which the Garden gives, Which join'd together trim, in wondrous wife, With their deluding Figures-mock'd your Eyes. A noble checquer'd Work, which real feems, And firmly let with gliffering Stones and Gems; It real feem'd; though Gods fuch Bodies wear For Weight, as Flow rsupon their Down may bear ; The Goddess, seated in Majestick-wise, With all the Pride the wealthy Spring Supplies, Had Ariadne's Crown; and fuch a Veft With which the Rainbow on bright Days is dreft; Before her Throne did the officious Band Of Hours, Days, Months, in goodly Order stand. The Hours upon fost painted Wings were born: Painted; but swift alas! and quickly gone; The Days with nimble Feet advanc'd apace; And then the Months, each with a different Face, On Cynthia's Orb they tend with constant Care, In Monthly Courfes whisling round her Sphere. First Spring, a Rosse-colour'd Youngster, stood, With Looks enough to bribe a judging God. Summer appear'd rob'd in a yellow Gown, Full Ears of ripen'd Corn compos'd her Crown. Then Autumn proud of rich Pomona's Store, And Bacchus too treading the blufhing Floor. Poor half-ftarv'd Winter thivering in the Rear, The Stoical and fullen Part o'th' Year. Yet not by Step-Dame Nature wholly left, Of every Grace is Winter time bereft. Some Friends it has in this afflicted State. Some Plants that Faith and Duty don't forget;

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Some Plants the Winter Season does Supply; Born purely for Delight and Luxury; Which brave the Frost and Cold, and Merit claim, Though few indeed, and of a lower Frame. The New-Year did him this peculiar Grace, . And Fanus favouring with his double Face, That he shou'd first be heard; and have the Power To draw forth all his poor and slender Store. Winter obeys; and ranks 'em best he can, More trusting to the Worth, than Number of his Men. Just in the Front of Winter's Scanty Band, Two lofty Plants, or flowry Giants stand, Spurge-Olive one, tother a kind of Bay, Both high, and largely spreading every way; But did they in a milder Season sprout, Whether they e'er could pass for Flow'rs I doubt, But now they do; and fuch their Looks and Smell. The Place they hold, they feem to merit well. Next Wolfs-Bane, us'd in Step-Dames poisoning Trade, Born of the Foam of Plute's Porter, faid; A baneful Plant, springing in craggy Ground, Thence its hard Name, it felf much harder found Briskly its gilded Creft it does display, And boldly flares i'th' Face the God of Day, Which Cerberus, it's Sire, durft ne'er affay. The Plant call'd (y) Snow-drops, next in Course appear'd But trembling; by its frightful Neighbour scard; Yet clad in white herfelf, like fleecy Snow, Near her bad Neighbour, finer she does show, The noble Liver-wort does next appear, Without a Speck, like the unclouded Air; A Plant of noble Use and endless Fame, The Liver's great Preferver, thence its Name; The humble Plant, conscious of inbred Worth, In Winter's hardest Frost and Cold, shoots forth.

⁽y) These Plants, by Art, sometimes are made to flower in Winter

Let other Plants, faid she, for Seasons wait, For Summer's Gales, or the Sun's kindly Heat, She scorns Delay; naked without a Coat, As 'twere in haste, the noble Plant comes out. Next the blue Primrose, which in Winter blows, But wears the Spring both in its Name and Cloaths; The Saffron then, and tardy Celandine, To these our Lady's-Seal, and Som-Bread join. But these appearing out of Season, were Bid to their Homes and proper Tribes repair. There now remain'd of Winter's genuine Store And Off-fpring, (z) Bears-foot, or the Christmas-Flow'r, The Pride of Winter, which in Frost can live, And now alone for Empire dar'd to strive. On its black Stalk it rear'd it felf, and then With pale but fearless Face to plead began.

(z) This flowers in December.

Helleborus Niger, or Christmas-Flower.

Mean not now my Beauty to oppose To that of Lilies, or the blushing Rose. Old Pratus Daughters me from that do scare, Who once with June durft their Face compare. Mad with Conceit, each thought herfelf a Cow Just Judgment! teaching all themselves to know. My noble Plant banish'd this wild Caprice, And gave 'em back their human Voice and Speech. Melampus by my Aid foon brought Relief, And for the Cure had one of them to Wife. And none will charge me with that Madness, fure, Or the same Folly I pretend to cure. The Goddesses above a Beauty claim, Lafting and firm as their immortal Frame, Which Time can't furrow, or Diseases wrong, To be immortal, is to be for eyer young.

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In Flow'rs or Girls Beauty's a transient thing; Expect as well the whole Year will be Spring. Ye flowry Race that open to the Sky, And there have feen a Cloud of curious Dye. The gauly Phantome now with Pride appears, Look up again, 'tis ffrait diffolv'd in Tears; Such is the short-lived Glory Flowers have, Bending, they point full towards their Womb and The Wind and Rain aim at their tender Head, Besides, the Stars their baneful Influence shed; Like the fam'd Semele, they die away, In the Embraces of the God of Day. Expos'd to Air, to Heat and open Prey, Colds through their tender Fibres force their way. The Swallow or the Nightingale abhors Not Winter more, than do th' whole Race of Flow'rs If among these a Plant you can descry (Fitter to be transplanted to the Sky) Which is so hardy, as to stand the Threat Of Storms and Tempests that around her beat; That with contending Winds dares boldly strive, 100 Scorns Cold, and under Heaps of Snow can live. To this, great Goddels, to this noble Plant You ought the Empire of the Garden grant. Kings are Fove's Image; and if that be true, To Virtue only Sovereign Sway is due. Trusting to this, and not the empty Name Of Beauty, I the flowry Empire claim. Nor will this foft, luxurious, pamper'd Race Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place: For lo! the Winter's come; what change is there; What Looks, what difinal Aspect of the Year! The Winds from Prison broke, no Mercy yield, But spoil the native Glories of the Field. First on the Infant-Boughs they spend their Rage, And scarcely spare the poor Trunk's reverend Age; Either with swelling Rains, the Ground below le drown'd, or covered thick in Beds of Snow.

Or fliff with Frost; the Streams, all iced o'er, Are pent within a Bank, unknown before. Each Nymph complains, and every River-God Feels on his Shoulders an unufual Load; Nature, a Captive now to Frost become, Lies fairly buried in a Marble-Tomb. And can you wonder then that Flow'rs shou'd die, Or hid within their Beds, the Danger fly? D'ye see the Sun, how faint his Looks, that tell The God himself of Plants i'n't over well. Now let me fee the Violet, Tulip, Rofe, Or any of 'em their fine Face disclose, Ye Lilies, with your snowy Tresses now Come forth, this is the proper time for Snow. Deaf to the Call, none of them all appear, But close in Bed they lie half dead with Fear. I only in this universal Dread Of Nature, dare exalt my fearless Head; Winter with thousand several Arms prepar'd To be my Death, fill finds me on my Guard. Great Umpire then of all this harmless Fray, If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to Day, Let all appear and take the Field, let all Agree to give the chiefest Plant the Ball; Let it in Winter be, though, I defire; That Season does a hardy Chief require. If any of the tender, dainty Dames, Deck'd with their rich Perfumes and gaudy Names. Dare but at such a time show half an Eye, I'll frankly yield, and strait let fall my Plea. Not a Plant's feen, I'll warrant you; they hate To gain a Kingdom at fo dear a rate; They fear th' unequal Tryal to fuftain; None dare appear, but those that fill my Train, And none of those are so ambitious grown, To stand themselves, but beg for me the Crown. These num rous Hardfhips I can undergo; I'll tell you now, fair Judge, what I can do, My Virtue active is and passive too.

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Bri Th Book III.

Kings get no Fame by conquering at home: That from some foreign vanquish'd Land must come. f equal to my Triumphs, Names I bore, And every vanquish'd Foe increas'd the Store. Old Rome's most haughty Champion I'd defie was a soll With me in Honours, Titles, Names to vie. lact fuch Wonders, I may fafely fay, The twelve Herculean Labours were mere Play. The spreading Cancer my blest Plant does chase, And new skins o'er the Leper's monstrous Face. The lingring Quartan-Fever I oblige. To draw the Forces off and raile the Siege. Swimmings i'th' Head that do from Vapours come, exorcife strait by my Counter Fume. In every swelling Part, when Dropfies reign, I dry the Fen, the standing Waters drein. The Falling-Sickness too, to wave the reft, Though facred that Disease by some confest. Why in these Cures thus trifle I my Breath? Death yields to me the ApopleCtick Death. 15 minuses f Into each Part my Plant new Vigour fends, and older 10 And quickly makes the Soul and Body Friends These are great things, you'll say, and yet the rest That follow, must much greater be confest. I do compose the Mind's distracted Frame, A Gift the Gods and I alone can claim; Madmen and Fools are cast beneath my Power, What to my Grandeur can the Gods add more? Who thus can do; the World his Province is, will do it! Cafar can't boaff a larger Sway than this sales yesting She spoke; her Train with Shouts the Area fill'd, Nay Winter (if you will believe it) smil'd. Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike Bands, Which to the Scene a grateful Shadow lends, Homer, though well the Grecian Camp he paints, Wou'd fail, I fear, in mustering up these Plants. Bright Spring, what various Nations doff thou boaft? The Xerres of a numerous flowry Hoft;

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Which cou'd (fince Flow'rs without due Moisture die)
Like his, I fancy, drink whole Rivers dry.
His flowry Troops made the fame stately shew,
Whose painted Arms a dazling Lustre threw;
Then a gay Flow'r, for shape, the (d) Trumpet nam'd,
Blew thrice, and with a strenuous Voice proclaim'd,
That all but Candidates shou'd quit the Place;
First, as they went, bowing with awful Grace.

And now, the Pleasure of the Goddess known, The Herb, call'd Ragwort, pass'd before the Throne. A bunchy Stalk, and painted Bees she bore With several foolish Fancies on her Flow'r, Ragwort the Satyrs and Priapus Love, Venus herfelf and the fair Judge approved that her signed Dogs-Tooth pass'd next, to Ragwort near ally'd, A faithful Friend to Love, and often try'd; Next Hyacinths, of Violet- kind, proceed, A noble, powerful, and a numerous Breed; They wanted Courage, though, to keep the place, Labouring, alas! under a late Difgrace; Of noble House themselves they did pretend, From Ajax Blood directly to descend. The Caufe in Flora's Court of Chivalry Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their Plea; They bore no Coat of Arms, nor cou'd they show Those mournful Notes said from his Blood to flow. The next a-kin, a Flow'r which Greeks of old, From Excrements of Birds descended, hold, Which Britain, Nurse of Plants, a milder Clime, Gentilely calls the Star of Betblebem. I all add in The Daizy next march'd off in modest wife, Dreading to wait the Issue of the Prize; Though the Spring don't a truffier Party know, After, before, and in the Spring they grow, Quick in the Charge, and in Retreating flow.

⁽a) A Plant of the Tribe of Pfeude Narciffi Juncifelii, from the Shape of a Tube in the midst of the Flower, called Trumpers.

They dare not venture, though the Sons of Art The Name of Binders to em do impact. son il such l'A They cure all Wounds, yet make none; which you Is the true Office of a warlike Plant. grant, Next Spotted Sanicle and Navel-wort, Though both have Signs of Blood, forfake the Court; Moonwort goes next, born on its reddish Stalk, And after that does gently Crane-bill walk; They all gave way; 'tis nat'ral in a Flow'r morning More in its Form to truft, than Worth and Pow'r; Nay, more than that, the Corn-Flag quits the Field, Though made Sword-wife, does to the Tulip yield; Though, like some Tyrant, rounded with the same, Yet to affected Empire waves all claim; A was bon A How much this Sword-Flow'r differs, as to Harm, From those which we on mortal Anvils form! Nature on this an Unguent has bestow'd, Which, when ours make it iffue, stops the Blood. Next you might fee the gaudy Columbine, Call'd fometimes Lion's-Mouth, defert the Scene. Though of try'd Courage, and of high Renown In other Things, curing Difeases known. Then do do The Sea-gull Flow'r express'd an equal Fear, a season The Tyger's more and prettier Spots don't bear; These Beauty-spots she ought to prize like Gold, (b) Citron held hers at dearer Rates of old. The Persian Lily of a ruddy Hue; amon land of MI And next the Lily of the Vale, withdrew, Lilies o'th' Vale fuch Looks and Smell retain, They're fit to furnish Snuff for Gods and Men; Nor a Plant kinder to the Brain does live; A Glass of Wine does less Refreshment give. Next Periswinkle or the Ladies Bow'r, long and offit W Weakly and halting crept along the Floor. of and world All Kinds of Crow-foot pals'd and bow'd their Head, The worst ran wild, the best in Gardens bred;

⁽b) The vast Price of Cirron-Tables, fee Plin. l. 1.

Day-Lily next, the Root by Heffed lov'd, Although not for the chiefest bish approv'd. Then came a Flow r of a far differing Look, way Which on it thy lov'd Name, Adonis, took; But Celandine, thy genuine Off-spring ftil'd, They tell us, at the proud Usurper fmil'd. Stock-Fuly-Flow'r the Year's Companion is, Which the Sun scarce in all his Rounds does mile. Officious Plant! which every Month can bring; But rather wou'd be reckon'd to the Spring. This pass'd along with a becoming Mich, And in her Train the Wall-flower wou'd be feen. The constant Marigold next these went out, And Ladies-Slipper fit for Flora's Foot. Then Goats-beard, which each Morn abroad does peep, But shuts its Flower at Noon, and goes to sleep. Then Ox-eye did its rowling Eye-ball foread, wanted Such as fove's Wife and Sifter had, they faid. doid W Next Viper-grass, full of a milky Juice, Good against Poison, which curft Step-dames use. Then Hollogo-Root, cautious and full of Fear, Which neither Summer's Heat, wor Cold can bear, Comes after Spring, before it does retire. Then Sattin-flow's, and Moth mullein withdraw, Worthy a nobler Title to enjoy of along a parad plan The Ladies-smock, and Lugwort went their way, With feveral more too tedious here to lay; With many an humble Shrub that took their Leaves. To which the Garden Entertainment gives; As Honey-fuckle, Rosemary and Broom, That Broom which does of Spanish Parents come? Both Sorts of Pipe-tree; neat in either Drefs, White or sky-colour'd, whether please you best ; Next the round-headed Elden nofe; which wears A Conficilation of your little Stars; The Cherry; ours and Persian Apple add, Proud of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its Head.

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Nature has Issue, Eunuch-like, deny'd,
But (like them too) by a fine Face supply'd.
These and a thousand more were fain to yield,
And left the Candidates to keep the Field.
Each Flower appear'd with all its Kindred, drest,
Each in its richest Robes of gaudiest Vest,
The Violet first, Spring's Usher, came in view,
From whose sweet Lips these pleasing Accents slew.

The VIOLET.

HE (c) Ram now ope the golden Portal throws, Which holds the various Scalons of the Year, And on his shining Fleece the Spring does bear; Ye Mortals, with a Shout falute him as he goes. (Io triumph!) now, now the Spring comes on In folemn State and high Procession; Whilft I, the beauteous Violet, still before him go And ofher in the gaudy Show; As it becomes the Child of fuch a Sire, I'm wrap'd in Purple, the first-born of Spring, The Marks of my Legitimation bring, And all the Tokens of his verdant Empire wear. Clad like a Princely Babe, and born in State, I all your Regal Titles hate, Nor priding in my Blood, and mighty Birth, Unnatural Plant, despise the Lap of Mother Earth. Love's Goddess smiles upon me just New-born, Rejoicing at the Year's Return. The Swallow is not more a certain Sign That Love and warm Embraces now begin. To the lov'd Babe a thousand Kiffes The Goddess gives, a thousand balmy Blisses.

Besides, my purple Lips In sacred Netter dips;

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⁽c) The Sign Aries.

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Hence 'tis, no fooner does the Violet burst,
By the warm Air to a just Ripeness nurst,
But from my opening, blooming Head,
A thousand fragrant Odours spread.
I do not only please the Smell,

And the most critick Taste beguile,
Not only with my pretty Die
Impose a Cheat upon the Eye;

But more for Profit than for Pleasure born,

I furnish out a wholesom Juice,

Which the fam'd Epicurus did not foorn
Upon a time, when fick, to ule.
O'er pressing and vexatious Pain,
I such a filent Vict'ry gain,

That though the Body be the Scene,
It scarcely knows whether a Fight has been.
The Fevers well-known Valour I invade,

Which blushes with mere Rage to yield To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,

But only was for Sights and Nuptial Banquets made.

It yields, but in a grumbling Way.

Inflas the Winds Obedience pay.

Just as the Winds Obedience pay, When Neptune from the Flood does peep, And silences those Troublers of the Deep.

What though some Flowers a greater Courage know,

Or a much finer Face can show, That does but still the Fancy feed,

Whilft I for Business sit, in real Worth exceed.

Search over all the Globe, you'll find,

The Glory of a Princely Flower

Consists not in tyrannick Power. But in a Majesty with Mildness join'd.

She spoke; and from her balmy Lips did come A sweet Persume, that scented all the Room. The Smell so long continued, that you'd swear The Violes, though you heard no Sound, was there.

Quitting

Quitting the Stage; the next that took her Place, Were Ox-lips, Pugles with their numerous Race; A party-colour'd Tribe, of various Hue, Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blue. The Primrofe, and the Cowflip too were there, Both of 'em Kin, but not so handsom far; Bears-ear, so call'd, did the whole Party head, And yellow, claiming Merit, needs wou'd plead. Tossing her hundred Heads in slanting rate, Each had a Mouth, and cou'd at Pleasure prate.

Auricula Urfi. BEARS-EAR.

Reat Queen of Flow'rs, why is thy snowy Breast,
With such a Sight of various Posses drest!
Whereas one Stalk of mine
Alone a Nose-gay is, alone can make thee fine;

A lovely, harmless Monster, I Gorgon's many Heads out-vie;

Others, as fingle Stars, may Glory beam; Take me, for I a Constellation am;

Let those who Subjects want, pursue the flowry Crown,

A flowry Nation, I alone; Nor did kind Nature thus in vain,

I for Man's Head, Life's chiefest Seat, Am set apart and wholly consecrate.

The Mind's Imperial Pow'r, the Brain,
(A poor Apartment for so great a Queen)

The Light-house where Man's Reason stands and Maugre the Malice of contending Winds, [shines, I guard the sacred Place, repel the Rout,

Go now, and mock me with this monstrous Name. Which the late barbarous Age did coin and frame, The true and proper Names of Things of old, Through a Religious Silence ne'er were told.

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Thus Guardian Gods true Names were feldom known, Lest some invading Foe might charm 'em from the Town.

Impudent Fool! that first stil'd beauteous Flow'rs By a detested Name, the Ears of Bears; Worthy himself of Asses Ears, a Pair Fairer than Midas once was said to wear.

At this rate finging (for your merry Flow'rs . Still fing their Words, not bring 'em forth like ours) The Daffadil succeeded, once a Youth, (As many Poets tell, a sacred Truth.)
And all his Clients and his Kindred came, A numerous Train, to vote and poll for him; All of 'em pale or yellow did appear, The Livery which wounded Lovers wear. Though Virgil purple Honours has assign'd And bluish Die, too liberal and kind, The Chalcedonick with white Flower thought best To be the Mouth, and sing for all the rest.

The DAFFADIL .--- Narciffus.

What once I was, a Boy, not ripen'd to a Man,
My Roots of one Year's Growth explain,
A lovely Boy of killing Eyes,
Where ambuscading Witchcraft lies,
Which did at last the Owner's self surprize.
Of satal Beauty, such as could inspire
Love into coldest Breasts, in Water kindle Fire.
Me the hot Beds of Sand in Lybia burn,
Or Ister's frozen Banks to Ruin turn.
I when a Boy, among the Boys
Had still the noblest Place,
The same my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,
And is the Garden's Ornament and Grace,
Become a Flow'r, I cannot tell
Why my Face should not please me still;

Downward I lean my bending Head,
Longing my Looks in the same Glass to read;
Shew me a Stream, that liquid Glass
Will put me in the self-same Case;
In th' Colour with the same Nymphs I am drest,
Who wear me in their snowy Breast;
Who with my Flowers their Pride maintain,
And wish I were a Boy again.

She spoke; Anemone her Station took,
To whom the Goddess deign'd a smiling Look;
For with the Tulip's Leave, I needs must say,
No Race more num'rous, none more fine and gay;
The Purple with its large and spreading Leas
Was chosen, by Consent, to be their Chief,
Of fair (d) Adonis's Blood undoubted Strain,
And to this Hour it shews the dying Stain;
As soon as (e) Zepbyr had unloos'd its Tongue,
The beauteous Plant after this manner sung.

(d) 'Tis fabled to have fprung out of Adonis's Blood.

(e) Its Flower never opens but when the Wind blows. Plin. 21, 232

ENEMONE, or Wind-Flower.

Thrice worthy of the Goddess Bed;
Who in a winged Chariot hurl'd,
With breezing Airs dost fan this nether World,
Which kind refreshing Motion, far
I before lazy Rest prefer;
That Air with which thou every Thing dost cheer,
Inspire into the Goddess Ear;

That the fair Judge wou'd mindful be
Of her lov'd Confort and of me;
For fince I take my Name from thee,
Nay of thy Kindred faid to be;

Since I with thee do fympathize

Who in Eolian Dungeon (f) Captive lies,
And viewing Zephyr's doleful State.
All Drefs and Ornament I hate,

And locking up my mournful Flower,

My felf a Pris'ner make, the same Restraint endure.

Since I have change of Suits and gaudy Vests,

Which in my various Flowers are exprest;

In brief, since I'm a-kin to Gods above;

All these together sure, may Fayour move:

All these together sure, may Favour move;
Sprung from the Fair (g) Adonis purple Tide
And Venus Tears, to both I am ally'd;
The Rosy Youth, the lov'd Adonis stood

The Pride and Glory of the Wood.

Till a Boar's fatal Tusk let out the precious Blood.
Into each flowing drop that still'd,
A falling Tear the Goddes spill'd,
Which to a bloody Torrent swell'd.
The Lovers Tears and Blood combine

As if they wou'd in Marriage join; From fuch Fair Parents, and that Wedding Morn

Was I, their fairer Off-spring born,
My Force and Power, perhaps, you question now,
My Power? Why, I a handsom Face can show;
Besides, my heavenly Extract I can prove,
And that I'm Sister to the God of Love.

The Imperial Crown (as she step'd aside)
Advanc'd with stately, but becoming Pride,
Not buskin'd Heroes strut with nobler Pride,
Nor Gods in walking use a finer Stride;
No Friends or Clients made her Train, not one;
Conscious of native Worth, she came alone.

⁽f) Where Lolus the God of Winds, keeps Court. Virg. An 1.

The most noble Flower, to the fight, that grows. Laurimberg,

With an erect and fober Countenance, In following Terms she did her Plea commence.

The IMPERIAL CROWN.

WITH furious Heats and unbecoming Rage,
Ye flowry Nations, cease t' engage;
Since on my stately Stem
Nature has plac'd th' Imperial Diadem.
Why all these Words in vain, why all this Noise?
Be judg'd by Nature and approve her Choice.

Perhaps it does your Envy move, And to my Right may hurtful prove,

That I an upftart Flower am,

Who have no rumbling hard Greek Name;

Perhaps I may be thought In some Plebeian Bed begot,

Because my Lineage wears no flain,
Nor does Romantick shameful Stories seign,
That I am sprung from Yove, or from his Bastard-strain.

I freely own, I have not been Long of your World a Denizen; But yet I reign'd for Ages past In Persia and in Bastria plac'd,

The Pride and Joy of all the Gardens of the Eaff.

My Flower a large-fiz'd golden Head does wear,

Much like the Balls Kings in their Hands do bear,

Denoting Sovereign Rule, and striking Fear.

My purple Stalk, I, like some Scepter wield.

Worthy in Regal Hands to fhine,

When India to thy conquering Arms did yield.

Besides all this; I have a flowry Crown
My Royal Temples to adorn,

Whose Buds a fort of Honey Liquor bear, Which round the Crown, like Stars or Pearls appear, Silver thread around it twine.

Saffron, like Gold, with them does join;

Q 3

And over All

My verdant Hair does neatly fall.
Sometimes, a three-fold Rank of Flowers
Grows on my Top, like lefty Towers.
Imperial Ornaments I fcorn,

And, like the Pope, affect a triple Crown; The Heavens look down and envy Earth From teeming with so bright a birth,

For Ariadnes starry Crown
By mine is far out-shone,

And as they've Reason, let 'em envy on.

She thunder'd out her Speech; and walk'd to greet
The Judge, not falling meanly at her Feet,
But as one Goddess does another meet.

A Flower that won'd too happy be and bleft, Did but its Odour answer all the reft! The Tulip next appear'd all over gay, But wanton, full of Pride and full of Play; The World can't shew a Die but here has place. Nay, by new Mixtures the can change her Face. Purple and Gold are both beneath her Care, The richeft Needle-work the loves to wear; Her only findy is to pleafe the Eye, And to out-shine the rest in Finery; Oft of a Mode or Colour weary grown, By which their Family had long been known. They'll change their Fashion strait, I know not how, And with much Pain in other Colours go; As if Medea's (b) Furnace they had past; (She without Plants old Æfon ne'er new caft) And though they know this Change will mortal prove, They'll venture yet to change fo much they love. Such love to Beauty, fuch the Thirst of Praise, That welcomes Death before inglorious Days!

⁽b) Ov. Metam. 7.

The Cause by all was to the White assign'd, Whether because the rarest of the kind, Or else because every (i) Petitioner In antient Times, for Office, white did wear.

The TULIP.

Somewhere in (k) Horace, if I don't forget, for us that Tribe the like Affection bear, And of all Men the greatest Florists are)

We find a wealthy Man
Whose Ward-robe did five thousand Suits contain;
He counted that a vast prodigious Store,
But I that Number have twice told and more.
Whate'er in Spring the teeming Earth commands;
What Colours e'er the painted Pride of Birds,
Or various Lights the glist'ring Gem affords
Cut by the artful Lapidary's Hands;
Whate'er the Curtains of the Heavens can shew,
Or Light lays Dies upon the varnish'd Bow,

Rob'd in as many Vests I shine;
In every thing, bearing a princely Mien.
Pity I must the Lily and the Rose
(And the last blushes at her thread-bare Cloaths)
Who think themselves so highly blest,
Yet have but one poor tatter'd Vest.

These studious, unambitious Things, in brief, Wou'd sit extreamly well a College-life, And when the God of Flow'rs a Charter grants Admission shall be given to these Plants; Kings shou'd have Plenty, and superstuous Store,

Whilft Thriftinels becomes the Poor.

⁽i) Thence fuch were and are fill call d Candidates, (k) Horat. lib. 1. Ep. 6. Luculus.

An

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Will any Flower refule to fland to his Award?

Me for whole Months he does retain

Me for whole Months he does retain, And keeps me by him all his Reign; Carefs'd by Spring, the Season of the Year,

Which before all to Love is dear.

Besides, the God of Love himself's my Friend, Not for my Face alone, but for (1) another End.

Lov'd by the God upon a private Score, I know for what—but fay no more;

But why shou'd I,
Become so silent or so shy?

We Flow'rs were by no prevish Sire begot, Nor from that frigid, fullen Tree did sprout, So fam'd in Ceres sacred Rites;

Nor in morosenes Flora's self delights.

My Root, like Oil in antient Games, prepares

My quickning Heat their fluggish Veins inspires

With vigorous and sprightly Fires; Had but chaste Lucrece us'd the same,

The Night before bold Tarquin try'd his Flame, Upon Record she ne'er a Fool had been, Sat wou'd have liv'd to reap the Pleasure once again.

The Goddess conscious of the Truth, a while Contain'd, but then was seen to blush and smile.

The Flower-de-Luce next loos'd her heavenly Tongue; And thus, amidft her fweet Companions, fung.

Iris, or the FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

I F Empire is to Beauty due

(And that in Flowers, if any where, holds true)

Then I by Nature was design'd for Reign;

Else Nature made a beauteous Face in vain.

⁽¹⁾ Louremberg, Gerard, Parkinfon tell her Virtues.

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Besides, I boast a sparkling Gem, And brighter Goddess of my Name. My lofty Front towards the Heavens I bear, And represent the Sky, when 'tis serene and clear. To me a God-like Pow'r is given With a mild Face resembling Heaven; And in the Kingly Stile, no Dignity Sounds better than SERENITY; Beauty and Envy oft together go, (m) Handsom my felf, I help make others fo; Both Gods and Men of the most curious Eyes With fecret Pleasure I surprize; Nor do I less-oblige the Nose, With Fragrance from my Root that blows. Not Sibaris or foft Capua did know A choicer Flower for Smell or Show, Though both with Pleasure of all Kindsdid flow. I own the Violet and the Rofe Divinest Odours both disclose : The Saffron and Stock-July-Flower, With many more; But yet none can fo fweet a (n) Root produce. My upper Parts are trim and fair, My lower breath a grateful Air. I am a Flow'r for fight, a Drug for ule. Soft as I am, amidft this Luxury, Before me rough Diseases fly. Thus a bold Amazon with Virgin-Face Troops of dastard Men will chase. Thus Mars and Venus often greet. And in fingle Pallas meet .: Equal to her in Beauties Charms,

And not to him inferiour in Arms.

⁽n) The Juice of the Root takes away Freckles and Morphews!
(n) Of the Root is made that call'd Powder of Cyprus, or Orris
Powder.

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By fecret Virtue and refiftless Power

Those whom the (o) Jaundice seizes I restore; Though moist with Unguent, and inclin'd to Love, I rather was for Luxury designed,

And yet like some enraged Lioness

Before my painted Arms the yellow Foe does haft.

The Dropfy head-long makes away As foon as I my Arms display:

The Dropfy, which Man's Microcofm drowns, Pulling up all the Sluices in its Rounds.

I follow it through every winding Vein, And make it quit in hafte the delug'd Man.

The Nation of the Jews a pious Folk, Though our Gods they don't invoke;

And not to You, ye Plants, unknown I'th' Days of that great Flowrift, Solomon,

Tell us, that Fove, to cheer the drooping Ball, After the Flood, a Promise past,

That so long as Earth shou'd last, No future Deluge on the World shou'd fall.

And as a Seal to this obliging Grant, The Rain-bow in the Sky did plant;

I am that Bow, in poor Hydropick Man, The fame refreshing Hopes contain, I look as gay, and shew as fine,

I am the Thing of which that only is the Sign.

My Plant performs the fame

Towards Man's little worldly Frame; And when within him I appear,

He needs no Deluge from a Droply fear,

(p) The Peony then, with large red Flower came on, And brought no Train, but his lov'd Mate alone;

⁽e) Its Faculty in curing these Diseases, is celebrated by Lauremberg,

⁽p) The Poory Male and Pemale. Other Flowers have particular Sub-

Harok III

Numbers cou'd not make him the Cause espouse, 'Las! the whole Nation made but one poor House, Nor did her costly Wardrobe Pride inspire, All dress'd alike, all did one Colour wear. And yet he wanted not for Majesty, Appearing with a fober Gravity. For He advanc'd his purple Forehead, which A Flower with thousand Foldings did enrich: Some love to call it the Illustrious Plant, And we may well, I think, that Title grant; Physicians in their publick Writings shew, What Praise is to the first Inventor due. (9) Paon was Doctor to the Gods, they fay, By the whole College honour'd to this Day. With her own Merits, and this mighty Name Hearten'd and buoy'd, she thus maintain'd her Claim.

Paonia. The PEONT.

F the fond Tulip, swell'd with Pride, In her Fools Coat of motley Colours dy'd; If lov'd Adonis Flower, the Celandine, Wou'd proudly be prefer'd to mine; Then let Jove's Bird, the Eagle, quit the Field, The Thunder to the painted Peacock yield: Then let the Tyrant of the Woods be gone, The Lion yield to the Chamelion. You'll fay, perhaps, the Nymphs make much of you; They gather me for Garlands too. And yet d'ye think, I value that? Not I, by Flora, not a jot. Virtue and Courage are the valuable things, On difficult Occasions shown. Not painted Arms enoble Kings, Virtue alone gives Lustre to a Crown.

⁽q) Homer fays, Paon cur'd Pluto with this Plant, when he was wounded by Hercules.

Of PLANTS. 348 Book III. Hence I, the known Herculean Difeale The Falling-Sickness, cure with case, Which, like the Club that Hero once did wear, Down with one fingle Blow Mankind does bear. I fancy, th' Story hence to rife, That, Plute wounded once by Hercules, My Juice, infus'd by Paon, gave him eafe And did the groaning God appeale. Paon was fam'd, I'm fure, for curing this Difeate. Pluto is God of Hell, 't shou'd seem, Prince of inexorable Death; Now this Disease is Death; but not like him. Without a Sting, plac'd in the Shades beneath-I should be vain, extremely vain, indeed, A Quarrel of Punctilio's to breed. Since a more noble Flower than I, The Sun in all his Journey does not Ipy. Nor do I go in Phyfick's beaten Road, By other Plants before me trod, But in a way worthy a healing God. I never with the Foe come Hand to Hand, My Odour Death does at a distance send; Hung round the Neck, strait, without more ado I put to flight the rampant Foe; I neither come (what think you, Cafar, now) Nor view the Camp, and yet can overthrow. She spoke, and bow'd, and so the Court forlook, Her Confort follow'd with a blushing Look; When strait a fragrant Air of strong Persume, And a new Luftre darted through the Room. No wonder, for the Rose did next appear ;

Spring wifely plac'd his best and choicest Troops i'th' Some wild in Woods; yet Worth and Beauty show,

Nought, by Experience, than the Wood-Rose found, Better to cure a mad Dog's poilonous Wound;

Such as might in Hesperian Gardens grow.

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This brings away the Gravel and the Stone,
And gives you Ease, though to a Quarry grown.
The beauteous Garden-Rose she did not shame,
Though better bred, and of a softer Name;
Which in four Squadrons drawn, the Damask Rose,
In Name of all the rest, maintain'd the Cause;
Which sprung, they say, from Syrian (r) Venus Blood,
Long time the Pride of rich Damascus stood.

The ROSE.

ND who can doubt my Race, fays the, Who on my Face Love's Tokens fee? The God of Love is always foft, and always young, I am the fame, then to his Blood what Wrong? My Brother winged does appear; I Leaves instead of Wings do wear; He's drawn with lightned Torches in his Hand; Upon my top bright flaming Glories stand; The Role has Prickles, fo has Love, Though thefe a little sharper prove; There's nothing in the World above, or this below, But would for Rofie-colour'd go; This is the Dye that still does please Both mortal Maids, and heavenly Goddesses; I am the Standard by which Beauty's try'd, The Wish of Chloe, and immortal Juno's Pride. V. The bright Aurora, Queen of all the Eaft, Proud of her (f) Rolle Fingers, is confest; When from the Gates of Light the riling Day Breaks forth, his constant Rounds to go,

⁽r) The Rose is said at first to have grown white only, till Venus running after Admis, scratch'd her Legs upon its Thorns, and sain'd the Flowers with her red Blood.

⁽f) Homer calls her pododenlung.

The winged Hours prepare the Way,
And Rose Clouds before him strow.
The Windows of the Sky with Roses shine;
I am Day's Ornament as well as Sign.
And when the glorious Pomp and Tour is o'er,
I greet it posting to the Western Shore.
The God of Love, we must allow,
Shou'd tolerably Beauty know.
Yet never from those Cheeks he goes,
Where he can spy the blushing Rose.
Thus the wise Bee will never dwell
(That, like the God of Love, has Wings;
That too has Honey, that has Stings)

On vulgar Flow'rs, that have no grateful Smell.
Tell me blest Lover: What's a Kiss,
Without a Rosse-Lip create the Bliss?
Nor do I only charming Sweets dispense,
But bear Arms in my own and Man's Defence;

I, without the Patient's Pain,

Man's Body, that Augean Stable, clean.

Not with a rough and pressing Hand,
Thunder-Storms from Clouds command,
But as the Dew and gentle Showers
Dissolving Light on Herbs and Flowers.

Nor of a short and fading Date,
Was I the less design'd for Rule and State;

Let proud ambitious Floramour
Ulurping on the Gods immortal Name,
Joy to be stil'd the (t) Everlasting Flower,
I ne'er knew yet that Plant that near to Nestor (u) came.

We too too bleft, too powerful shou'd be grown,
Which wou'd but Envy raise,
If we cou'd say our Beauty were our own,
Or boast long Life and many Days.

But why should I complain of Fate For giving me so short a Date?

⁽t) Amaranth.

^{(&}quot;) No Plants fo long-liv'd as Nefter.

Since Flowers the Emblems of Mortality, All the same way and manner die. But the kind Gods above forbid, That Virtue e'er a Grave shou'd find, And though the fatal Sifters cut my thread, My Odour, like the Soul, remains behind. To a dead Lion a live Worm's prefer'd, Though once the King of all the favage Herd. After my Death I ftill excel The best of Flowers that are alive and well; If that the Name of Dead will bear, From whose meer Corps does come, (Like the dead Bodies still furviving Heir) So Iweet a Smell and strong Perfume. Let'em invent a thousand ways My mangled Corps to vex and squeeze, Though in a sweating Limbeck pent, My Ashes shall preserve their scent. Like a dead Monarch to the Grave I come, Nature embalms me in my own Perfume.

She spoke, a Virgin-Blush came o'er her Face, And an Ambrofian Scent flew round the Place; But that which gave her Words a finer Grace, Not without some Constraint she seem'd to tell her Her Rivals trembled; for the Judge's Look A lecret Pleasure and much Kindness spoke; The Virgin did not for Well-wishers lack, Her Kindred-Squadrons stood behind her Back. The yellow nearest stood, unfit for War, Nor did the Spoils of cur'd Diseases bear; The white was next, of great and good Renown, A kind Assistant to the Eye-sight known; The third, a mighty Warrier, was the red, Which terribly her bloody Banner spread; She binds the Flux with her restringent Arts, And stops the Humours Journey to those Parts;

She brings a present and a fure Relief To Head and Heart, the Fountains both of Life. The Feavers Fire by her are Mildness taught. And the hag'd Man to fweet Composure wrought. By help of this, Fason of old, we read, Yok'd and subdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed; One Dose to sleep the watchful Dragon fent, By which no more but an high Feyer's meant. Between this Squadron and the White, we're told, A long and grievous Strife commenc'd of old : Strife is too loft a Word for many Years Cruel, unnatural, and bloody Wars; The fam'd Pharfalian Fields twice dy'd in Blood, Ne'er of a nobler Quarrel Witness flood; The Thirst of Empire, ground of most our Wars, Was that which folely did occasion theirs; For the Red Rose cou'd not an Equal bear, And the White wou'd of no Superiour hear The Chiefs by (w) York and Lancafter upheld. With Civil Rage harafs'd the British Field. What Madness drew ye Roses to engage, Kin against Kin to spend your Thorns and Rage! Go, turn your Arms where you may Triumph gain, And Fame unfullied with a blufhing flain; See the French Lily spoils and wasts your Shore; Go, conquer there, where you've twice beat before. Whilft the Scotch Thiftle, with audacious Pride, Taking Advantage, gores your bleeding Side. Do Roses no more Sense and Prudence own, Than to be fighting for domestick Crown? From Venus You much of the Mother bear, You both take Pleasure in the God of War. I now begin to think the Fable true, That Mars forung from a Flower, fulfill'd by You.

⁽w) The Civil-Wars between the Houses of Tork and Lancaster, of which the first bore the White Rose, and the other the Red, cost more English Blood, than did twice conquering Econor.

War ravages the Field, and like the furious Boar, That turns up all the Gardens beauteous Store; O'erthrows the Trees and Hedges, and does wound With his ungentle Tusk the bleeding Ground: Roots up the Saffron and the Violet-bed, And feafts upon the gaudy Tulip's Head.

And feasts upon the gaudy Tulip's Head. You'd grieve to see a beauteous Plat so soon

Into Confusion by a Monster thrown.

Health where the

But O, my Muse, O whither dost thou tow'r!
This is a Flight too high for thee to soar.
The harmless Strife of Plants, their wanton Play,
Thy Pipe perhaps may well enough essay,
But for their Wars, that is a Theme so great,
Rather for Lucan's Martial Trumpet sit:
To him that sang the Theban Brother's Death,
To Maro, or some such, that Task bequeath.

The End of the Third BOOK.

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PLANTS.

BOOK IV.

FLORA, of Flowers.

Appy the Man, whom, from Ambition freed, A little Field and little Garden feed. The Field does frugal Nature's Wants Supply, The Garden furnishes for Luxury. What farther specious Clogs of Life remain, He leaves for Fools to feek, and Knaves to gain. This happy Life did th' old (x) Corycian choose; A Life deserving Maro's noble Muse: This happy Life did wife (y) Abdol'min charm, The Mighty Monarch of a little Farm. While houghing Weeds that on his Walks encroach'd, Great Alexander's Messenger approach'd, Receive, faid he, the Enligns of a Crown, A Sceptre, Mitre, and Sidonian Gown: To Empire call'd, unwillingly he goes, And longing Looks back on his Cottage throws. Thus (2) Aglaus's Farm did frequent Visits find From Gods, himself a Stranger to Mankind. Gyges, the richest King of former Times, (Wicked and swelling with successful Crimes). Is there, faid he, a Man more bleft than I? Thus challeng'd he the Delphick Deity.

⁽x) Virg. Georg. IV. (z.) Val. Max. Plin. vii. 46.

⁽⁷⁾ Quin Curs. 1. 14.

Yes, Aglaus : the plain-dealing God reply'd : Aglaus? Who's he? th' angry Monarch cry'd. Say, is there any King fo call'd? there's none, No King was ever by that Title known. Or any great Commander of that Name, Or Hero, who with Gods does Kindred claim: Or any who does fuch vast Wealth enjoy, As all his Luxury can ne'er deftroy. Renown'd for Arms, for Wealth or Birth, no Man Was found call'd Aglaus: Who's this Aglaus then? At last, in the retir'd Arcadian Plains, (Silence and Shades furround Arcadian Swains) Near (a) Pfophis Town (where he but once had been) At Plow this Man of Happinels ... as feen. In this Retirement was that Aglaus found, Envy'd by Kings, and by a God renown'd. Almighty Pow'r, if lawful it may be, Among ficitious Gods to mention Thee, Before encroaching Age too far intrade, Let this fweet Scene my Life's dull Farce conclude! With this sweet Close my useless Toil be bleft. My long tols'd Barque in that calm Station rest. Once more my Muse in wild Digression frays, Ne'er satisfy'd with dear Retirement's Praise. A pleasant Road ____but from our purpose wide, Turn off, and to our Point directly guide. Of Summer-Flow'rs a mighty Hoft remain, With those which Autumn musters on the Plain, Who, with Joint-Forces fill the shining Field, Grudging the Spring shou'd equal Numbers yield To both their Lifts, or 'cause some Plants had been Under the Service of both Seasons feen.

d,

ly,

Or evry Grape of fruitful Autumn tell.

Of these my Muse, rehearse the Chief; for all

Though Mem'ry's Daughter, thou can'ft ne'er recall. The Spikes of Summers Corn thou may'ft as well,

⁽a) See Ovid and statius,

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The (b) flamy Panse ushers Summer in,
His friendly March with Summer does begin;
Autumn's Companion too (fo Proserpine
Hides half the Year, and half the Year is seen.)
The Violet is less beautiful than thee,
That of one Colour boasts, and thou of three.
Gold, Silver, Purple, are thy Ornament,
Thy Rivals thou mightst scorn, hadst thou but Scent.

The (c) Hesperis assumes a Violet's Name,
To that which justly from the Hesper came;
Hesper does all thy precious Sweets unfold,
Which coily thou didst from the Day with-hold.
In him, more than the Sun, thou tak'st delight,
To him, like a kind Bride, thou yield'st thy Sweet at

The (d) Anthomis, a small, but glorious Flower, Scarce rears his Head, yet has a Giant's Tower. Forces the lurking Fever to retreat, (Enscore'd, like Caeus in his smoaky Seat)
Recruits the seeble Joints, and gives them Ease. He makes the burning Inundation cease;
And when his Force against the Stone is sent, He breaks the Rock and gives the Waters vent.
Not Thunder finds through Rocks a swifter-Course, Nor Gold the rampir'd Town so soon can force.

Blue Bottle, thee my Numbers fain wou'd raife,
And thy * Complexion challenges my Praife,
Thy Countenance, like Summer-Skies, is fair,
But ah! how different thy vile Manners are!
Ceres for this excludes thee from my Song,
And Swains, to Gods and me a facred Throng:

(c) Dames Vielet, call'd Hesperis, because it smells strongest in the Night. Plin. lib. 21. 7.

⁽b) Call'd Flamy, because her three Colours are seen in the Flame of Wood, as in the Rainbow.

⁽d) Comomile, whose many Virtues see among the Botanift.

A treach'rous Gueft, Destruction thou dost bring To th' hospitable Field where thou dost spring. (e) Thou bluntst the very Reaper's Sickle, and so In Life and Death becom's the Farmer's Foe.

The (f) Fenel-Flower does next our Song invite,
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the fight:
His Beard all briffly, all unkemb'd his Hair,
Ev'n his wreathed Horns the same rough Aspect bear;
His Visage too a watrish blue adorns,
Like Achelous, e're his Head wore Horns.
Nor without Reason, (prudent Nature's Care
Gives Plants a Form that might their Use declare)
Dropsies it cures, and makes moist Bodies dry,
It bids the Waters pass, the frighted Waters fly.
Does through the Bodies secret Channels run;

A Water-Goddess in the little World of Man.
But say, (g) Corn Violet, why thou dost claim
Of Venus Looking-Glass the pompous Name?
Thy studded Purple vies, I must confess,
With the most Noble and Patrician Dress;
Yet wherefore Venus Looking-Glass? that Name
Her Off-spring Rose did ne'er presume to claim.

Antirrbinon, more modest, takes the Stile
Of Lions-Mouth, sometimes of Calf-Snout vile;
By us Snap-Dragon call'd to make amends,
But say what this Chimeric Name intends?
Thou well deserv'st it, if, as old Wives say,
Thou driv'st nocturnal Ghosts and Sprights away.

Why does thy Head, Napellus, (b) Armour wear, Thy Guilt, perfidious Plant, creates thy Fear: Thy Helmet we cou'd willingly allow, But thou, alas! haft mortal Weapons too. But wherefore arm'd? as if for open Fight; Who work'ft by fecret Poifon all thy Spight.

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⁽¹⁾ Therefore also call'd Blaptifecula.

⁽f) Nigella, Gith.

⁽g) Spaculum Veneris, Albert 10

⁽b) Blue Helmet-Flowers, or Monks-Hood, fo called from its Figure.

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Helmet gainst Helmet justly thou dost wear, Blue (i) Anthora upon thy lovely Hair; This Cov'ring from fell Wounds thy Front does shield With fuch a Head-piece Pallas goes to Field. What God to thee such baneful Force allow d, With such Heroick Piety endow'd? Thou poison'st more than e'er Medea flew, Yet no fuch Antidote Medea knew. Nor powerful only 'gainst thy own dire Harms, Thy Virtue ev'ry noxious Plant difarms; Serpents are harmless Creatures made by thee, And Africa it felf's from Poilon free, Air, Earth, and Seas, with fecret Taint opprest, Discharge themselves of the unwelcome Guest; On wretched Us they shed their deadly Bane. Who die by them that should our Life maintain. Then Nature scems t' have learnt the pois ning Trade, Our common Parent our Step-Mother made : Tis then the fickly World perceives thy Aid, By thy prevailing Force the Plague is staid. A noble Strife 'twixt Fate and thee we find. That to destroy, thou to preserve Mankind. Into thy Lifts, thou Martial Plant, admit

(k) Goats-Rue; Goats Rue is for thy Squadrons fit.

Thy Beauty, (l) Campion, very much may claim,
But of Greek-Rose how didst thou gain thy Name?

The Greeks were ever privileg d to tell
Untruths, they call thee Rose, who hast no Smell.

Yet formerly thou wast in Garlands worn,
Thy starry Beams our Temples still adorn,
Thou crown'st our Feasts, where we in Mirth suppose,
And in our Drink allow Thee for a Rose.

The Chalcedonian Soil did once produce A Lychnis of much greater Size and Use;

⁽¹⁾ Counter-Poison, Monks-Hood, or wholsom Helmet Flower.

⁽k) Ruta Capraria.

⁽¹⁾ Call'd Lychnis, qued noth luces,

form'd like a Sconce, where various Branches rife, Bearing more Lights than Juno's (m) Bird has Eyes. like those in Palaces, whose Golden Light trikes up and makes the gilded Roofs more bright: This great Mens Tables ferves, while that's preferr'd To Altars, and the Gods Celestial Board. Shou'd Maro ask me in what Region springs The Race of Flow'rs inscrib'd with Names of Kings. answer, that, of Flow'rs deserv'dly crown'd With Royal Titles, many may be found, The Royal (n Loofe strife, Royal (o) Gentian grace Our Gardens, proud of fuch a Princely Race. (p) Soap-Wort, the coarse thy Name, thou dost excel n Form, and art enrich'd with fragrant Smell: As great in Virtue too, for thou giv'st ease n Dropsies, and Fair Venus foul Disease. let doft not servile Offices decline, But condescend'st to make our Kitchins shine

Rome's great Dictator thus his Triumph past, Return'd to plow, nor thought his Pomp debas'd, The same Right-hand guides now the humble Stive And Oxen Yoaks, that did fieme Nations drive.

Next comes the (q) Flow'r in Figure of a Bell, Thy sportive meaning, Nature, who can tell? In these what Musick, Flora, dost thou find? bay for what jocund Rites they are delign'd. By us these Bells are never heard to found, Our Ears are dull, and stupid is our Mind, Nature is all a Riddle to Mankind. Some Flow'rs give Men as well as God delight, These qualify nor Smell, nor Taste, nor Sight :

⁽m) The Peacock.

⁽n) Call'd Lysimachia from Lysimachus.

⁽⁰⁾ Found by Gentius King of Illyricum, where they grow largest. (P) So call'd from its cleaning quality, used in washing Cloaths and couring Kitch n- Veffels.

⁽⁹⁾ Beil Flowers, Campanula,

Why therefore should not our (r) fifth Sense be serv'd?
Or is that Pleasure for the Gods referv'd?

But of all Bell. Flow'rs (f) Bindweed does surpass

Of brighter Metal than Corintbian Brass.

My Muse grows hoarse and can no longer sing, But, Throat Wort, haste her kind Relief to bring; The Colleges with Dignity enstall

This Flow'r, at Rome he is a (t) Cardinal.

The (u) Fox-Glove on fair Flora's Hand is worn, Left, while the gathers Flow'rs, the meet a Thorn.

(w) Leve-Apple, though its Flow'r less fair appears. It's golden Fruit deserves the Name it bears. Butthis is new in Love, where the true Crop Proves nothing; all the Pleasure was i'th' Hope.

The Indian (x) Flow'ry Reed in Figure vies,

And Luftre, with the Cancer of the Skies.

The (y) Indian-Crefs, our Climate now does bear, Call'd Larki-beel, 'cause he wears a Horse-man's Spur. This Gilt-spur Knight prepares his Course to run, Taking his Signal from the Rising Sun, And stimulates his Flow'r to meet the Day: So Castor mounted spurs his Steed away. This Warriour sure has in some Battle been, For spots of Blood upon his Breast are seen. Had Ovid seen him, how would he have told His History, a Task for me too bold; His Race at large and Fortune had express, And whence those bleeding Signals on thy Breast. From later Bards such Mysteries are hid, Nor does the God inspire, as heretofore he did.

With the same Weapon (z) Lark-spur thou dost mount Amongst the Flow'rs, a Knight of high account;

HOLE BENEFICE CHARLE

⁽r) The Hearing (f) Call'd great Bind Weed, or great Bell-Flower.

⁽u) Flos Digitalis, from refembling a Glove. (w) Pomum Amoris, (x Canna Indica, or Flos Cancri.

⁽⁷⁾ Nafturtium Indicum, Delphinum luteum.

⁽²⁾ Confolida Regalis.

To want those war-like Ensigns were a shame For thee, who Kindred doft with Ajax claim: Of unarm'd Flow'rs he could not be the Sire, Who for the loss of Armour did expire: Of th' ancient Hyacinth thou keep'ft the Form, Those lovely Creatures, that evin Phoebus charm; In thee those skilful (a) Letters still appear, That prove thee Ajax his undoubted Heir. That up fart (b) Flow'r, that has usurpt thy Fame O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his Claim. The Lily too wou'd fain thy Rival be, And brings, 'ris true, fome Signs that well agree, But in Complexion differs much from thee. At Spring thou may ft adorn the Afan Tow'rs. We crop thee here among our Summer-Flow'rs But (c) Martagon a bolder Challenge draws, And offers Reason to Support his Cause; Nor did Achilles Armour e'er create, Twixt Ajax and Uiysses such Debate, So fierce, so great, as at this Day we see, For Ajax Spoils, 'twixt Martagon and thee. That (d) Bastard Dittany of Sanguine Hue, From Hefter's reeking Blood Conception drew I cannot say, but still a Crimson Stain Tinctures its Skin, and colours every Vein: In Man the three chief Seats it does maintain, Defends the Heart, the Stomach, and the Brain. But all in vain thy Virtue is employ'd, To fave a Town must be at last destroy'd In vain thou fight'st with Heaven and Destiny, Our Troy must fall, and thou our Heffer die. Next comes the (e) Candy-Tufts, a Cretan Flower.

(a) The Syllables Ac, As, most visible in this Flower.

That rivals Fowe in Country and in Power.

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⁽b) The common Hyacinth, who wants all the Notes of the old Hyacinth or Ajax Flower.

⁽c) Lily of the Mountains,

⁽d) Fraxinella.

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The (f) Pellitory healing Fire contains, That from a raging Tooth the Humour drains At bottom red, above tis white and pure,

Resembling Teeth and Gums, for both a certain Cure. The Sow-bread does afford rich Food for Swine,

Physick for Man, and Garlands for the Shrine.

(g) Mouse-Ear, like to its Name-sake, loves t'abide In Places out o'th' way, from Mankind hid. It loves the Shade, and Nature kindly lends A Shield against the Darts that Phebus fends : Tis with fuch filky Briffles cover'd o'er, The tend rest Virgin's Hand may crop the Flow'r. From all its num rous Darts no Hurt is found, Its Weapons know to Cure, but not to Wound.

(b) Sweet William Small, has Form and Afpect bright, Like that sweet Flower that yields great Jove delight; Had he Majestiek bulk, he'd now be stil d Fove's Flower, and, if my Skill is not beguil'd, He was Fove's Flow'r, when Fove was but a Child. Take him with many Flow is in one conferr'd, He's worthy Jove, ev'n now he has a Beard.

The (i) Catch-Fly with Sweet William we confound, Whose Nets the Straglers of the Swarm confound, Whose viscous Threads, that hold th' entangled Prey, From its own treach'rous Entrails force their Way.

Three Branches in the (k) Barren-Wort are found, Each Branch again with three less Branches crown'd. The Leaves and Flow'rs adorning each are three, This Frame must needs contain some Sacred Myslery.

Small are thy Blottoms, double * Pellitory, Which yet united are the Garden's Glory. Sneezing thou doft provoke, and Love for thee, When thou wast born, sneez'd most auspicuously.

(4) Epimedium.

^{1. (}f) President, Pollicory of Spain (g) Juricula muris, Phofella, (b) Armerius, Sweet-John. (i) Mufeipula Lobelii. Sneed wort

But thou that from fair (1) Mella tak'st thy Name,
Thy Front surrounded with a Star-like Flame,
Scorn not the Meads, for from the Meads are born
Wreaths, which the Temples of the Gods adorn;
Kind Sustenance thou yield'st the lab'ring Bee,
When scarce thy Mother-Earth affords it thee.
Thy Winter-Store in hardest Months is found,
And more than once with Flow'rs in Summer crown'd.
Thy Root supplies the Place of Flow'rs decay'd,
And Fodder for the fainting Hive is made.

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Behold a (m) Monster loathsome to the Eye, Of flender Bulk, but dang'rous Policy, Eight Legs it bears, three Joints in every Limb. That nimbly move, and destroufly can climb; Its Trunk (all Belly) round, deform'd and swell'd. With fatal Nets and deadly Poifon fill'd. For Gnats and wand'ring Flies the fpreads her Toils. And Robber-like, lives high on ravish'd Spoils. The City-Spider, as more civilized, as to also all as With this less hurtful Practice is fuffic'd and all W With greater Fury the Tarantula no ylimanh he is Tho' Small it felf, makes Men and Beafts its Prey; Takes first our Reason, then our Life away. Thou Spider-Wort dost with the Monster frive. And from the conquer'd Foe thy Name derive. Thus Scipio, when the World's third Part he won. While to the Spoils the meaner Captains run, 1897 The only Plunder he defir'd was Fame, and the

(n) The Marvel of the World comes next in view. At home, but stil'd the Marvel of Peru:
(Boast not too much, proud Soil, thy Mines of Gold, Thy Veins much Wealth, but more of Poison hold) Bring o'er the Root, our colder Earth has Power In its full Beauty to produce the Flower;

And from the vanquish'd Foe to take his Name.

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⁽¹⁾ Star worr. Virg. Geor. 4: (m) Phalangium, Spider-worr.

But yields for Iffue no prolifick Seed,

And scorns in foreign Lands to plant and breed.

(a) The Holibork disdains the common Size

Of Herbs, and like a Tree does proudly rise;

Proud she appears; but try her, and you'll find

No Plant more mild, or friendly to Mankind;

She gently all Obstructions does unbind.

The (p) Africans their rich Leaves closely fold, Bright as their Country's celebrated Gold. Each hollow Leaf, envelop'd, does impart The form of a gilt Pipe, and seems a Work of Art. Wou'd kind Apollo once these Pipes inspire, They'd give fuch Sounds as should surpass his Lyre. A more than common Date this Flow'r enjoys, And fees a Month compleated e're she dies. These only Fate permits so long to stand, And crops 'em then with an unwilling Hand. The Calyx where her fertile Seeds are laid In likeness of a painted Quiver's made, With store of Arrows too the same is grac'd, And decently on Flora's Shoulder plac'd. When the in Gardens hunts the Butterfly, In vain the Wretch his Sun-burnt Wings does try Secure enough, did Fear not make him fly. Himself would seem a Flow'r, if motionless, And cheat the Goddess with his gaudy Dress, Retreating, the keen Spikes his Sides does goad, To Earth he falls, a light and unfelt Load.

Such was the Punick Caltha, which of Yore, Of Juno's Rose the losty Title bore. Of famous Carthage, now by Fate bereft, This last (and surely) greatest Pride is lest. How vain, O Flow'rs, your Hopes and Wishes be, Born, like your selves, by rapid Winds away.

(a) Malvia bortenfis.

⁽p) A Flower to call'd, and fometimes falfly French Marigolds. Calificana.

Once you had hope, at Hannibal's return
From vanquish'd Rome, his Triumphs to adorn,
And ev'n, imperious Carthage Head surround,
When she the Mistress of the World was crown'd;
Presum'd that Flora wou'd for you declare,
Though she that time a Latian Goddess were:
But now, alas! reduc'd to private State,
Thou shar's, poor Flower, thy Captive Country's Fate.

(q) Why Holly-Rose, dost thou, of slender Frame,
And without Scent, assume a Rose's Name?
Fate on thy Pride a swift Revenge does bring,
The Day beholds thee dead, that sees thee spring.
Yet to the Shades thy Soul triumphing goes,
Boasting that thou didst imitate the Rose.

A better claim (r) Sweet-Ciftus may pretend, Whose sweating Leaves a fragrant Balsam send: To crop this Plant the wicked Goat presumes, Whose setid Beard the precious Balm persumes: But in Revenge of the unhallow'd Thest, The Caitist's of his larded Beard berest. Baldness thou dost redress, nor are we sure Whether the Beard or Balsam gives the Cure.

Thy Ointment (f) Fessamine, without abuse Is gain'd, yet grave old Sots condemn the use; Though Jove himself, when he is most enrag'd, With thy Ambrosial Odour is asswag'd: Capricious Men! why should that Scent displease, That is so grateful to the Deities?

Flora herself to th' (t) Orange Tree lays claim,
Calls it her own, Pomona does the same;
Hard Words ensue, (for under Sense of Wrong
Ev'n Goddesses themselves can find a Tongue)
If Apples please you so, Pomona cries,
Take your Love-Apple, and let that suffice,

ing state on a religion

⁽⁹⁾ Ciftus, Sage-Rose. (r) Lada, Ladanon, Gum Ciftus. (f) Jaime, Jafminum, Gelseminum, Jessamy.

⁽¹⁾ Malus Aurantius, Orange Flower,

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To claim another's Right is Harlots Trade, So may a Goddess of an Harlot made.

And on what Score, Flora incens'd reply'd,
Were you by kind (u) Vertumnus deify'd?
You kept (no Thanks) your Maiden Virtue, when
He was a Matron, when a Youth——What then?
Such fragrant Fruits as these may Flow'rs be call d,
And henceforth with that Name shall be enstall'd.
On sundry Sorts of Pulse we do bestow
That Title, though in open Field they grow,
As others off are in the Garden seen,
Witness the (w) Everlasting-Pease, and Scarlet Bean.

The vulgar Beans sweet Scent, who does not prize!
With Iv'ry Forehead, and with Jet black Eyes,
Amongst our Garden-Beauties may appear,
If Gardens only their cheap Crop did bear.
Pythagoras not rightly understood,
Has left a Scandal on the noble Food:
Take care henceforth, ye Sages, to speak true,
Speak Truth, and speak intelligibly too.

Lupine unfleep'd, to harshnels does incline, And like old Caro, is of Temper rough;

But drench the Pulfe in Water, Him in Wine, They'll lofe their Sowrness and grow mild enough.

These Flowers, and thousands more, whose num'rous And pompous March, 'twere endless to describe. [Tribe,

The (x) Mandrake only imitates our Walk,
And on two Legs erect is feen to stalk.
This Monster struck Bellona's felf with awe,
When first the Man-resembling Plant she saw.
The Water-Lily still is wanting here,
What cause can Water-Lily have to fear,
Where Beauties of inferiour Rank appear?

⁽u) Ovid. Met. 14. (w) Lathyrus, Pifum perenne.

⁽x) The Male white, the Female black.

Sook

Her Form excels, and for Nobility The whole Affembly might her Vaffals be. A (y) Water-Nymph the was, Aleides Bride, (Who fprung from Gods, himfelf now deify'd) This cost her dear - by Love of him betray'd, The Water-Goddess a poor Plant was made ; From this Misfortune the does trifful prove, And to this Hour the hates the Name of Lave All Freedom the renounces, Mirth and Play, That to more close Embraces led the way: And fince our Fora's former Pranks are known, (If in a Goddels we fuch Crimes may own) In Life the common Mistress of the Town: She feorns at the Tribunal to be feen, Nor would, on Terms to feandalous, be Queen. To be from Earth divore'd the'd rather choole, And to the Sun her wither'd Root expole. Thee, (2) Maracet, a much more facted Caufe From these profane ridic lous Rites withdraws; With Signals of a real God adorn'd Poets and Painten's Gods by thee are form'd: T' unfold the Emblems of this mystick Flow'r, Transcends (alas) my feeble Muses Pow'r; But Nature fure by chance did ne'er beflow A Form to diff rent from all Plants that grownoH (1) Enrob'd with ten white Leaves, the proper Dress,

Of Virgins chaft and facred Priestelles.
Twice round her twofold Selvedge you may view
A purple Ring, the facred Martyn's Hues a book of
Thick sprouting Stems of ruddy Saffron Grein
Strive to conceal the Flow's, but strive in vaintles

(y) See Nymphan, or Water Lily.

⁽z.) Flos Passionis Christia. The Passion Flower, or Virginian Climber. The first of these Names was given it by the Huss, who presended to find in it all the Instruments of our Lord's Passion; not so easily dissern'd by Men of Senses not so fine as they.

This Coronet of ruby Spikes compos'd, The thorny Blood-frain'd Crown may be suppos'd: The Blood-stain'd Pillar too a curious Eye May there behold, and if you closely pry, The Spunge, the Nails, the Scourge thereon you'll fpy, And Knobs resembling a Crown'd Head descry. So deep in Earth the Root descends, you'd swear, It meant to vifit Hell, and triumph there : In every Soil it grows, as if it meant To ftretch its Conquest to the World's extent, Beside the forenam'd Candidates, but few Remain'd, and most of them were modest too. But where such fragrant Rivals did appear, Who would have thought to find rank Moly there Amongst Competitors of fuch fair Note, Sure, Garlick only will for Moly Vote. Yet fomething twas, (and Plants themselves confess The Honour great,) that (a) Homer did express

(a) Hom. Odyff. n. 305.

Her famous Name in his immortal Song:

Deep silence o'er the whole Assembly spreads,

MOLT.

Swell'd with this Pride, the preffes through the Throng,

Whilst with unfay'ry Breath her Title thus she pleads.

To find a Name for me the Gods took care,
A Mystick Name that might my Worth declare.
They call me Moly; dull Grammarians Sense
Is puzzled with the Term—
But Homer held Divine Intelligence.
In Greek and Latin both my Name is (b) Great,
The Term is just, but Moly sounds more neat;

⁽b) A Species of large Garlick. Mija magnum.

My Pow'rs prevented Circes dire Design,
Ulysses but for me had been a Swine;
In vain had Mercury inspir'd his Brain
With Craft, and tipt his wheedling Tongue in vain,
Had I not enter'd timely to his Aid.
Thus Moly spoke, and would much more have said;
But by Mischance (as if some angry Pow'r
Had ow'd her long a Shame) a Belch most sow'r
Broke from her Throat, perfuming all the Court,
And made her Rivals unexpected Sport.
Her pompous Name no longer can take place,
Her Odour proves her of the Garlick Race;
Forthwith with one Consent the jibing Throng
Set up their Notes, and sung the well-known (c) Song,

He that to cut his Fathers Throat
Did heretofore presume,
T' have Garlick cram'd into his Gut
Receiv'd the dreadful Doom.

Flora to filence the tumultuous Jest, (Though secretly she smil'd among the rest) That she her self would speak, a Sign express'd. Then with sweet Grace into these Accents broke, Th' unsavoury Place perfuming while she spoke.

(c) Horat. Epod. lib. Od, 3:

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FLORA.

Though he no mention makes of me at all,
Though he no mention makes of me at all,
That he blame-worthy was in this, 'tis true,
But the blind Bard gives other Gods their due.
His Truth 'twere great Impiety to flight,
Ev'n what of Moly he affirms is right.
I once had fuch a Flow'r, but now bereft
O'th' Happiness, the Name is only left.
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No fooner Men its wondrous Virtue knew. But jealous Gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew. Tis faid that Fove did Mercury chaftife For flewing to Ulyffer fuch a Prize. To fay I faw him do't, I'll not presume, But Witness am of Moly's unjust Doom. E'en to the Shades below her Root strikes down, As she wou'd make th' infernal World her own. As from their native Seats the Fiends she'd drive, And, spight of Flames and blafting Sulphur, thrive, Fove faw't, and faid, Since Fire can't ftop thy Course, We'll try some Magick Water's ftranger Force. Then calling (d) Lympha to him, thus at large Unfolds his Mind, and gives the Goddess charge: Thou know'ft, faid he, where Cicones relide, There runs a marvelous petrifying Tide; Take of that Stream (but largely take) and throw Where'er thou feeft the wicked Moly grow; Our Empire is not fafe, her Pow'r's fo large; Whole Rivers therefore on her Head discharge. Lympha with lib ral Hand the Liquor pours, While thirsty Moly her own Bane devours; Her Stem forthwith is turn'd, O Prodigy ! Into a Pillar; where her Flow'r shou'd be The Sculpture of a Flow'r is only shown: Poor Moly thus transform'd to Marble-Stone. The Story of her Fate does still present, And stands in Death her own fad Monument. Here ended little Moly's mighty Reign, By jealous Gods for too much Virtue flain.

What Wonder then, if that bold (e) Flow'r doth prove The Object of his Wrath that rival'd Jone?

⁽d) The Goddess of Water.

⁽e) Lark spur. The Herb, by the touch of which June was feign'd to conceive Mars, Ovid, East. lib. 5.

That to embrace chaft June did aspire to alui de mod I Gallant t' a Goddels, of a God the Sire, mirl small boy The vig tous Herb, begat a Deity, oil bib showed and A God, like Feve himself for Majesty, side of good S And one that thunders too as loud as he; With one thort Moment's Touch begot him too, That's more than ever threshing fove cou'd do. The Flow'r it felf appears with Warriour's Mien, (As much as can in growing Plants be feen) With stabbing Point and cutting Edge tis made, Like warlike Weapon, and upon its Blade Are ruddy Stains like Drops of Blood difplay'd. Its Spikes of Faulchion-shape are sanguine too, Its Stem and Front is all of bloody Hue: The Root in Form of any Shield is spread, A crefted Helmet's plac'd upon its Head. Upon his Stalk, Strings, Bow and Arrows grow, A Horseman's Spur upon his Heel below. Minerva I would have this Warriour wed, 1000 A Warriour fit for chaft Minerva's Bed; So she might teem, yet keep her Maiden-head. My Garden had but one of these, I own, And therefore by the Name of Phænix known, The Herb that could increase Fove's mighty Breed; T' its felf an Eunpeh was, and wanted Seed Grieving that Earth fo rich a Prize fould want, I try'd all Means to propagate the Plant: What cannot Wit, what cannot Art fulfil! At least where Powers Divine wou'd shew their Skill. One tender Bulb another did succeed, And my fair Phonix now began to breed; But mark th' Event, shall I expeding fit, Says Fove, till this young Sprout more Gods beget, To have a Rival in my Heav'n and fee An Herb-race mingle with fove's Progeny? A dreadful and (f) blind Monster then does make;

That on his Rival dire Revenge might take;

Book

⁽f) The Mole,

Though less of Size, sharp'd like a Forest-Boar, And turns him loofe into my Garden's Store. What havock did the Savage make that Day! (I weep to think what flow'ry Ruins lay) With Sulphur's Fume I frove to drive him thence. The Fume of Sulphur prov'd too weak Defence. Great Spurge and Affa Fætida I try'd, In vain, in vain, ftrong Mely's Scent apply d. Small Vermin did his Ancestors suffice. When they cou'd catch a Beetle, twas a Prize, But fuch coarfe Fare this Salvage does despile. He like a Swine, of Epicurus breed, On the best Dainties of my Soil must feed, Tulips of ten Pounds price (fo large and gay Adorn'd my Bow'r) he'd eat me ten a Day: For twice the Sum I could not now supply The like, though Fore himself should come to buy. Yet like a Goddess I the Damage bore With Courage, truffing to my Art for more. While therefore I contrive to trap the Foe, The Wretch devours my precious Phanin too. Nor to devour the Sire is fatisfy'd, But tears the tender Off-spring from his Side. O impious Fact --- Here Flora paus'd a-while, And from her Eyes the Crystal Tears distil: But, as became a Goddels, check'd her Grief. And thus proceeds, in Language sweet and brief. Thee Moly, Homer did perhaps devour, For, to Heav'ns Shame be't spoke, the Bard was poor. But in thy Praise would ne'er vouchsafe to speak. From these Examples, Moly, warning take. To fatal Honours feek not then to sife. *Tis dangerous claiming Kindred with the Skies: Thou honest Garlick art, let that suffice, Of Country growth, own then thy Earthly Race, Nor bring by Pride, on Plants or Man, disgrace. She faid and to the Lily waiting by Gave Sign, that the her Title next thould try.

White LILT.

SUCH as the lovely Swan appears

When rifing from the Trent or Thame,

And, as aloft his Plumes he rears,

Despises the less beauteous Stream:

So when my joyful Flow'r is born,
And does its native Glories show;
Her clouded Rival she does scorn,
Th' are all but Foils where Lilies grow.

Soon as the Infant comes to light,
With harmless Milk alone its fed;
That from the Innocence of White
A gentle Temper may be bred.

The Milky Teat is first apply'd
To fiercest Creatures on the Earth,
But I can boast a greater pride,
(g) A Goddess Milk produc'd my Birth.

When Juno in the Days of yore
Did with this great Akides teem,
Of Milk the Goddess had such store,
The Nectar from her Breast did stream;

Whitening beyond the pow'r of Art
The Pavement where it lay,
Yet through the Creviles some part
Made shift to find its way.

⁽g) Jupiter, in order to make Hercules immortal, clap'd him to Juno's Breafts while the was afteep. The lufty little Rogue suck d so hard, that too great a gush of Milk coming forth, some spilt upon the Sky, which made the Galaxy or Milky-way, and out of some which fell to the Earth arose the Lily.

The Earth forthwith did pregnant prove, With Lily-Flow'rs supply d,

That scarce the Milky Way above With her in Whiteness vy'd.

where the lavely Thus did the Race of Man arise. When sparks of heavenly Fire, Breaking through Crannies in the Skies, Did Earth's dull Mass inspire.

Happy those Souls that can, like me, and soon bake Their native White retain ; har fav A habout yet Preserve their heav'nly Purity, And wear no guilty Stain.

Peace in my Habit comes array'd, his salmand the My Drefs her Daughters wear; and add monitorit Hope and Joy in White are clad, request states A In Sable Weeds Despair. The Milky Test is on

Thus Beauty, Truth, and Chastity and Habran of Attir'd we always find; Thirting I filed my I me From me are ne'er disjoin'd.

rail bill bilerat pan V Nature, on many Flow'rs belide, Bestows a muddy White; but abbod shi aline to On me the plac'd her greatest Pride, on sale Weit's All over clad in Light.

Thus Lily spoke, and needless did suppose Secure of Form, her Virtues to disclose. Then follow'd Lilies of a diff rent hue. Who ('cause their Beauty less than hers they knew) From Birth and high Descent their Title drew. Of these the Martagon chief Claim did bring, (The noble Flow'r that did from Ajax spring) But from the noblest Hero's Veins to flow, Seem'd less than from a Goddess Milk to grow.

Mook W.

At last the drowzy Poppy rais'd her Head,
And sleepily began her Cause to plead.
Ambition e'en the drowzy Poppy wakes,
Who, thus to urge her Merit, undertakes.

POPPT.

Of Care and Toil the sweet Relief; Like Sov'reign Balm thou canst restore, When Doctors give the Patients o'er.

Thou to the wretched art a Friend, A Guest that ne'er does Harm intend; In Cottages mak'st thy Aboad, To th' Innocent thou art a God.

On Earth, with Fove, bear'st equal sway, Thou rul'st the Night, as Fove the Day; A middle station thou dost keep, Twixt Fove and Pluto, pow'rful Sleep!

As thou art just, and scorn'st to lie, Confess before this Company, That by the Virtue of my Flow'r, Thou holdest thy nocturnal Pow'r.

Why do we call thee Loiterer?
Who fly'ft so nimbly through the Air?
The Birds on Wing confess thy Force,
And stop i'th' middle of their Course.

Thy Empire, as the Ocean, wide, Rules all that in the Deep relide; That moving Island of the Main, The Whale, is fetter'd in thy Chain.

The Delart-Lands thy Pow'r declare, Thou rul'st the Lion, Tiger, Bear: To mention these, alas, is vain, O'er City-Tyrants thou dost reign.

The Basilisk, whose Looks destroy, And Nymph more fatal, if she's coy; Whose Glances surer Death impart To her tormented Lover's Heart.

When Sleep commands, their Charms give way, His more prevailing Force obey; Their killing Eyes they gently close, Dilarm'd by innocent Repose.

That careful Fove does always wake, The Poets say; a foul Mistake! For when to Pow'r the Wicked rise, Can Fove look on with open Eyes?

When Blood to Heav'n for Vengeance calls, So loud it shakes his Palace-Walls; Yet does unheard, unanswer'd sue, Must Fove not sleep, and foundly too?

That Ceres with my Flow'r is griev'd, Some think, but they are much deceiv'd, For where her richeft Corn she sows, The Inmate Poppy she allows.

Together both our Seeds does fling, And bids us both together fpring; Good Cause, for my Sleep-giving Juice Does more than Corn to Life conduce.

On us the Mortals freely feed, Of other Plants there's little need; Full of Poppy, full of Corn, Th' Hesperian Garden you may scorn.

(b) Bread's more refreshing, mix'd with me, Honey and I with Bread agree,

⁽b) In old time the Seed of the White Poppy parch'd, was ferv'd up as a Deffert.

Our Tafte fo sweet it can excite
The weak or fated Appetite.

In Ceres Garland I am plac'd,
Me she did first vouchsafe to taste;
When for her Daughter lost she griev'd,
Nor, in long time had Food receiv'd.

Bove all the does extol my Plant, For, if suffaining Corn you want, From me such kind Supplies are sent, As give both Sleep and Nourishment.

The Reason therefore is most plain
Why I was made the fruitful'st Grain;
The Persian brings not to the Field,
Such Armies as my Camp does yield.

Diseases in all Regions breed, No Corner of the World is freed, Hard Labour ev'ry where we find, The constant Portion of Mankind.

Sick Earth Great Fove beheld with Grief, And fent me down to her Relief, And 'cause her Ills so fast did breed, Endow'd me with more fertile Seed.

Thus Poppy spake, nor did, as I suppose,
So soon intend her bold Harangue to close,
But seiz'd with Sleep, here finish'd her Discourse;
Nor cou'd resist her own Lethargick Force.
I tell strange things, (but nothing should deter,
Since 'tis most certain Truth what I aver,)
Nor would I sacred History profane,
As Poets use, with what is false and vain.
While Poppy spoke—
Th' Assembly could no longer open keep
Their Eyes, ev'n Flora's self self fast asseep.

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So Daffadils with too much Rain opprest, Recline their drooping Heads upon their Breaft, Zeplyr, not long could bear this foul Difgrace; With a brisk Breeze of Air he shook the Place : Flora, who well her Husband's Kiffes knew, Wak'd first, but rear'd her Head with much ado : With heavy Motion to her drowly Eyes distant Her Fingers lifts, and What's o' Clock, the cries? At which the rest (all by degrees) unfold Their Eye-lids, and the open Day behold. The Sun-Flow'r, thinking 'twas for him foul shame To nap by Day-light, frove t' excuse the Blame : It was not Sleep that made him nod, he faid, But too great Weight and Largeness of his Head. Majestick then before the Court he stands, And Silence with Phubean Voice commands.

(i) SUN-FLOWER.

F by the Rules of Nature we proceed, And Likeness to the Sire must prove the Breed; Believe me, Sirs, when Phabus looks on you, He scarce can think his Spoule, the Earth, was true. No fooner can his Eye on me be thrown and had But he (k) by Styx will fwear I am his own. My Orb-like golden Afpect bound with Rays, The very Picture of his Face difplays. Among the Stars, long fince, I should have place. Had not my Mother been of mortal Race. What also and Presume not then, ye Earth-born Musbroom Brood, To call me Brother I derive my Blood again the From Phabus felf, which by my Form I prove, And (more than by my Form) my filial Love: I still adore my Sire with prostrate Face, Turn where he turns, and all his Motions trace,

⁽i) Chryfanthemum Peruvianum. (k) The ufual Oath of the Godi.

who seeing this, (all things he sees) decreed to you his doubtful, if not spurious, Breed, These poorer Climes, to be in Dow'r enjoy'd, of that divine Phabean Metal void; on me that (1) richer Soil he did bestow, where Gold, the Product of his Beams, does grow. Amongst his Treasures well might he assign A Place for me, his like and living Coin. He said, and bowing twice his Head, with Grace, To Flora, thrice to's Sire, resum'd his Place.

To him succeeds a (m) Flow'r of greater Name, who from high Jove himself deriv'd his Claim.

(1) America, where grow the largest Sun Fowers. . (m) Flos Jovis,

(n) JULY-FLOWER.

OW this Pretender, for no Med'cine good, Can be allow'd the Son of Phylick's God, I leave to the wife Judgment of the Court; With better Proofs my Title I support : Fove was my Sire, to me be did impart (Who best deserv'd) the Empire of the Heart. Let bim with golden Aspect please the Eye, A fov'reign Cordial to the Heart am I. Not Tagus, nor the Treasures of Peru Thy boafted Soil can Grief, like me, subdue Should Fove once more descend in golden Show'r, Not Fove cou'd prove so cordial as my Flow'r. One golden Coat thou haft, I do confess, That's all, poor Plant, thou hast no Change of Dreis Of sev'ral hues I sev ral Garments wear, Nor can the Rose her self with me compare: The gaudy-Tulip and the Emony Seem tichly coated, when compar'd with thee.

⁽n) Caryophyllus fativus major, Carnations.

View both their Stocks, my Ward-robe has the same, The very Crass I of Colours am.

Rich but in Dress they are, in Virtue poor,
Or keep, like Misers, to themselves their Store,
Most lib'rally my Bounty I impart,
'Tis Joy to mine to ease another's Heart.
Some Flow'rs for Physick serve, and some for Smell,
For Beauty some——but I in all excel.

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While thus the spake, her Voice, Scent, Dress, and Majestick all, drew Rev'rence from the Court. Well might th' inferiour Plants concern'd appear, The very Rose her self began to fear. Her next of Kin, a fair and num'rous Hoft, Of their Alliance to Carnation boaft. Then divers more, who, though to Fields remov'd, From Garden July-Flower their Lineage prov'd. They of the Saffron-House next took their Course, Of dwarfish Stature, but gigantick Force : Led by their purple Chief, who dares appear, And frand the shock of the declining Year. In Autumn's stormy Months he thews his Head, When tainted Skies their baneful Venom shed. He scarce began to speak, when looking round, The Colchie-Tribe amongst his Train he found; Hence ye profane, he cry d, nor bring Difgrace On my fair Title, I disown your Race, Repair to Circe's or Medea's Tent, When on some fatal Mischief they are bent ; To baneful Pontus flee, feek Kindred there, You, who of Flowers, Earth, Heav's, the Scandal are.

Thus did he fform; for though by Nature mild, Against the pois nous Race his Choler boil'd. His facred Virtue the Intruders knew, And from th' Assembly conscionsly withdrew.

⁽o) Meadow Saffron, call'd Bulbus Strangulatorius & Ephemeron fetbale.

SAFFRON.

While others boast their high Original,
And Sol or Fove their Parents call;
I claim (contented with such slender Flow'rs)
No Kindred with Almighty Pow'rs.

I from a constant (p) Lover took my Name,

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And dare aspire to no greater Fame. Whom after all the Toils of anxious Life,

'Twixt Hopes and Fears a tedious Strife, Great Fove, to quit me of my hopeless Fire,

(My Patron he, though not my Sire) Transform'd me to a smiling Flow'r at last,

To recompense my Sorrows past. Live chearful now, he said, not only live Merry thy self, but Gladness give.

Then to my facred Flow'r with Skill he join'd, Stems three or four of Star-like kind.

Made them the (q) Magazines of Mirth and Joy,
Whate'er can fullen Grief destroy.

Gay Humours there, Conceit and Laughter lie, Venus and Cupid's Armory.

Bacchus may, like a Quack, give present Ease, That only strengthens the Disease.

You crush, alas! the Serpent's Head in vain, Whose Tail survives to strike again.

All noxious Humours from the Heart I drive,

And, spight of Poison, keep alive; The Heart secur'd, through all the Parts beside.

Fresh Life and dancing Spirits glide. But still 'tis vain to guard th' Imperial Seat,

If to the (r) Lungs the Foe retreat;

(p) Ovid. Met. 4. Plin. 16. 35.

⁽⁹⁾ See its many Virtues enumerated by Laurembergius and Schroder! It is accounted to wholesom for the Lungs, that it is call'd Anima Pulmenum,

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If of those Avenues he's once possest,
Famine will soon destroy the rest.
I watch and keep those Passes open too,
For vital Air to come and go.

Ungrateful to his Friend that Breath must be, That can abstain from praising me.

But, having been an Instance of Love's Pow'r,
To Females, still a facred Flow'r;
"Tis just that I shou'd now the Womb defend.

And be to Venus Seat a Friend,

'Gainst all that wou'd the teeming Part annoy, My ready Succour I employ:

I ease the boring Pangs, and bring away

The Birth, that past its time would stay.

If this Assembly then my Claim suspend, Who am to Nature such a Friend;

Who all that's Good protect, and Ill confound,
If you refuse to have me crown'd;

If you decline my gentle, chearful Sway,

Let my pretended (/) Kinsman come in play, Punish your Folly, and my Wrongs repay.

He said, and shaking thrice his fragrant Head, Through all the Court a Cordial Flavour spread; While of his scatter'd Sweets each Plant partakes, And on th' Ambrosial Scent a Banquet makes. Touch'd with a Sense of Joy, his Rivals smil'd, Ev'n them his Virtue of their Rage beguil'd; Ev'n Poppy's self, refresh'd, erects her Head, Who had not heard one Word of what he said.

(t) Flower-gentle last, on losty Stem did rise, And seem'd the humble Saffron to despise;

(() The fore mentioned Baftard-Saffron.

⁽t) Amaranthus, or which never withers. Floramour, Goldilocks,

On his high Name and Stature he depends, And thus his Title to the Crown defends.

AMARANTH, FLOWER-GENTLE.

WHAT can the puling Rose or Violet say,
Whose Beauty slies so fast away?
Fit only such weak Infants to adorn,
Who die as soon as they are born.

Immortal Gods wear Garlands of my Flowers, Garlands eternal as their Powers, Nor Time that does all earthly Things invade

Can make a Hair fall from my Head. Look up, the Gardens of the Sky Jurvey,

And Stars that there appear fo gay,
If credit may to certain Truth be giv'n,
They are but th' Amaranths of Heav'n.

A transient Glance sometimes my Cynthia throws
Upon the Lily or the Rose;

But views my Plant, aftonish'd, from the Sky, That she should change, and never I.

Because with Hair instead of Leaves adorn'd, By some, as if no Flower, I'm scorn'd;

But I my chiefest Pride and Glory place. In what they reckon my Disgrace.

My Priv'lege 'tis to differ from the reft; What has its like can ne'er be best:

Nor is it fit Immertal Plants shou'd grow In form of fading Plants below.

That Gods have Flesh and Blood we cannot say,

That they have something like to both, we may;

So I, resembling an immortal Pow'r,
Am only, as it were, a Flower.

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Their Pleas thus done, the several Tribes repair,
And stand in Ranks about the Goddess Chair,
Silent and trembling betwixt Hope and Fear.
Flora, who was of Temper light and free,
Puts on a personated Gravity;
As with the grave Occasion best might suit,
And in this manner finish'd the Dispute.

FLORA.

Mongst the Miracles of ancient Rome. When Cineas thither did as Envoy come, Th' August and purpl'd Senate he admir'd, View'd 'em, and if they all were Kings, enquir'd? So I, in all this num'rous Throng, must own I fee no Head but what deferves a Crown. On what one Flow'r can I bestow my Voice. Where equal Merits so diffract my Choice? Be rul'd by me, the envious Title wave, Let no one claim what all deferve to bave. Consider how from Roman Race we spring, Whose Laws, you know, wou'd ne'er permit a King. Can I, who am a Roman Deity, A haughty Tarquin in my Garden fee? Ev'n your own Tribes, if I remember right. Rejoye'd when they beheld the Tyrant's flight. With Gabine slaughter big, think how he slew The fairest Flow'rs that in his Plat-forms grew; Mankind and you how he alike annoy'd, And both with sportive Cruelty destroy'd. You, who are Lords of Earth as well as they, Shou'd Free-born Roman Government display. Rest ever then a Commonwealth of Flow'rs, Compos'd of People and of Senators. This I presume the best for You and Me, With Sense of Men and Gods does best agree,

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Lily and Rose this Year your Consuls be,
The Year shall so begin auspiciously.
Four Prators to the Seasons four I make,
The vernal Pratorsbip, thou, Tulip, take:
(u) Fove's Flowr the Summer, (w) Crocus Autuma
Let Winter warlike Hellebore obey. [sway,
Honour's the sole Reward that can accrue.
Though short your Office, to your Charge be true.
Your Life is short—The Goddess ended here.
The Chosen with her Verdict pleas'd appear;
The rest with Hope to speed another Year.

(u) July-Flowers.

(w) Saffron.

The End of the Fourth BOOK.

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PLANTS.

BOOK V.

POMONA; Goddess of Fruit:bearing Trees.

Proportion'd to the lofty Theme we fing.

The Race of Trees, whose towring Branches rise
In open Air, and almost kiss the Skies.

Too light those Strains that tender Flow'rs desir'd,
Too low the Verse that humbler Herbs requir'd;
Those Weaklings near the Surface of the Earth
Reside, nor from the Soil, that gave them Birth,
Dare launch too far into the airy Main,
The Winds rough Shock unable to sustain;
These to the Skies with Heads erected go,
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.

Not Man, the Earth's proud Lord, so high can raise
His Head, they touch those Heav'ns which he surveys.

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Between th' Herculean Bounds and Golden Soil
By great Columbus found, there lies an Isle,
Of those call'd Fortunate the fairest Seat,
Indulg'd by Heav'n and Nature's blest retreat.
A constant settled Calm the Sky retains,
Disturb'd by no impetuous Winds or Rains,
Zepbyr alone with fragrant Breath does chear
The storid Earth, and hatch the fruitful Year.

No Clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
But fatning Dews in stead from Heav'n distil,
And friendly Stars with vital Instuence fill.
No Cold invades the temp'rate Summer there,
More rich than Autumn, and than Spring more fair.
The Months without Distinction pals away,
The Trees at once with Leaves, Fruit, Blossoms gay;
The changing Moon all these, and always does sur-

Nature, some Fruits, does to our Soil deny, Nor what we have can ev'ry Month supply, But ev'ry Sort that happy Earth does bear, . All Sorts it bears, and bears them all the Year.

This Seat Pomona now is faid to prize,
And fam'd Alcinous Gardens to despise.
Betwixt th' old World and new makes this Retreat
Of her green Empire the Imperial Seat;
And wisely too, that Plants of ev'ry Sort,
May from both Worlds repair to fill her Court.
Hedges instead of Walls this Place surround,
Brambles and Thorns of various Kinds abound,
With (x) Haw-Thorn that does Magick Spells confound.

The well-rang d Trees within broad Walks display,
Through which her verdant City we survey:
I'th' midst her Palace stands, of Bow'rs compos'd,
With twining Branches, and green Walls enclosed;
By Nature deck'd with Fruits of various kind,
You'd swear some Artist had the Work design d.

When Autumn's Reign begins, the Goddess here, Autumn with us, eternal Summer's there)
When Scorpio with his Venom blasts the Year,
The Goddess her Vertumnal Rites prepares
(So call'd from various Forms Vertumnus wears)

⁽x) Of White Thorn, Spina Alba, Ovid. Faft, 6.

No Cost she spares those Honours to perform, (For no Expence can that rich Goddels harm) She then brings forth her Garden's choice Delights, To treat the rural Gods whom she invites. The Twelve of Heavenly Race, her Guests appear, Wanton Priapus too is present there, The fair Hoft more attracts him than the Fare. Then Pales came, and Pan, Arcadia's God, On his dull As the fat Silenus rode, Lagging behind; the Fauni next advance, With nimble Feet, and to the Banquet dance; Nor Heav'ns inferiour Pow'rs were absent thence, Whose Altars seldom smoak with Frankincense. (y) Picumnus, who the barren Lands manures, (2) Tutanus too, who gather'd Fruit secures, (a) Collina from the Hills, from Vallies low (b) Vallonia came, (c) Rurina from the Plow, With whom a hundred ruftick Nymphs appear, Who Garments form'd of Leaves or Bark did wear, To these, strange (d) Pow'rs from new found India came, Most dreadful in their Aspect, Form, and Name.

The hundred Mouths of Fame cou'd ne'er sustice. To taste or tell that Banquet's Rarities. With change of Fruits the Table still was stor'd, For ready Servants waited at the Board. In various Dress, the Months attending too, In Number Twelve, twelve times the Feast renew, Of Apples, Pears and Dates they fill'd the Juice, The Indian-Nut supply'd the double Use Of Drink and Cup; the more luxuriant Vine Afforded various kinds of sprightly Wine:

Canaria's neighb'ring Isle, the most Divine.

⁽y) God of Improvement of Land, in An. 6. also call'd Sterguilinus. (z) God of Granaries and Repositories of Corn, 66 aug. de Civ. D. c. 8.

⁽a) Godders of the Hills.
(c) Godders of Plow'd Lands.

⁽b) Goddess of the Vales.
(d) American Pagedes,

Of this glad Bacchus fills a Bowl, and cries,
Ofacred Juice; O wretched Deities!
Who absent hence of sober Nettar take
Dull Draughts, nor know the Joys of potent Sack.
The rest who Bacchus Judgment cou'd not doubt,
Pledg'd him in Course, and sent the Bowl about,
Venus and Flora Chocolate alone
Wou'd drink,—the Reason to themselves best known.
The Gods (who surely were too wise to spare,
When they both knew their Welcome and their Fare)
Fell freely on, till now Discourse began,
And one, exclaiming cry'd, O soolish Man!
That grossy feeds on Flesh, when ev'ry Field
Does easy and more wholsome Banquets yield.

That grolly feeds on Flesh, when ev'ry Field Does easy and more wholsome Banquets yield. Who in the Blood of Beasts their Hands imbrue, And eat the Victims to our Altars due. From hence the rest occasion take at last The Goddess to extol, and her Repast? The Orange one, and one the Fig commends; Another the rich Fruit that Persia sends; Some cry the Olive up above the rest, But by the most the Grape was judged the best.

The Indian God who heard them nothing fay Of Fruits that grow in his America, (Of which her Soil affords fo rich a Store; Her Golden Mines can scarce be valu'd more.) Thus taxes their unjust Partiality, As well he might; the Indian Bacchus he.

Can Prejudice, said he, corrupt the Pow'rs
Of this old World? far be that Crime from ours.
If when to furnish out a noble Treat
You seek our Fruits, the Banquet to compleat;
(Which I with Greediness have seen you cat)
Are these your Thanks, ingrateful Deities?
Your Tongues reproach what did your Palates please:

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You only praise the Growth of your own Soil, Because the Product of long Age's Toil; But had not Fortune been our Country's Foe, And Parent Nature's felf forfak n us too, Had not your armed Mars in Triumph rode O'er our Ochecus, a poor naked God, Had not your Neptune's floating Palaces Sunk our tall Ochus Fleet of hollow Trees, Nor thundring Jove made Varicocha yield, Nor Spaniards yet more herce laid waste our Field. And left alive no Tiller to recruit The breed of Plants, and to improve the Fruit, Our Products foon had filenc'd this Dispute. But as it is, my Climate I'll defend, No Soil can to fuch numerous Fruits pretend: We still have many to our Conqu'rors Shame, Of which you are as yet to learn the Name, So little can you boaff to shew the same. This I affert; if any be so vain To contradict the Truth that I maintain, (Since from both Worlds this Feast has hither brought All Fruits with which our diff rent Climes are fraught) The Deities that are affembl'd here Shall judge which World the richest will appear; In Fruits I mean, for that our Lands excel In Gold, you to our Sorrow know too well. His Comrade-Gods in this bold Challenge join, Nor did our Pow'rs the noble Strife decline; Minerva in her Olive safe appear'd; Bacchus, who with a Smile, the Boaffer heard, As in the East his Conquest had been shown, Now reckons the West-Indies too his own. His Courage with ten Bumpers first he chear'd; Then all agree to have the Table clear'd, And each respective Tree to plead their Worth; The Goddess one by one commands them forth.

She summon'd first the Nut of double Race, And Apple, which in our old World have place, Of each the noblest Breeds; for to the Name A thousand petty Families lay claim.

The Nut-Trees Name at first the Oak did grace.
Who in Pomona's Garden then had place,
Till her nice Palate Acorns did decline,
Scorning in Diet to partake with Swine:
At last the Filbert and the Chesnut sweet,
Were scarce admitted to her verdant Seat;
The airy Pine, of Form and Stature proud,
With much Entreaty was at length allow'd.

The Hazel with light Forces marches up, The first in Field, upon whose nutty Top A Squirrel fits, and wants no other Shade Than what by his own spreading Tail is made; He culls the foundest, dext'rously picks out The Kernels sweet, and throws the Shells about. You see, Pomona cries, the cloifter'd Fruit, That with your Tooth, Silenus, does not fuit. That therefore useless 'tis, you cannot say, It serves our Youths at once for Food and Play; But while such Toys, my Lads, you ase too long, Expecting Virgins think you do 'em Wrong: 'Tis time that you these childish Sports forfake, Hymen for you has other Nuts to crack. O Plant, most fit for Boys to patronize (Says Bacchus) who my gen'rous Juice despise, A restive Fruit, by Nature made to grace The Monky's Saws, and humour the Grimace.

The sudden Gibe made sober Pallas smile,
Who thus proceeds in a more serious Stile.
A strong and wondrous Enmity we find
In Hazle-tree gainst Poisons of all kind,
More wondrous their Magnetick Sympathy,
That secret Beds of (e) Metals can descry,
And point directly where hid Treasures lie.

⁽e) Of this is made the Divining Rod with which they precend to discover Mines Bapt, Port, Schrod.

In fearch of Golden Mines a Hazle Wand, The wife Diviner takes in his Right-Hand, In vain, alas! he casts his Eyes about, To find the rich and secret Mansions out, Which yet, when near, shall, with a Force Divine, The Top of the suspended Wand incline. So ffrong the Sense of Gain, that it affects The very lifeless Twig, who strait reflects His trembling Head, and eager for th' Embrace. Directly tends to the Magnetick Place; What Wonder then so strange Effects confound The Minds of Men, in Mists of Errour drown'd: It puzzled me, who was at Athens bred, Ev'n me the Off-spring of great Fove's own Head. Let Phabus then unfold this Mystery. Much more than Man We know, but Phabus more than [We.

She said—Apollo, with th' Enigma vext,
And scorning to be pos'd in Words perplext,
Strove to disguise his Ignorance, and spent
Much Breath on Atoms, and their wild Ferment:
Of Sympathy he made a long Discourse,
And long insisted on self-acting Force;
But all confus'd and distant from the Mark,
His Delpbick Oracle was ne'er so dark.
'Twas Mirth for Jove to see him tug in vain,
At what his Wisdom only cou'd explain;
For those prosounder Mysteries to hide
From Gods, and Men, is sure Jove's greatest Pride.

The shady Chesnut next her Claim puts in,
Though seldom she is in our Gardens seen.
So coarse her Fare, that 'tis no small Dispute,
If Nuts or Acorns we shou'd call her Fruit;
So vile, the Gods from Mirth cou'd not forbear
To see such Kernels such strong Armour wear;
First, with a linty Wad wrapt close about,
(Useful to keep green Wounds from gushing out)

c.

The third has Spikes that can her Foes invade.

Thersites, sure, no greater Sport cou'd make,
With Ajax sev'n-fold Shield upon his Back.

The Pine with awful Rev'rence next did rife Above Contempt, and almost touch'd the Skies; Carv'd in his facred (f) Bark, he wore beside Great Maro's Words, to justify his Pride: Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and bowing low His Pine-wreath'd Head, but just Respect did show. Were Neptune present he had done the same To that fair Plant that in his Ishmian Game The Victor crowns, whose loud Applauses he With equal Transport hears in either Sea. Neptune of other Plants no Lover feems, Land All But with good Reason, he the Pine esteems: The Pine alone has Courage to remove From's native Hills (where long with Winds he strove: In Youth) on (g) watry Mountains to engage, With's naked Timber, fiercer Tempests rage. In vain were Floods to Plants and Men deny'd, In vain delign'd for Fishes to reside, Since Nature's Laws by Art are overcome, And Men with Ships make Seas their native Home. But of all Pines Mount Ida bears the best. By (b) Cybele prefer'd above the rest. This Plant a lovely Boy was heretofore, Belov'd by Cybele, upon whose Score He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now His Fruit delaying Venus now excites, His Wood affords the Torch which Hymen lights.

⁽f) Pulcherrima Pinus in hortis. Virg. Ecl.

⁽g) Being made into Mass for Ships
(h) Atys, reported for the sake of Chassity to have made himself an Eunuch, Ovid Met, 10, Juven.

(i) Ia, for whom her Father, of White thern, A Torch prepar'd e're Pine by Brides was born ; When she shou'd meet her long expected Joy Embrac'd the Pine-tree for her lovely Boy. Dire change! yet cannot from his Trunk retire. But languishes away with vain Defire: Till Cybele afforded her Relief. (Her Rival once, now Partner in her Grief.) Transform'd her to the bitter (k) Almond-tree, Whole Fruit feems still with Sorrow to agree. Her Sifter, who the dreadful Change did mark, Strove with her Hands to stop the spreading Bark; But while the pious Office the perform'd, In the same manner found her felf transform'd. But, as her Grief was less severe, we find Her (1) Almond fweet, and of a milder kind. Thus did this Plant into her Arms receive Th' unfortunate, and more than once relieve. Poor Phyllis thus Demophoon's Absence mourn'd. Till the into an Almond-Tree was turn'd. Thus Phyllis vanish'd; Ceres saw her bloom, And prophely'd a fruitful (m) Year to come.

The firm Piftachio next appear'd in view,

The Walnut then approach d, more large and tall, His Fruit, which we a Nut, the Gods an Acorn call; (n) Fove's Acorn, which does no small Praise confess, Thave call'd it Man's Ambrosia had been less. Nor can this Head-like Nut, shap'd like the Brain Within, be said that Form by chance to gain, Or Caryon call'd by learned Greeks in vain.

⁽i) The Daughter of Midas espous'd to Atys. Arnob
(k) The Bitter Almond. (/) Sweet Almond.
(m) Virg George I, (n) Jours Nut. Plin, 23.8

For Membranes foft as Silk, her Kernel bind, Whereof the inmost is of tendrest kind, Like those which on the (o) Brain of Man we find; All which are in a Seam join'd Shell enclos'd, Which of this Brain the Skull may be suppos'd, This very Skull envelop'd is again In a green Coat, his Pericranion. Laftly, that no Objection may remain, To thwart her near Alliance to the Brain; She nourishes the Hair, remembring how Her self deform'd, without her Leaves does show: On barren Scalps. she makes fresh Honours grow. Her Timber is for various Ules good; The Carver she supplies with lasting Wood; She makes the Painter's fading Colours last; A Table she affords us, and repast; Ev'n while we feast, her Oil our Lamp supplies, The rankest Poilon by her Vertue, dies; The mad Dog's Foam; and Taint of raging Skies. The Pontick King, who liv'd where Poisons grew, Skilful in Antidotes, her Virtues knew; Yet envious Fates, that still with Merit strive And Man ingrateful, from the Orchard drive This Sov'reign Plant excluded from the Field, Unless some useless Nook a Station yield. Defenceless, in the common Road she stands, Expos'd to reffless War of vulgar Hands; By neighbring Clowns, and passing Rabble torn, Batter'd with Stones by Boys, and left forlors. To her did all the Nutty Tribe succeed, A hardy Race, that makes weak Gums to bleed; But to the Banquets of the Gods prefer'd, Are faid to open of their own accord.

Twixt these and juicy Fruits of painted Coat,

Such as on Sunny Apples we may note;

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Advanced the Tribe of those with rugged Skin, More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a-kin.

Pomegranate, Chief of these, whose blooming Flow'r (Pomona's Pride) may challenge Flora's Bow'r; The Spring-Rose seems less fair when she is by, Nor Carbuncle can with her Odour vie; Nor Scarlet Robes by proudeft Monarchs worn, Nor purple Streaks that paint the riling Morn, Nor Blushes that confenting Maids adorn. In the Eubaan Isle did stand of old Great Juno's Image, form'd of massy Gold. In one Right-Hand she held a Scepter bright, For with the Pow'rs Divine both Hands are Right) Her (p) Carthage lovely Fruit the other grac'd, And fitly in (9) Lucina's Hand was plac'd; Whose Orb within so many Cells contains, In form of Wombs, and stor'd with seedy Grains. But (r) Proferpine implacable remain'd Against this Plant, for former Wrongs lustain'd; Nor Ceres yet her Hatred cou'd difguife, But from Pomegranats turn'd her weeping Eyes. For the Elygan Fields / whence Fates permit None to return) what Tree can be more fit Than this (f) restringent Plant? a single Tast Of three small Grains kept Ceres Daughter fast .. Orange and Leman next, like Lightning bright, Came in, and dazled the Beholders Sight;

These were the fam'd Hesperian Fruits of old. Both Plants alike, ripe Fruit and Blossoms hold. This shines with Pale, and that with deeper Gold.

(f) Pomegranate, a most powerful Restringent, us'd in all immode;

land the same of the second

rate Evacuations.

⁽p) Pomegranate, call'd Malus Punica.
(q) June being the same with Lucina, the Goddess of Midwifery. (r) Tupiter is faid to have promis'd Ceres, that Proferpine should be refor'd to her, if the had tafted nothing in the lower Regions, but the having eaten Pomegranate Seeds, was retain'd.

Planted by Atlas, who supports the Skies, Proud at his Feet to fee thefe brighter Stars to rife. To keep them fafe the utmost care he took, He fenc'd 'em round with Walls of solid Rock; Nor with Priapus Custody content, A watchful Dragon for their Guard he fent. Let vulgar Apples Boys and Beggars fear, Thefe, worth Alcides stealing did appear. From Lands remote he came, and thought his Toils Were more than recompene'd in those rich Spoils. He only priz'd 'em for their Taste and Hue; For half their real Worth he never knew : Nor cou'd his Tutor Mars to him impart The noble Secrets of Apollo's Art. Had he but known their Juice 'gainst Poison good, The Hydra's Venom mixt with Centaur Blood Had never made Mount Octa hear his Cries, Nor th' oft-flain Monster more had pow'r to rife.

The Plums came next, by Cherry led, whose Fruit Th' expecting Gard'ner early does falute, To pay his Thanks impatient does appear. And with red Berries first adorns the Year. May, rich in Dress, but in Provision poor, Admires and thinks his early Fruita Flow'r. To wait for Summer's ripening Heat disdains, Not puts the Planter to immod'rate Pains. He loves the cooler Climes, Egyptian Nile Cou'd ne'er persuade him on her Banks to smile. He scorns the Bounty of a two-Months Tide; That leaves him thirfting all the Year belide. Proud Rome her felf this Plant can hardly rear, Ev'n to this Day he seems a Captive there. Pris'ner of War from Cerasus he came, (From's native (t) Cerasus he took his Name.).

⁽t) The Cherry Tree, in Latin call'd Gerafus, a Town in Cappadocia, from whence it was brought into Italy by Luculus, An. Utb. 680

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From thence transplanted to th' Italian Soil, Luculus Triumph brought no richer Spoil: Loud Peans to your noble Gen'ral sing, Italian Plants, that such a Prize did bring. The Conqu'rours Laurels, as in Triumph, wear The blushing Fruit, and captive Cherries bear. Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native Home, E'er long thou shalt a Denizen become, Among the Plants of World-commanding Rome.

A num'rous Host of Plums did next succeed, Distring in Colour, and of various Breed; Yhe Damask Prune, most antient, led in Van, Who, in Damascus, first his Reign began. Time out of mind he had subdu'd the East, 'Twas long e're he got Footing in the West; But now in Northern Climates he is known, A hardy Plant, makes ev'ry Soil his own.

Next him, th' Armenian Apricock took place, Not much unlike, but of a nobler Race; Of richer Flavour, and of Taste divine, Whose golden Vestments, streakt with Purple, shine.

Then came the Glory of the Persian Field, And to Armenia's Pride distain'd to yield. The Peach with silken Vest and pulpy Juice, Of Meat and Drink at once supplies the Use. But take him while he's ripe, he'll soon decay; For next Day's Banquet he distains to stay; Of Fruits the fairest, as the Rose of Flow'rs, But ah! their Beauties have but certain Hours.

A Fruit there is on whom the (u) Rose confers Her Name; of Smell and Colour too like hers: A Plum, that can it self supply the Board, To hungry Stomachs solid Food afford. To please our Gust, and Stomach to recruit, He thinks sufficient Tribute for his Fruit;

⁽w) Rhodocina. Plin. 15. 12, 13.

for Phylicks Use his other Parts are good, His Leaves, his Blossoms, ev'n his Gum and Wood, Does to us Health and Joy alike restore; friend to our Pleasure, to our Health much more. Not so the Corneil-Tree defign'd for Harms, Her Wood supplies dire Mars with impious (w) Arms. For fuch a Plant our Gardens are too mild, Harsh is her Fruit, and fit for Desarts wild. With her the Jujube Tree, a milder Plant, Which (though offentive Thorns the does not want) In Peace and Mirth alone does Pleasure take, Her Flow'rs, at Feafts, the genial Garlands make, Her Wood the Harp that keeps the Gueffs awake. Next comes the Lote-Tree, in whose dusky hue. Her black and Sun-burnt (x) Country you might view, To whom th' Affembly all rofe up (from whence Came this Respect?) and paid her Reverence. Prinpus only, with a down-caft Look, And confcious Blushes, at her presence shook. Th' all-feeing Gods, through that obscure Disguise. Nymph (y) Lotis faw, conceal'd from humane Eyes. They knew how, on the Hellespontick Shore, T' escape the dreadful Dast Priapus wore; And, zealous to preserve her Chastity, She loft her Form, and chang'd into a Tree. Though now no more a Nymph, a better Fate She does enjoy, and lives with longer Date; A longer Date than Oaks the does enjoy, Those long-liv'd Oaks that call old Neffor, Boy # She calls'em Girls, green Branches the display'd

When (2) Rome was built, and when in Ashes laid.
Tis true, she did not long survive the Fire,
(With Grief and Flames at once fore'd to expire)

⁽w) Of which Wood Spears and Bows were made. Volat Italy

⁽x) Being an African Plant. (7) Ov. Met. IX. (2) From Remulus the Builder, to Nero that burnt it.

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Almost Nine Hundred Years were past away,
Yet then she grudg'd to die before her Day.
Ev'n after Death her Trunk appears to (a) live;
Does vocal Pipes and breathing Organs give,
And sitly, like us Poets, may be said,
To make the greatest Noise when she is dead.
A Thousand Years are since elaps'd, yet still
She slourishes in Praise, and ever will.
Her Trees rich Fruit, with which she charm'd Mankind,
Shew'd, when a Nymph, the Sweetness of her Mind.
These Sounds express the Musick of her Tongue,
More sweet than Circe's or the Syren-Throng.

But Nymph, retire, triumphant Palm appears, She thrives the more the greater Weight fhe bears, No Pressure for her Courage is too hard, Of Virtue both th' Example and Reward. She flourish'd once in (b) Solymaan Ground, Fam'd Joshua's and Fessides facred Triumphs crown'd, But fince that Land was curs'd, the gen'rous Plant Grieves to continue her Inhabitant. Pifa bears Olives, Delphos Laurel yields, Nemea Smallage, Pines the Isthmian Fields; But all breed Palms, the Prize of Victory, All Lands in Honour of the Palm agree. And 'tis but the just Tribute of her Worth, Virtue no fairer Image has on Earth. Her Verduse she inviolate does hold; In spight of Summer's Heat and Winter's Cold. Opprest with Weight she from the Earth does rife, And bears her Load in Triumph to the Skies. What various (c) Benefits does the impart To Human-kind! her Wine revives the Heart,

(a) Instruments of Musick made of her Wood,

⁽b) Judea. (c) Strabe relates that the Babylenians used a Song that recited Three Hundred and Sixty Benefits of the Palm or Date Tree,

Her Dates rich Banquets to our Tables send,
At once to Pleasure, and to Health a Friend.
A Lover true, and well to love and serve
Is Virtues noble Task, and does the Palm deserve.
(d) Evadne, who a willing Victim prov'd,
Nor chast (e) Acestis so her Husband lov'd,
As does the Female Palm her Male, her Arms
To him are stretch'd with most endearing Charms.
Nor stops their Passion here; like Lovers, they
To more retir'd Endearments find the way,
In Earth's cold Bed their am'rous Roots are found,
In close Embraces twining under Ground.

Let Arms to Learning yield, the Palm refign,
The conquiring Palm, to Olive more divine;
Peace all prefer to War—thus Pallas spoke;
And in her Hand a peaceful Olive shook.
'Twas with this Branch that she the Triumph gain'd
(The greatest that can be by Gods obtain'd)
On learned (f) Athens to confer her Name;
A Right which she, most learn'd of Pow'rs might claim.
Not Gods in Heav'n without Ambition live,
But, who shall be poor Mortals Patrons, strive.

First, Neptune, with his Trident, strook the Ground; The warlike Steed no sooner heard the Sound, But starts from his dark Mansion, shakes his Hair, His Nostrils snort the unaccustom'd Air, Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted Noise is proud, With his insulting Feet his native Field is plow'd, Intrepid he beholds of Gods the circling Crowd.

Pallas, on th' other side, with gentle stroke Of her strong Spear, Earth's tender Surface broke,

⁽d) Leaping into the Flame of his Funeral Pile.
(e) Who died in her Husband Admetus's stead.

⁽f) The Contention between Neptune and Minerva, who should give the Name to Athens.

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Through which small Breach a sudden Tree shoots up, Ev'n at his Birth, with rev'rend hoary top, And vig'rous Fruit; the Gods applaud the Plant, And to Minerva the Precedence grant.

The vanquish'd Steed and God in rage affail'd The Victors, but ev'n so, their Malice fail'd,

Wit's Goddess and the peaceful Tree prevail'd. (g) Hail, facred Plant, who well deferv'ft to be By Laws feeur'd from Wrong, as well as we. From War's wild Rage Respect thou doft command, When Temples fall thou art allow'd to fland, (b) Neptune's bold Son revenging the Difgrace His Sire sustain'd, fell dead upon the place; The whirling Axe upon his Head rebounds, The Stroke defign'd on thee, himfelf confounds. The Gods concern'd Spectators flood, and smil'd To fee his impious Sacrilege beguil'd. Such be his Fate, whoe'er presumes to be A Foe to Peace, and to her facred Tree. Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant, upon our Guard Warns us to stand, and be for War prepar'd. In Peace delights, but when the Caufe is just, Permits not the avenging Sword to ruft. With suppling Oil and conqu'ring Wreaths supplies The Martial Schools of youthful Exercise : Nor is the firong Propension she does bear To Peace, th' Effect of Luxury or Fear. Earth's teeming Womb affords no stronger Birth, No Soil manuring needs to bring her forth. Allow her but warm Suns and temp'rate Skies, The vig'rous Plant in any Soil will rife. Lop but a Branch, and fixt in Earth, you'll fee She'll there take Root, and make her felf a Tree. Her Youth, 'tis true, by flow degrees, ascends, But makes you with long flourishing Years amends,

⁽g) Laws were made in Ashens to secure the Olive Tree,

up,

d.

Vature her Care in this did wifely show, That useful Olive long and easily shou'd grow. Most fov'raign, taken inward, is her Oil, and outwardly, confirms the Limbs for Toil. Life's Passages from all Obstructions frees, Clears Nature's Walks, to Smarting Wounds gives Ease, With easy Banquets does the Poor Supply, And makes cheap Herbs with Royal Banquets vie. The Painters flying Colours it binds faft, Makes short-liv'd Pictures long as Statues laft; The Student's Friend, no Labour can excel And last, but of Minerva's Lamp must smell. Nay, this does fo! -Most justly therefore does this Liquor rife D'er all in Mixture, justly may despile I'incorporate with any other Juice; afficient in it felf for ev'ry Use. Most justly, therefore, did Judea's Land, Who best Religious wites did understand) Dil, potent, chaft, and sacred Oil appoint Her Kings, her Priests, and Prophets, to anoint. Such was th' Appearance which the Olive made. With noble Fruit and verdant Leaves array'd; from whom Mineroa took, as she withdrew. A joyful Branch, and with it wreath'd her Brow. Fresh Armies then advanc'd into the Plain, First those whose Fruit did many Stones contain; In their first Lists, the Mediar-Tree was found Proud of his putrid Fruit, because 'twas (i) crown'd. Of Beauties Goddess, then the Plant more fair, Whose fragrant Motion so perfum'd the Air; The Smoak of Gums when from their Altars fent: Ne'er gave th' Immortal (k) Guests fuch fweet Content. Let Phabus Laurel bloody Triumphs lead, The Myrtle those, where little Blood is shed Th' Ovation of a bleeding Maiden-head.

⁽⁾ The top thereof refembling a Crown or Coroner, (k) The Myrtle.

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No Virgin-Fort impregnable can be

To him that crowns his Brow with Venus Tree. The Tribe of Pears and Apples next succeed, Of noble Families, and num'rous Breed: No Monarch's Table e'er despises them, temn. Nor they the poor Man's Board or earthen Dish con-Supports of Life, as well as Luxury, Nor like the Rivals a few Months Supply, But fee themselves succeeded e're they die. Where Phabus shines too faint to raise a Vine. They serve for Grapes, and make a Northern Wine. Their Liquor for th' Effects deserves that Name, Love, Valour, Wit and Mirth it can enflame. Care it can drown, loft Health, loft Wealth restore, And Bacchus potent Juice can do no more. With Cyder stor'd the (1) Norman Province sees Without regret the neighb'ring Vintages, Of Pear and Apple-kinds, an Army flood, Before the Court, and feem'd a moving Wood; On them Pomona smil'd as they went off, But flouting Bacchus was observ'd to scoff.

The Quince yet scorn'd to mingle with the Crowd, Alone she came, of signal Honours proud, With which by grateful Fove she was endow'd. A silky Down her golden Coat o'erspreads, Her rip'ning Fruit a grateful Odour sheds; Fove otherwise ingrateful had been stil'd, In Honey steep'd she fed him when a Child, In his most froward Fits she stopt his Cries; And now he eats Ambrosa in the Skies, Reslects sometimes upon his Infant-Years,

And just Respect to Quince and Honey bears.

The noblest of Wine-Fruits brought up the Rear,
But all to reckon, endless would appear,
The Barbary and Currant must escape,
Though her small Clusters imitate the Grape;

⁽¹⁾ Normandy in France.

The Rasberry and prickled Goosberry,
Tree-Strawberry, must all unmention'd be,
With many more whose Names we may decline;
Not so the Mulberry, the Fig and Vine,
The stoutest Warriours in our Combat past,
And of the present Field the greatest Hope and last.

But cautiously the Mulberry did move, And first the Temper of the Skies wou'd prove, What Sign the Sun was in, and if she might Give credit yet to Winter's feeming flight. She durft not venture on his first Retreat, Nor trust her Leaves and Fruit to double Heat: Her ready Sap within her Bark confines, Till she of settled Warmth has certain Signs. But for her long Delay amends does make, At once her Forces the known Signal take, And with tumultuous Noise their Sally make? In two short Months, her purple Fruit appears, And of two (m) Lovers flain the Tincture wears, Her Fruit is rich, but Leaves she does produce, That far furpals in Worth and noble Ule; The Frame and Colour of her Leaves survey, And that they are most vulgar you must say, But truft not their Appearance, they supply The Ornaments of Royal Luxury. The beautiful they make more beauteous feem. The Charming Sex owes half their Charms to them. Effeminate Men to them their Vestments owe. How vain that Pride which Infect-Worms bestow!

Such was the Mulberry of wondrous Birth.
The Fig succeeds; but to recite her Worth,
And various Powers, what Numbers can suffice?
Hail Ceres, Author of so great a Prize,
By thee with Food and Laws we were supply'd,
And with wild Fare wild Manners laid aside,

⁽n) Pyramus and Thisbe. Ovid,

And modest Nature cou'd defire no more;

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But thou ev'n for our Luxury took'ff Care, And kindly did this milky Fruit prepare. The poor Man's Feast, but such delicious Cheer Did never at Apicius Board appear; The grateful (n) Ceres with this Plant is faid Her hospitable Host to have repaid; Yet with no yernal Bloom the Tree supply'd To lighter Plants, said she, I leave that Pride; To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy Dress, Who meretricious Qualities confess, And who like wanton Proftitutes expose Their Bloom to ev'ry Hand, their Sweets to ev'ry Nofe. My Fruit like a chast Matron does proceed, And has of painted Ornament no need. They study Dress, but mine Fertility; Forcing her Off-spring from her solid Tree. Through hafte fometimes abortive Births fhe bears, But ever makes amends in those she rears. For whom her full charg'd Veins Supplies afford, Like a ftrong Nurse, with Milk she's ever ftor'd. Our Voice by thee refresh'd, ungrateful 'twere If, Fig Tree, thy just Praise it shou'd forbear; The Passes of our vital Breath by thee Mingrand and Are smooth'd and clear'd, obstructed Lungs set free. Nor only doft to Speech a Friend appear, Ev'n for that Speech thou doft unlock the Ear, Set'st ope the Gate, and giv'st it Entrance there. The foulest Ulcers putrid Sinks are drain'd By thee, by thee the Tumour's Rage restrain'd; The Gangrene, Ring-worm, Scurf and Leprofy; Kings Evil, Cancers, Warts are our'd by thee : Of flaming Gout thou doft suppress the Rage, Of Dropfy thou the Deluge dost asswage.

⁽n) Phytalus who kindly entertain'd her' and in return receiv'd from her the Fig-Tree. Paufan. Att. 35. 27.

Twere endless all thy Virtues to recite,
With all the Hosts of Poisons thou dost fight,
Aided by Rue and Nut put st Africa to slight.
Encounter st the Diseases of the Air,
When baneful Mischiess secret Stars prepare;
Whence does this vegetative Courage rise?
Even angry Fove himself thou dost despise,
His Lightning's furious Sallies thou dost see,
That spares not his own Consecrated Tree;
While he with Temples does wild Havock make,
While Mountains rend, and Earth's Foundations
quake,
Of thy undaunted Tree no Leaf is seen to shake.

Hail, Bacchus! hail, thou powerful God of Wine, Hail, Bacchus, hail, here comes thy darling Vine, Drunk with her own rich Juice, the cannot stand, But comes supported by her Husband's Hand; The lufty Elm supports her stagg'ring Tree, My best-lov'd Plant, how am I charm'd with thee! Bow down thy juicy Clasters to my Lip, Thy Nectar-Iweets I won'd not lightly fip, But drink thee deep, drink till my Veins were fwell'd, Drink till my Soul with Joys and thee were fill'd. What God fo far a Poet's Friend will be, Who from great Orpheus draws his Pedigree? (And the' his Muse comes short of Orpheus Fame, Yet feems infpir'd, and may the loy claim) To place him on Mount Ismarus, or where Campanian Hills the fweetest Clusters bear, Where Grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concoded grow With Phabus Beams above, Vefuvius's Flames below. Or in the fortunate Canarian Isles. Or where Burgundia's purple Vintage smiles. Tis fit the Poet should beneath their Shade Transported lie, or on their Hills run mad, His Veins, his Soul swell'd with th' Inspiring God,

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Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
And with his grateful Voice discharge agen
The Deity, which with his Mouth he drank so large.
[ly in.]

O vital Tree, what Bleffings dost thou fend! Love, Wit and Eloquence on thee attend, Mirth, Sports, green Hopes, ripe Joy, and Martial Fire, These are thy Fruits, thy Clusters these inspire. The various Poison which ill Fortune breeds, (Not Pontus so abounds with baneful Weeds, Nor Africa (o many Serpents feeds) By thy rich Antidote defeated are, 'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the War; But 'tis when thou, our Cordial, art not by, They watch their time, and take us when w'are dry. Thou mak'ft the Captive to forget his Chain, By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again; The Exul thou reffor'ft, the Candidate Without the People's Vote thou doft create, And mak'ft him a (o) Caninian Magistrate. Like kind Vespasian thou Mankind mak'ft glad, None from thy Presence e'er departed sad. What more can be to Wisdom's School affign'd, Than from prevailing Mifts to purge the Mind? From thee the best Philosophy does spring, Thou canft exalt the Beggar to a King; Th' anletter'd Peafant, who can compais thee, As much as Cato knows, and is as great as he. Thy Transports are but short, I do confess, But so are the Delights Mankind posses, Our Life it self is short, and will not stay. Then let us use thy Bleffing while we may, And make it in full Streams of Wine more smoothly pals away.

⁽o) Caninius was Conful but feven Hours, dying the same Day he was chosen,

The Vine setires; with loud and just Applaule Of European Gods; -- As the withdraws, ad any Each in his Hand a Iwelling Cluster prest, But Bacchus much more sportive than the reft, Fills up a Bowl with Juice from Grape-stones drein'd, And puts it in (p) Omelochilus Hand : Take off this Draught, faid he, if thou art wife, Twill purge thy Cannibal Stomach's Crudities.

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He, unaccustom'd to the acid Juice, Storm'd, and with Blows had answer'd the Abuse, But fear'd t' engage the European Gueft, Whose Strength and Courage had subdu'd the East; He therefore chuses a less dang'rous Fray, And fummons all his Country's Plants away : And fummons all his Country's Plants away : Forthwith in decent Order they appearant lebented T And various Fruits on various Branches wear; Like Amazons they fland in painted Arms; Coca alone appear'd with little Charms, Yet led the Van, our scoffing Venus scorn'd The shrub-like Tree, and with no Fruit adorn'd. The Indian Plants, faid she, are like to speed In this Dispute of the most fertile Breed, Who chuse a Dwarf and Eunuch for their Head. Our Gods laugh'd out aloud at what the faid.

Pachamama defends her darling Tree, And faid, the wanton Goddels was too free: You only know the Fruitfulnels of Luft, And therefore here your Judgment is unjust, Your Skill in other Off-fprings we may truft. With those chast Tribes that no Distinction know Of Sex, your Province nothing has to do. Of all the Plants that any Soil does bear, This Tree in Fruits the richest does appear, It bears the best, and bears them all the Year. Ev'n now with Fruit tis for d-Why laugh you yet?

Behold, how thick with Leaves it is befet;

⁽P) An American Godling, as those which follow,

Each Leaf is Fruit, and fuch fubftantial Fare, No Fruit beside to rival it will dare. Mov'd with his Country's coming Fate (whose Soil Must for her Treasures be expos'd to spoil) Our Varicocha; first his (9) Coca fent, Endow'd with Leaves of wondrous Nourishment, Whose Inice suck'd in, and to the Stomach ta'n Long Hunger and long Labour can lustain; From which our faint and weary Bodies find More Succour, more they cheer the drooping Mind Than can your Bacchus and your Ceres join'd. Three Leaves Supply for fix Days March afford, The Quitoita, with this Provision stor'd. Can pais the waft and cloudy Andes o'er, The dreadful Ander plac'd twixt Winter's Store Of Winds, Rains, Snow, and that more humble Earth. That gives the small, but valiant, Coca Birth : This Champion that makes warlike Venus Mirth. Nor Coce only uleful art at Home, A famous Merchandize thou art become : A thousand Paci and Vicugni groan Yearly beneath thy Loads, and for thy fake alone The spacious World's to us by Commerce known.

Thus spake the Goddess (on her painted Skin Were Figures wrought) and next calls Hovia in. That for its stony Fruit may be despised, But for its Virtue, next to Coca prized. Her Shade by wondrous Insuence can compose, And lock the Senses in such sweet Repose, That off the Natives of a distant Soil Long Journeys take of voluntary Toil, Only to sleep beneath her Branches shade: Where in transporting Dreams entraned they lie, And quite forget the Spaniards Tyranny.

The Plant (at Brafil Bacoun call'd) the Name Of th' Eastern Plane-Tree takes, but not the same :

Bears Leaves so large, one single Leaf can shade
The Swain that is beneath her Covert laid;
Under whose verdant Leaves fair Apples grow,
Sometimes two Hundred on a single Bough;
Th' are gather'd all the Year, and all the Year
They spring, for like the Hydra they appear,
To ev'ry one you take succeeds a Golden Heir.
'Twere loss of time to gather one by one,
Its Boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done.
New sprouting Branches still the Loss repair,
What would so soon return 'twere vain to spare.

The Indian Fig-Tree next did unuch surprize,
With her strange Figure, all our Deities.
Amongst whom, one, too rashly did exclaim
(For Gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woful Shame)
This is a Cheat, a Work of Art, said he,
And therefore stretcht his Hand to touch the Tree;
At which the Indian Gods laugh'd out aloud,
And ours no less surpriz'd with Wonder stood.
For, to! the Plant, her Trunk and Boughs unclos'd,
Wholly of Fruit and Leaves appear'd compos'd;
New Leaves, and still from them new Leaves unfold,
A Sight 'mongst Prodigies to be enroll'd.

The Tuna to the Indian-Fig a kin,

(The Glory of Ilascalla) next came in;
But much more wonderful her Fruit appears,
Than th' other Leaves, for living Fruit she bears.
To her alone great Varicocha gave
The Priviledge, that she for Fruit should have
Live Creatures, that with purple Die adorn
Th' Imperial Robe; the precious Tincture's worm
With Pride ev'n by the Conqu'rors of the Soil,
But ah! we had not grudg'd that purple Spoil,
Our Cochineel they freely might have gain'd,
If with no other Blood they had been stain'd.

Guatimala produc'd a Fruit unknown To Europe, which with Pride she call'd her own;

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Her Cocao-Nut with double Use endu'd, (For Chocolate at once is Drink and Food) Does Strength and Vigour to the Limbs impart, Makes fresh the Countenance, and cheers the Heart. In Venus Combat ffrangely does excite The fainting Warriour to renew the Fight; Not all Potofi's Silver Grove can be Of equal Value to this useful Tree. Nor cou'd the wretched hungry Owner dine, Rich Cartama, upon thy Golden Mine. Of old, the wifer Indians never made Their Gold or Silver the Support of Trade, Nor us'd for Life's Support what well they knew Useless to Life at best, and sometimes hurtful too. With Nuts instead of Coin they bought and fold, Their Wealth by Cocao's, not by Sums, they told. One Tree, the growing Treasure of the Field, Both Food and Cloaths did to its Owner yield; Procur'd all Utenfils, and wanting Bread, The happy Hoarder on his Money fed. This was true Wealth, those Treasures we adore By Cuftom valu'd, in themselves are poor, And Men may starve amidst their Golden Store, Too happy India had this Wealth alone, And not thy Gold been to the Spaniard known.

The Agucat no less is Venus Friend
(To th' Indies, Venus Conquest does extend)
A fragrant Leaf the Agucata bears,
Her Fruit in Fashion of an Egg appears;
With such a white and spermy Juice it swells,
As represents moist Life's first Principles.

The Cacao's Owner any thing may buy,
But he that has the Metla, may supply
Himself with almost all Things he can want,
From Metla's almost all-sufficient Plant;
Metla to pass as Money does despise,
Or Traffick serve, it self is Merchandize.

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Rogal

She bears no Nuts for Boys, nor lufcious Fruit,
That may with nice Effeminate Palates suit,
Her very Tree is Fruit; her Leaves when young,
Are wholesome Food, for Garments serve when strong;
Not only so, but, to make up the (r) Cloath,
They furnish you with Thread and Needle both.
What though her Native Soil with drought is curst,
Cut but her Bark, and you may slake your Thirst.
A sudden Spring will in the Wound appear,
Which through streight Passes strein'd comes forth more

And though through long Meanders of the Veins 'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious Hue retains, Limpid and sweet the Virgin-stream remains. These Gifts for Nature might sufficient be, But, bounteous Metla, seem'd too small for thee; Thou gratify'st our very Luxury. For lig'rish Palates Honey thou dost bear, For those whose Gust wants quickning, Vinegar. But these are Trifles, thou dost Wine impart, That drives dull Care and Trouble from the Heart. If any Wretch of Poverty complains, Thou pour'st a golden Stream into his Veins. The poorest Indian still is rich in thee, In spight of Spanish Conquests still is free. The Spaniards King is not lo bleft as he. If any doubts the Liquor to be Wine, Because no Crystal Water looks more fine. Let him but drink, he'll find the weak Nymph fled. And potent Bacchus enter'd in her flead. To all these Gifts of Luxury and Wealth, Thou giv'ft us foy reign Med'cines too for Health; Choice Balm from thy concocted Bark breaks forth, Thou shed'st no Tear, but 'tis of greater Worth

⁽r) The Thorn growing at the end of each Leaf, which together with the stringy Part joining to it, is used in manner of a Needle and Thread to sew withat.

Of PLANTS. Book V.

Than fairest Gems, no Lover more can prize
The Tears in his consenting Mistress Eyes,
When in his Arms the panting Virgin lies:
No Antidote affords more present Aid,
'Gainst doubly mortal Wounds by pois nous Arrows
[made.

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Almost all Needs thou Metla dost supply, Yet must not therefore bear thy self too high; While th' all-fufficient Coccus-Tree is by, To Coccus thou must yield the Victory. While the preserves this Indian Palm alone, America can never be undone, Embowel'd and of all her Gold bereft, Her Liberty and Coccus only left, She's richer than the Spaniard with his Theft. What senseless Miser by the Gods abhor'd Would covet more than Coccus doth afford? House, Garments, Beds and Boards, ev'n while we dine, Supplies both Meat and Dish, both Cup and Wine. Oil, Honey, Milk, the Stomach to delight, And poignant Sauce to whet the Appetite. Nor is her Service to the Land confin'd: For Ships intire compos'd of her we find, Sails, Tackle, Timber, Cables, Ribs and Mast, Wherewith the Vessel fitted up, at last With her own Ware is freighted, all she bears Is Coccus growth, except her Mariners ; Nor need we ev'n her Mariners exclude, Who from the Coco-Nut have all their Food.

The Indian Gods with wild and barb'rous Voice,
And Gestures rude, fumultuous rejoice;
Ours as astonish'd and with envious Eyes
Each other view'd, if, as weak Men surmise,
Envy assess immortal Deities.
My modest Muse that Censure does decline,
Nor dares interpret Ill of Pow'rs Divine.

The Indian Pow'rs (though yet they had not shown The hundredth Part of Plants to India known)
Already did conclude the Day their own.
Rash and impatient round the Goddess throng,
And think her Verdict is deserred too long.

Pomona, seated high above the rest. - Warm 18 W Was cautiously revolving in her Breaft, and Inchies (The Cause depending was no trifling Toy, That did the Patrons of both Worlds employ) T' express her felf at large she did design, And handsomely the Sentence to decline; (If I may guess at what the Goddess meant) But lo! a flight and fudden Accident Puts all the Court into a wild Ferment. For, during th' Tryal, the most tipling Brace, Omelocbilus of the Indian Race, instruct Plante And our (f) Leneus, at whate'er was spoke Or done that pleas'd him, a full Bumper took, And drank to t'other, him the Metha Tree Supply'd with Juice; thy Vine, Lineus, thee; air al Each Bowl they touch'd, they turn'd the Bottom up, And gave a brisk Huzza at evicy Cup. Sell of beloved Their Heads at last the riling Vapour gains, And proves too hard for their immortal Brains With mutual Repartees they jok'd at first, Till growing more incens'd they fwore and curs'd: Omelochilus does no longer dread sets at the same bag (With present Metla warm'd) the Grecian God, But throws a Coco Bowl at Bacchus Head. Which spoil'd his Draught; but left his Forehead found, And refts betwirt his Horns without a Wound.

Bacchus enrag'd with Wine and Passion too,
With all his might the massy Goblet threw,
Directly levell'd at the Rustick's Face,
That laid him bruis'd and sprawling on the Place:

And with his Noise alarms the savage Crowd; Gnashing their foamy Teeth, like Beasts of Prey, Promiscuously they bellow, roar, and bray; The frighted Waves back to the Deep rebound,

The very Island trembles with the Sound.

Next him Vitziliputli sat, in Smoak Of foul Tobacco almost hid, that broke In Belches from his gormandizing Maw, Where human Flesh as yet lay crude and raw; Throwing in Rage his kindled Pipe afide, And fnatching Bow and Darts, Arm, Arm, he cry'd. Tescalipuca (of the salvage Band The next in fierceness) took his Spear in Hand, And all in Arms the barb rous Legion stand. The Goddesses disperse, and sculk behind The Thickets, frighted Venus bore in mind Her former Wound, th' effect of mortal Rage; What must she then expect where Gods engage? Pallas, who only Courage had to flay, In vain her peaceful Olive did display: The Gods, with daring Weapons in their Hand,

Devoted to the dire Encounter stand.

Most woful some had that Days Battle found, And long been maim'd with many a smarting Wound. (For, to suppose th' Immortals can be flain, Though with Immortals they engage, is vain) Had not Apollo in the nick of time Found out a Stratagem t' avert that Crime; Which with his double Title did agree, The God of Wit, and Physick's Deity; None better knew than he to use the Bow. But now refolv'd his nobler Skill to show, Sweet Musick's Pow'r; he takes his Lyre in hand, And does forthwith such charming Sounds command, As struck the Ears of Gods with new Delight,

When Nature did this Worlds great Frame unite:

When jarring Elements their War did ceafe, And dane'd themselves into harmonious Peace. Such Streins had furely charm'd the Centaur's Rage, Such Streins the raving Billows cou'd affwage; Wild Hurricanes had due Obedience shown, And, to attend his Sounds, supprest their own. The wrangling Guests at once appear bereft Of ev'ry Sense, their Hearing only left. Vitziliputli, fiercest of the Crew, While to the Head his venom'd Shaft he drew. Lets fall both Dart and Bow; with lifted Hands Aftonish'd, and with Mouth wide-gaping stands, So high to raise his greedy Ears, he's said, As forc'd his feather'd Di'dem from his Head. Pomona's Altar how'd from folid Rock, In both his Hands bold Varicoca took, Which like a Thunder-bolt he wou'd have hurld, (He is the Thund'rer in the Indian World) But at the first sweet Strain forgot his Heat, Laid down the Stone, and us'd it for a Seat. His rayish'd Ears the peaceful Sounds devour, 141 vil His hundred Victims never pleas'd him more. Their Magick Force in spight of his Disgrace, And Gore yet freaming from his batter'd Face, Omelochilus felf did reconcile; At first, itis true, he did but faintly smile, But laugh'd anon as loud as any there; For (fuch the facred Charms of Meafures are) mad " The ambient Air struck with the healing Sounds Of Phabus Lyre, clos'd up the bleeding Wounds. Ev'n of their own accord the Breaches close, and the For pow'rful Musick all Things can compose. Pleas'd with his Art's Success, Apollo smil'd To see the aukward Mirth and Gestures wild Of his charm'd Audience; having thus fubdu'd Their ravish'd Sense, his Conquest he pursu'd, And still to make the pleasing Spell more strong, Joins to his Lyre his tuneful Voice and Song.

He lang, how th' inspir'd (t) Hero's Mind beheld A World that for long Ages lay conceal'd.

- " Most happy thou, whose Fancy cou'd descry
- A World feen only by my circling Eye.
- Thou, who alone in Toils haft equal'd me,
- Great Alexander is out-done by thee;
- By thee, whose Skill cou'd find, and Courage gain
- That other World, for which he wish'd in vain.
 Not my own Poet's Tales cou'd thee deceive,
- No Credit to their Fables thou didft give;
- " Me, weary'd with my Day's hard Courfe, they feign
- To reft each Night in the Hefperian Main;
- Can Phabus tire? my great Columbus, thou
- Didft better judge, and Phabus better know.
- For I my felf did then thy Thoughts incline,
- Inspir'd thy Skill, and urg'd thy bold Design.
- Herculean Limits cou'd not thee contain,
- Nor Terrour of an unexperienc'd Main;
 Nor Nature's awful Darkness cou'd restrain.
- Thy native World's dear Sight for three Months loft
- For three long Months on the wide Ocean toft.
- New Stars, new Floods, and Monsters thou didft fpy,
- " Unterrify'd thy felf, new Gods didft terrify:
- Thou, only thou, undaunted didft appear,
- Whilft thy faint Comrades half expired with Fear;
- * They urge thee to return, and threaten high,
- When, Guanaban, thy Watch-light they descry,
- Thy flaming Beacon from afar they fpy?
- Whose happy Light to their transported Eyes
- Discloses a new World; with joyful Cries
- They hail the Sign that to a golden Soil
- " Unlock'd the Gate ; forgetting now their Toil,
- ' They hug their Guide, at whom they late repin'd;

⁽¹⁾ Christopher Columbus, who first discover'd these before unknown

From this small Fire, and for small Ule design'd, How great a Light was open'd to Mankind! How easily did Courage find the way, By this Approach, to seize the golden Prey, That in a fecret World's dark Entrails lay! For Courage, what Attempt can be too bold? Or rather, what for Thirst of Pow'r and Gold? While to the Shoar the Spanish Navy drew, The Indian Natives with Amazement view Those floating Palaces, which fondly they Mistook for living Monsters of the Sea; Wing'd Whales -- nor at the Spaniards less admire, A Race of Men with Beards and ffrange Attire, Whose Iron-dress their native Skin they deem d; The Horse-man mounted on his Courser, seem'd To them a Centaur of prodigious Kind; A compound Monster of two Bodies join'd That cou'd at once in fev'ral Accents break, Neigh with one Mouth, and with the other speak. But most, the roaring Cannon they admire, Discharging sulph'rous Clouds of Smoak and Fire; Mock-Thunder now they hear, Mock-lightning view, With greater Dread than e'er they did the true. Ev'n thou the Thunderer of th' Indian Sky (Nor wilt thou, Varicocha, this deny) Ev'n thou thy felf aftonish'd didst appear, When Mortals londer Thunder thou didft hear. Strange Figures, and th' unwonted Face of Things. No less Amazement to the Spaniards brings; New Forms of Animals their Sight furprize, New Plants, new Fruits, new Men and Deities. Intirely a new Nature meets their Eyes. But most transported with the glitt ring Mould, And wealthy Streams whose Sands were fraught with Gold, These they too much admire, with too much Love [behold.

I law the Indian World at once o'erthrown, What can this Land by this Dispute intend?
About her Fruits she does in vain contend,

Who knows not how her Entrails to defend!
Thy Slaughters past, do thou at length forget

For with no small Revenge thy Wrongs have met, And Heaven will give thee greater Comforts yet.

Enjoy thy Fate whose bitter Part is o'er,
And all the Sweet for thee reserv'd in Store.

Here Phabas his most chearful Airs employs, And melts their savage Hearts in promis d Joys. They felt his Musick glide through ev'ry Vein, Their brawny Limbs from Dancing scarce refrain, But fear'd to interrupt his charming Strain.

'That Gold which Europe ravifh'd from your Coaft,

O'er Europe, now a Tyrant's Pow'r does boaft.
Already has more Milchiefs brought on Spain,

Than from infulting Spaniards you fustain.

. Where'er it comes, all Laws are ftraight diffoly'd,

In gen'ral Ruin all Things are involved:
No Land can breed a more destructive Pest.

" Grieve not that of your Bane you're dispossest,

. Call in more Spaniards to remove the reft.

The fatal Helen drive from your Abodes,

Th' Erinnys that has fet both Worlds at odds.

Fire, Sword, and Slaughter on her Footsteps wait; Whole Empires she betrays to utmost Fate.

Mean while these Benefits of Life you reap.

Consider, and you'll find th' Exchange was cheap.
Your former falvage Customs are remov'd,

The Manners of your Men and Gods improv'd;

With human Flesh no more they shall be fed; Whether dire Famine first that Practice bred, Or more detefted Luxury-Not long shalt thou Vitziliputli feed On bloody Feafts, or smoak thy Indian Weed; E'er long (like Us) with pure Ambrofial Fare Thou shalt be pleas'd, and taste Celestial Air. ' To live by wholesome Laws you now begin, Buildings to raife, and fence your Cities in, To plow the Earth, to plow the very Main, And Traffick with the Universe maintain; Defensive Arms and Ornaments of Dreis, All Implements of Life you now possels. To you the Arts of War and Peace are known, And whole Minerva is become your own. Our Muses to your Sires an unknown Band, Already have got footing in your Land, And like the Soil-Inca's already have Historians been, And Inca-Poets shall e're long be seen. But (if I fail not in my Augury, And who can better judge Events than 1?) Long rowling Years shall late bring on the Times, When with your Gold debauch'd and ripen'd Crimes Europe (the World's most noble Part) shall fall, Upon her banish'd Gods and Vertue call In vain; while foreign and domestick War At once shall her distracted Bosom tear? Forlorn, and to be pity'd ev'n by you-Mean while your rifing Glory you shall view; 'Wit, Learning, Virtue, Discipline of War, ' Shall for Protection to your World repair, And fix a long illustrious Empire there. ' Your native Gold (I would not have it fo But fear th' Event) in time will follow too: O, should that fatal Prize return once more,

'Twill hurt your Country, as it did before.

Book V. OF PLANTS. 422 · Late Deftiny shall high exalt your Reign, Whose Pomp no Crowds of Slaves, a needless Train, Nor Gold (the Rabble's Idol) shall support, Like Motezum's, or Guanapaci's Court; But such true Grandeur as old Rome maintain'd, Where Fortune was a Slave, and Virtue reign'd.

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PLANTS.

BOOK VI.

STLVA.

YEASE, O my Muse, the soft Delights to sing Of Flowry Gardens in their fragrant Spring; And trace the rougher Paths of obfoure Woods, All gloom aloft, beneath o'rgrown with Shrubs. Where Phæbus, once thy Guide, can dart no Ray T' inspire thy Flight, and make the Scene look gay. Courage, my Huntrels, let us range the Glades, And fearch the inmost Grotto's of the Shades: Even to the lone Recesses let us pass, Where the green Goddess rests on Beds of Moss. Let loofe my Fancy, fwift of Foot to trace, With a fagacious Scent, the noble Chafe julyal ad a sail And, with a joyful Cry, purfue the Prey; Tis hidden Nature we must rouze to Day. Set all your Gins, let every Toil be plac'd, Through all her Tracks let flying Truth be chas'd, And feize her panting with her eager Hafte. Nor yet difdain, my Muse, in Groves to range, Or humbler Woods for nobler Orchards change. Here Deities, of old, have made Abode, And once (t) fecur'd great CHARLES, our earthly God. The Royal Youth, born to out-brave his Fate, Within a neighbouring Oak maintain'd his State:

⁽a) The Royal Oak, near Boscobel, in Shropshire,

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The faithful Boughs in kind Allegiance fpread Their sheltring Branches round his awful Head, Twin'd their rough Arms, and thicken'd all the Shade.

To Thee, belov'd of Heaven, to Thee we fing Of facred Groves, blooming perpetual Spring. May'ft thou be to my rural Verse and Me, A present and assisting Deity. Distain not in this leasy Court to dwell, Who its lov'd Monarch did secure so well. Th' eternal OAK, now consecrate to thee, No more thy Resuge, but thy Throne shall be. We'll place thee Conquerour now, and crown thy Brows With Garlands made of its young gayest Boughs: While from our oaten Pipes the World shall know How much they to this sacred Shelter owe.

And you, the fost Inhabitants of th' Groves, You Wood Nymphs, Hamadryades, and Loves, Satyrs and Fauns, who in these Arbors play, Permit my Song, and give my Muse her way. She tells of antient Woods the wondrous things, Of Groves, long veil'd in facred Darkness, sings, And a new Light into your Gloom the brings. Let it be lawful for me to unfold Divine Decrees, that never yet were told : The Harangues of the Wood-Gods to rehearle, And fing of flowry Senates in my Verse. Voices unknown to Man he now shall hear, Who always ignorant of what they were, Have pass'd 'em by with a regardles Ear; Thought 'em the Marmurings of the ruffled Trees, That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting Breeze. But (w) Daphne knew the Mysteries of the Wood, And made Discoveries to her am rous God;

⁽w) Daphne belov'd of Phabus, being turn'd into a Laurel. Ovide. Met. 2.

Apollo me inform'd, and did inspire
My Soul with his divine, prophetick Fire.
And I, the Priest of Plants, their Sense expound;
Hear, O ye Worlds, and listen all around.

'Twas now, when Royal Charles that Prince of Peace, (That pious Off-spring of the Olive Race) Sway'd England's Scepter with a God-like Hand, Scattering foft Ease and Plenty o'er the Land; Happy bove all the neighbouring Kings, while yet Unruffl'd by the rudeft Storms of Fate: More fortunate the People, till their Pride Disdain'd Obedience to the Sovereign Guide, And to a base Plebeian Senate gave The arbitrary Priv'lege to enflave; Who through a Sea of nobleft Blood did wade, To tear the Diadem from the facred Head. Now above Envy, far above the Clouds The Martyr fits, triumphing with the Gods. While Peace before did o'er the Ocean fly On our bleft Shore, to find Security: In British Groves the built her Downy Nest, No other Climate could afford her Reft: For warring Winds o'er wretched Europe range, Threatning Destruction, universal Change. The raging Tempest tore the aged Woods, Shook the yast Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods. Nor did the fruitful Goddess brood in vain, But here in Safety hatch'd her golden Train. Justice and Faith one Cornucopia fill, Of useful Med'cines known to many an Ill. Such was the Golden Age in Saturn's Sway,

Easy and innocent it pass'd away:
But too much Luxury and good Fortune cloys,
And Virtues she should cherish she destroys.
What we most wish, what we most toil to gain,
Enjoyment palls, and turns the Bliss to Pain.
Possession makes us shift our Happiness,
From peaceful Wives to noisy Mistresses.

The Repetition makes the Pleasure dull; 'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful. O, Notion false! O, Appetite deprav'd, That has the nobler Part of Man enflav'd. Man, born to Reason, does that Safety quit, To split upon the dangerous Rock of Wit. Physicians say, there's no such Danger near, As when, though no Signs manifest appear, Self-tir'd and dull, Man knows not what he ails, And, without Toil, his Strength and Vigour fails. Such was the State of England, fick with Eafe, Too happy, if the knew her Happiness. Their Crime no Ignorance for Excuse can plead, That wretched Refuge for Ingratitude. Twas then that from the pitying Gods there came A kind admonishing Anger to reclaim, In dreadful (x) Prodigies; but, alas, in vain. So rapid Thunderbolts, before the Flame, Fly, the confuming Vengeance to proclaim. I, then a Boy, arriv'd to my Tenth Year, And still those horrid Images I bear. The mournful Signs are present to my Eyes. I saw o'er all the Region of the Skies,

The History of our approaching Wars,

Writ in the Heav'ns in wondrous Characters.

And form'd an Image of th' infernal Hell;

(I hake with the portentous things I tell)

Then suddenly the burfting Clouds divide,

A Fire like burning Mounts on either fide,

The vaulted Firmament with Lightning burns,

And all the Clouds were kindled into Storms;

Like fulph'rous Waves the horrid Flames did roll,

Whose raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole;

(x) This relation of Prodigies, seen in the Air, Mr. Cowley affares a be true, Veram esse in me recipio, plurimique idenei testes rei nunc vi vunt, In the Margin of the Original.

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Discovering (to th' astonish'd World) within At once a dreadful and a beauteous Scene : Two mighty Armies clad in Battle-array, Ready, by Combat, to dispute the Day: Their waving Plumes, and glittering Armour shone, Mov'd by the Winds, and gilded by the Sun. o well in order scem'd each fearless Rank, As they'd been marshal'd by our Hero, Monk; Monk, born for mighty Things and great Command, The glorious Pillar of our falling Land. Perhaps his Genius on the Royal fide, One of those Heav'nly Figures did describe, Here pointed out to us his noble Force, And form'd him Conqueror on a flaming Horse. We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around, The Signal giv'n by Drum and Trumpet Sound; We saw the Fire-wing'd Horses siercely meet, And with their fatal Spears each other greet. Here shining brandish'd Pikes like Lightning shook. While from ethereal Guns true Thunder broke. With gloomy Mists they 'nvolv'd the Plains of Heaven. and to the Cloud-begotten Men was given A memorable Fate-By the dire Splendor which their Arms display'd. And dreadful Lightning that from Canons play'd, We saw extended o'er the aereal Plain The wounded Bodies of the numerous Slain; Their Faces fierce with Anger understood) Turning the Sky red with their gushing Blood : At last, that Army, we the Just esteem'd, And which adorn'd by noblest Figures scem'd Of Arms and Men, alas! was put to flight; The rest was veil'd in the deep Shades of Night, And Pates to come secur'd from human Sight.

But stupid England, touch'd with no Remorse, Beholds the Prodigies as Things of Course.

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With many more, which to the Just appear'd As ominous Prelages.) Then who fear'd The Monsters of the Caledonian Woods, Or the hid Ferments of Schismatick Crowds? Nor had the impious Cromwel then a Name, For England's Ruin, and for England's Shame. Nor were the Gods pleas'd only to exhort By Signs, the restive City and the Court. Th' impending Fates o'er all the Thickets reign'd, And Ruin to the English Wood proclaim'd. We faw the flurdy Oaks of monfrous Growth, Whose spreading Roots fix'd in their native Earth, Where for a Thouland Years in Peace they grew, Torn from the Soil, though none but Zepb'rus blew. But who fuch violent Outrages could find To be th' Effects of the fost Western Wind? The Dryads faw the Right Hand of the Gods O'erturn the noblest Shelters of the Woods. Others their Arms with baneful Leaves were clad, That new unufual Forms and Colours had, Whence now no Aromatic Moisture flows, Or noble Miffeltoe enrich the Boughs. But bow'd with Galls, within those boding Hulls Lurk'd Flies, Diviners of ensning Ills. Whose fatal buz did future Slaughters threat, And confus'd Murmurs, full of Dread, repeat. When no rude Winds diffurb the ambient Air, The Trees, as weary of Repose, made War. With horrid Noise grappling their knotty Arms, Like meeting Tides, they ruffle into Storms; But when the Winds to rattling Tempefts rife, Inflead of warring Trees, we heard the Cries Of warring Men, whose dying Groans around The Woods and mournful Ecchoes did refound. The dismal Shade with Birds obscene were fill'd, Which spight of Phabus he himself beheld.

Which spight of Phabus he himself beheld.

On the wild Ash's top the Bats and Owls,

With all Night's ominous and baneful Fowls.

Sate brooding, while the Scrieches of these Droves Prophan'd and violated all the Groves. If ought that Poets do relate be true, The strange (y) Spinturnix led the feather'd Crew. Of all the Monsters of the Earth and Air. Spinturnix bears the cruell'ft Character. The barbarous Bird, to mortal Eyes unknown, Is feen but by the Goddesses alone : And then they tremble; for the always bodes Some fatal Discord, ev'n among the Gods. But that which gave more Wonder than the rest, (2) Within an Ash a Serpent built her Neft, And laid her Eggs; when once, to come beneath The very shadow of an Ash, was Death: Rather, if Chance could force, the through the Fire, From its faln Leaves so baneful, would retire. But none of all the Sylvan Prodigies

Did more surprize the rural Deities,
Than when the Lightning did the Laurel blast;
The Lightning their lov'd Laurels all desac'd:
The Laurel, which by Fove's divine Decree,
Since antient Time from injuring Tempests free:
No angry Threats from the celestial Powers.
Could make her fear the Ruin of her Bowers:
But always she enjoy'd a certain Fate,
Which she cou'd ne'er secure the Victor yet.
In vain these Signs and Monsters were not sent
From angry Heav'n, the Wise knew what they meant.
Their coming by Conjectures understood,
As did the Dryads of the British Wood.

There is an ancient (a) Forest known to Fame, On this side seprate from the Cambrian Plain

And hype Thought and ow at Bookites graced.

⁽⁷⁾ What the Bird truly was, is not known, but it was much dreaded by the Arnspices. Plin, Servins, &c.

⁽²⁾ For the Truth hereof take Pling's Word, 1, 16, 17.

Here the long Reverend Dryas (who had been Of all those shady verdant Regions Queen, To which by Conquest the had forc'd the Sea

Of lawless Steel, and avaritious Fire.

By many Nymphs and Deities polleft,

His conftant tributary Waves to pay) Proclaim'd a gen ral Council through her Court, To which the Sylvan Nymphs shou'd all resort.

Of PLANTS.

As like her felf, diminish'd into Dean,

And fo unhappy 'tis as it prefents,

With Industry its Ruin to improve,

Oh Poverty! thou Happiness extreme,

430

All the Wood-Goddesses do ffrait appear, At least who cou'd the British Climate bear; And on a fost Ascent of rising Ground, all the M Their Queen, their charming Deyas, they furround; Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd, And by a Thousand awful Beauties grac'd.

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(6) Enem These Goddesses alike were dress'd in Green,
The Ornaments and Liv'ries of their Queen.
Had Travellers at any distance view'd
The beauteous Order of this stately Growd,
They wou'd not guess they'd been Divinities,
But Groves all facred to the Deities.
Such was the Image of this leasy Scene,
On one side water'd by a cooling Stream,
Upon whose brink the Poplar took her place,
The Poplar, whom Alcides once did grace,
Whose double colour'd shadow'd Leaves express
The Labours of our Hero Hercules;
Whose upper sides are black, the under white,
To represent his Toil and his Delight.

The Phaetonian Alder next took place, Still sensible of the burnt Youth's Disgrace; She loves the purling Streams, and often laves Beneath the Floods, and wantons with the Waves.

h,

Close by her side the pensive Willows join'd,
Chast Sisters all, to Lovers most unkind.
(b) Olescarpians call'd, in Youth severe,
Before the Winter-Age had snow'd their Hair.
In Rivers take delight, whose chilling Streams,
Mixt with the native Coldness of their Veins;
Like Salamanders, can all Heat remove,
And quite extinguish the quick Fire of Love.
Firm lasting Bonds they yield to all beside,
And take delight the Lovers to divide.

The Elders next, who, though they Waters love,
The same from humane Bodies yet remove,
And quite disperse the humid Moisture thence,
And parly with the Dropfy in this Sense:
'Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood?
'This Soil belongs to Rivulets of Blood,

⁽b) That is, a Tribe which early drops its Seed; or which is an Enemy to Venery.

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Why do you Men torment, when many a Shade, And honest Trees and Plants do want your Aid?

Be gone, from human Bodies quick be gone,

And back into your native Channels run By every Pore, by all the Ways you can.

The Moisture frightned, flies at the Command, And awful Terror of her powerful Wand,

The hospitable Birch does next appear, Toyful and gay in hot or frigid Air; Flowing her Hair, her Garments foft and white, And yet in Cruelty the takes delight; No wild Inhabitant o'th' Woods can be So quick in Wrath, and in Revenge, as the; In Houses great Authority assumes, And's the fole punisher of petty Crimes. But most of all her Malice the employs In Schools, to terrify and awe young Boys If the chaftife, 'tis for the Patient's Good; Though oft the blushes with their tender Blood.

Not so the generous Maples; they present Whate'er the City Luxury can invent, Who, with industrious Management and Pains, Divide the Labyrinth of their curious Grains, And many necessary Things produce,

That ferve at once for Ornament and Ufe. But thou, O (c) Pteleas, to the Swain allows Shades to his Cattle, Timber for his Plows.

Ennobled thou above the leafy Race,

In that an amorous (d) God does thee embrace. Next thee the (e) Oxyas of her felf a Grove,

Whose wide-spread Shade the Flocks and Shepherds Whether thy Murmurs do to Sleep invite, Nove, Or thy foft Noile inspire the rural Pipe; Alike thou'rt grateful, and canft always charm, In Summer cooling, and in Winter warm,

⁽c) The Elm. (d) Bacchus, or the Vine.

⁽e) The Beech.

Tity rus, of yore, the Nymph with Garlands hong, And all his Love-lays in her Shadow fung. When first the Infant-World her Reign began, E're Pride and Luxury had corrupted Man, Before for Gold the Earth they did invade, The uleful Houshold-stuff of Beech was made; No other Plate the humble Side-board dress'd, No other Bowls adorn'd the wholesome Featt : Which no voluptuous Cookery could boat, The home-bred Kid or Lamb was all the Coft. The Mirth, the Innocence, and little Care, Surpass'd the loaded Boards of high-priz'd Fare. There came no Guest for Interest or Delign, For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine. The Beechen Bowl without Debauch went round, And was with har nless Mirth and Roles crown'd : In these ____ the Ancients in their happy State, Their Feasts and Banquets us'd to celebrate. Fill'd to the Brim with uncorrupted Wine, They made Libations to the Powers Divine; To keep 'em fill benign, no Sacrifice They need perform the angry Gods t' appeale. They knew no Crimes the Deities t' offend, But all their Care was fill, to keep em kind. No Poison ever did those Bowls infest, Securely here the Shepherd quench'd his Thirst; Twas not that any Virtue in the Wood Against the baneful Liquor was thought good; But Poverty and Innocence were here, The Antidotes against all Ills and Fear. Such was the Ash, the Nymph was Melias nam'd, For peaceful Ule, and lib ral Virtues fam'd: But lince Achilles Spear was of her Wood Fatally form'd, and drank of Heffor's Blood;

Fatally form'd, and drank of Heffer's Blood;
O wretched Glory! O unhappy Power,
She loves the Rain, and neighb'ring Floods no more,
No more the falling Showers delight her now,
She only thirsts to drink of bloody Dew.

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(f) Philyra, not inferiour to her Race, For her Belle taille, good Mien and handsome Grace, For pious Ule, and nobleft Studies fit, Minerva here might exercise her Wit, And on the lasting Vellum which she brings, May in Small Volumes write Seraphick Things; 'Mongst all the Nymphs and Hamadryades, There's none fo fair, and fo adorn'd as this. All foft her Body, innocent and white, In her green flowing Hair the takes delight; Proud of her perfum'd Blossoms far the spreads Her lovely, charming, odoriferous Shades. Her native Beauties ev'n excelling Art; Her Vertues many Med'cines still impart; The Dowry of each Plant in her does reft, And the deferv'dly triumphs o'er the Best. Next her (g) Oreimelis and Acbras flood,

Whose Off-spring is a sharp and rigid Brood; A Fruit no Season e'er could work upon, Nor to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening Sun.

Hither the fair amphibious Nymphs refort, Who both in Woods and Gardens keep their Court The (b) Ouas, but of no ignoble Fame, Although the bears a base and servile Name Sharp (i) Oxyacantha, next the Mulberry flood The Mulberry dy'd in haples Lovers (k) Blood.

(1) Craneia, a Nymph too lean to be admir'd. But hard-gain'd (m) Carya is by all defir'd; The pretty Corylus fo neat and trim, And (n) Castanis with rough ungrateful Skin. These Nymphs, of all their Race, live rich and high, They tafte the City Golden Luxury, And Woods their Country Villa's do Supply.

⁽i) Barberry. (k) Pyramme and Dr. (f) The Lime Tree. (m) Wall-Nat. (h) Service-Trer. (!) Cornelian Barry.

⁽n) Common-Hazle, Small Nest; and Chefinet,

Nor was the Haw-thorn ablent from this Place, All Soils are Native to her harden'd Race ; Though her the Fields and Gardens do reject, She with a thorny Hedge does both protect. (e) Helvetia rough with Gold and Stones first bred The Nymph, who thence to other Climates fled, Of her a warlike flurdy Race was born, Whose Dress, nor Court, nor City can adorn; But with a faithful Hand they both defend; While they upon no Garrison depend; No Show, or noify Grandeur they affect, But to their Trust they're constant and exact: Should you behold em rang d in Battle-array, All muster'd in due Order, you wou'd fay, That no Militia were fo fine and gay. Let not the Ancients rainly then reproach, Who cut from hence the Hymeneal Torch. Since they fuch Safeguards were 'gainst Thiefs and Beafts.

Which with an equal Force their Charge moleffs. And 'twas commanded they should always bear

Their watchful Twigs before the married Pair. With the Heluctian Nymph, a pretty Train, All her Companions to the Circle came. The fruitful Ballace first, whose Off-spring are. Though harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.

The prickly Bramble, neat and lovely Rofe, So nice and coy, they never will dispose Their valu'd Favours, but some Wounds they give To those who will their guarded Joys receive.

No less a Troop of those gay Nymphs were see Who nobly flourish in (p) eternal Green, Unsubject to the Laws o th changing Year, They want no Aids of kindly Beams or Air.

⁽o) Switzerland.

Semperviver (P) Call'd Sengreens, or Ay-greens.

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) Cell'd Sengreens, or By

But happy in their own peculiar Spring, While the Pole weeps in Showers, they laugh and fing. The generous (q) Pyxias, who a Conquest gains O'er armed Winter with her Hofts of Rains, All Ages she subdues; devouring Time In vain endeavours to destroy her Prime; Still in her Youth and Beauty she survives, When all the Spring is dead, the fmiles and lives: Yet though the's obstinate to Time and Storms, She's kindly pliable to all curious Forms; To artful Mafters the Obedience lends, And to th' ingenious Hand, with ease she bends, Into a thousand True-love's Knots she twines, And with a verdant Wall the Flowers confines. Still looking up with gay and youthful Love To the triumphing Flow'rs that reign above. Or, if you please, she will advance on high, And with the lofty Trees her Stature vie; And chearfully will any Figure take, Whether Man, Lion, or a Bird you make is die de de Or on her Trunk like a green Parent how, and and Or fometimes like a Hercules the grow : Indian in And hence, Praxiteles fair Statues forms, Ish as hill When with green Gods the Gardens he adorns. Nor yet, being dead, does of less nie appear To the industrious Artificer : From her, the noblest Figures do arife, a distant And almost are Immortal Deities; Of her, the Bereynthian Pipe is made, That charms its native Mountain and its Shade, That in such tuneful Harmonies express The Praises of their Goddels Cybeles. With this the lovely (r) Females drefs their Hair, That not least powerful Beauty of the Fair, Their noblest Ornaments and th' Lover's Snare,

(9) The Box-Tree.

⁽r) Combs made of its Wood.

Lgay.

This into Form the beauteous Nets still lay, That the poor heedless Gazer does betray.

Only for filly Birds she pitches Toils.

The wanton Bird she stops upon the Wing, And can forbid the Insolence of Men; With a Desence the Garden she supplies, And does perpetually delight the Eyes: Her shining Leaves a lovely Green produce, And serve at once for Ornament and Use. Desorm'd December by her Posic-boughs All deck'd and dress like joyful April shows, Cold Winter-days she both adorns and chears, While she her constant springing Livery wears.

(t) Camaris, who in Winter give their Birth,
Not humbly creeping on the service Earth,
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful Heads,
Whose Sylvan Food unhappy Fanus feeds.
His hungry Appetite he here destroys,
And both his ravenous Mouths at once destroys.

(u) Phyllyrea here, and Pyracantha rife,
Whose Beauty only gratises the Eyes.
Of Gods and Men, no Banquets they afford
But to the welcome, though unbidden Bird.
Here gratefully in Winter they repay
For all the Summer-Songs that made their Groves is

Next came the melancholy Tew, who mourns With filent Languor at the Warrior's Urns, See where the comes, all in black Shadow veil'd, Ah, too unhappy Nymph, on every Side affail'd! Whom the Greek Poets and Historians blame, (Deceiv'd by easy Faith and common Fame) Thee, as a guilty Poisoner they present; Oh false Aspersers of the Innocent!

⁽f) The Helly Hereof Birdlime is made. (s) Stranbury Tree.

If Poets may find Credit when they speak,
(At least all those who are not of the Greek)
No baneful Poison, no malignant Dew
Lurks in, or hangs about the harmless Tew,
No secret Mischief dares the Nymph invade,
And those are safe that sleep beneath her Shade.

(w) Nor thou, Arcenthis, art an Enemy
To the foft Notes of charming Harmony.
Falfly the chief of Poets would perfuade,
That Evil's lodg'd in thy Eternal Shade,
Thy Aromatick Shade, whose verdant Arms
Ev'n thy own useful Fruits secures from Harms;
Many false Crimes to thee they attribute,
Wou'd no false Virtues too they won'd to thee impute.

But thee (x) Sabina, my impartial Muse Cannot with any Honesty excuse.

By thee, the first new Sparks of Life, not yet Struck up to shining Flame, to mature Heat, Sprinkled by thy moist Poison sade and die, Fatal Sabina, Nymph of Insamy.

For this the Cypress thee Companion calls, Who piously attends at Funerals:

But thou more barbarous, dost thy Pow'r employ, and And even the unborn Innocent destroy.

Like Fate destructive thou, without remorfe, While she the Death of even the Ag'd deplores.

Such (y) Cyparifius was, that bashful Boy,
Who was belov'd by the bright God of Day;
Of such a tender Mind, so soft a Breast,
With so compassionate a Grief oppress.
For wounding his lov'd Deer, that down he lay,
And wept, and pin'd his sighing Soul away;
Apollo pitying it, renew'd his Fate
And to the Cypress did the Boy translate,
And gave his hapless Life a longer Date.

⁽w) Juniper-Ives, whereof Mulical Instruments are made.

(x) Sevin infamous for destroying Births and causing Abortions.

(7) Ovid. Met.

Then thus decreed the God-and thou, oh Tree ! Chief Mourner at all Funerals shalt be. And fince to small a Cause such Grief cou'd give, Be't fill thy Talent (pitying Youth) to grieve. Sacred be thou in Pluto's dark Abodes, For ever facred to th' Infernal Gods! This faid, well skill'd in Truth he did bequeath Eternal Life to the dire Tree of Death, A Substance that no Worm can e'er subdue, Whose never-dying Leaves each Day renew, Whole Figures like alpiring Flames still rife, And with a noble Pride falute the Skies.

Next (2) the fair Nymph that Phabus does adore, But yet as nice and cold as heretofore: She hates all Eires, and with Aversion still She chides and crackles, if the Flame the feel. Yet though the's chaft, the burning God no less Adores, and makes his Love his Prophetels. And eyen the Murmurs of her Scorn do now For joyful Sounds and happy Omens go. Nor does the Humble, though the Sacred, Tree Fear Wounds from any Earthly Enemy; For the beholds when louded Storms abound, The flying Thunder of the Gods around. Let all the flaming Heav'ns threat as they will. Unmov'd th' undaunted Nymph out-braves it fill. Oh thou!

Of all the woody Nations happiest made, Thou greatest Princels of the fragrant Shade; But shou'd the Goddess Dryas not allow That Royal Title to thy Vertue due, At least her Justice must this Truth confess, If not a Princels, thou'rt a Prophetels, And all the Glories of immortal Fame Which conquering Monarchs fo much frive to gain,

() Nyaghaf Oaks.

(2 Ovid, Met.

Is but at best from thy triumphing Boughs,
To reach a Garland to adorn their Brows,
And after Monarchs, Poets claim a Share
As the next Worthy thy priz'd Wreaths to wear.
Among that number, do not me disdain,
Me, the most humble of that glorious Train.
(a) I, by a double Right, thy Bounties claim,
Both from my Sex, and in Apollo's Name:
Let me with Sappho and Orinda be,
Oh ever sacred Nymph, adorn'd by thee;

And give my Verses Immortality.

The tall (b) Elate next, and (c) Pence stood; The flatelieft Sifter-Nymphs of all the Wood. The flying Winds foort with their flowing Hair, While to the dewy Clouds their lofty Heads they rear, As mighty Hills above the Valleys fhew And look with Scorn on the Descent below, So do these view the Mountains where they grow. So much above their humbler Tops they rife, So flood the Giants that befieg'd the Skies, The Terror of the Gods! they having thrown Huge Offa on the Leafy Pelion, The Fire, with the proud Pine, thus threatning frances, Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring Hands. In this vast Prospect they with ease survey The spatious-figur'd Land and boundless Sea, With joy behold the Ships their Timber builds. How they've with Cities flor'd once spacious Fields. This Grove of English Nymphs, this noble Train. In a large Circle compass in their Queen, The Scepter-bearing Dryas (d) -Her Throne a rifing Hillock, where she fate With all the Charms of Majesty and State,

⁽a) The Translattes in her own Person speaks.
(b) The Fir-Tree.
(c) The Pine.

⁽⁴⁾ The Fir Tree.

With awful Grace the Numbers she survey'd, Dealing around the Favours of her Shade. If I the Voice of the loud Winds could take, Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate, 'Twon'd not suffice to celebrate thy Name. Oh, facred Dryas, of immortal Fame, If we a Faith can give Antiquity That fings of many Miracles, from thee In the World's Infant-Age Mankind broke forth, From thee the nobler Race receiv'd their Birth; Thou then in a green tender Bark was clad, But in Deucalion's Age a rougher Covert had, More hard and warm, with crusted White all o'ere. As noble Authors fung in times of yore; Approv'd by fome, condemn'd and argu'd down By the vain Troop of Sophists, and the Gows, The scoffing Academy, and the School-Of Pyrrhe; who Traditions over-rule: But let 'em doubt, yet they must grant this Truth, Those Brawny Men that then the Earth brought forth, Did on the Acorns feed, and feaft and thrive, And with this wholesome Nourishment survive, In Health and Strength an equal Age with thee Secur'd from all the Banes of Luxury. Oh, happy Age! Oh Nymph, divinely Good! That mak it thy Shade Man's House, thy Fruit his Food. When only Apples of the Wood did pass For noble Banquets spread on Beds of Grass. Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd, And Fruit that ne'er the Grudger's Hand reproach'd. Thy Bounties Ceres were of little use, And thy fweet Food ill Manners did produce: Unluckily they did thy Virtues find With that of the Wild-Boar and hunted Hind; With all wild Beafts on which their Luxury prey'd, While new Desires their Appetites invade. The Natures they partake of what they eat, And falvage they become as was their Meat,

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Hence the Republick of the World did cease;
Hence they might date the Forfeit of their Peace.
The common Good was now peculiar made,
A generous Int'rest now became a Trade,
And Men began their Neighbour's Rights t' invade.
For now they measur'd out their common Ground,
And Outrages commit t' inlarge their Bound:
Their own seem'd despicable, poor and small;
Each wants more Room, and wou'd be Lord of all.
The Plow-man with Disdain his Field surveys,
Forsakes the Land, and plows the faithless Seas,
The Fool in these deep Furrows seeks his Gain,
Despising Dangers, and induring Pain.
The sacred Oak her peaceful Mansion leaves

Transplanted to the Mountains of the Wayes.

Oh Dryas, Patron to th' industrious Kind,

If Man were wise and wou'd his Safety si d;

What persed Bliss thy happy Shade wou'd give?

And Houses that their Masters wou'd out live?

All Necessaries thou afford'st alone

For harmless Innocence to live upon,

Strong Yokes for Oxen, Handles for the Plow,

What Husbandry requires, thou dost allow;

But if the Madness of desiring Gain,

Or wild Ambition agitate the Brain,

Straight to a wandering Ship they Thee transfer,

And none more fitly serves the Mariner.

Thou cut'st the Air, dost on the Wayes rebound,

Wild Death and Fury raging all around;

Out-brave the Storms and baffle the rude Flood.

To Swine, O richeft Oak, thy Acorns leave,
And fearch for Man whate'er the Earth can give,
All that the spacious Universe brings forth,
What Land and Sea conceals of any Worth,
Bring Aromatick from the distant East,
And Gold so dangerous from the risled West,
Whate'er the boundless Appetite can feast.

Disdaining to behold the manag'd Wood,

With thee the utmost Bounds of Earth w' invade, By thee, the unlock'd Orb is common made. By thee_ The great Republique of the World revives, And o'er the Earth Inxurious Traffick thrives ; If Argos Ship were valued at that Rate Which ancient Poets fo much celebrate, From neighbouring Colches only bringing home The Golden-Fleece from Seas whose Tracks were known: If of the Dangers they fo much have fpoke (More worthy Smiles) of the Cyanean Rock, What Oceans then of Fame shall thee suffice? What Waves of Eloquence can fing thy Praise? O facred Oak, that great Columbus bore, Io! thou Bearer of an happier Ore, Yhan celebrated Argo did before.

And Drake's brave Oak that pass'd to Worlds un-Whose Toils, O Phabus, were so like thy own; Who round the Earth's vast Globe triumphant rode, Deserves the Celebration of a God. O let the Pegasean Ship no more Be worship'd on the too unworthy Shore. After her watry Life, let her become A fixt Star shining equal with the Ram. Long since the Duty of a Star sh' has done, And round the Earth with guiding Light has shone.

Oh, how has Nature bleft the British Land, Who both the valued Indies can command! What though thy Banks the Gedars do not grace Those lofty Beauties of fam d Lebanus: The Pine, or Palm of Idumean Plains; Arabs rich Woods, or its sweet smelling Greens, Or lovely Plantan, whose large leasy Boughs A pleasant and a noble Shade allows. She has thy warlike Groves and Mountains bleft With sturdy Oaks, o'er all the World the best;

And for the happy Island's fure Defence, Has wall'd it with a Mote of Seas immense; While to declare her Safety and thy Pride, With Oaken Ships that Sea is fortify'd.

Not was that Adoration vainly made,
Which to the Oak the ancient Druids paid,
Who reasonably believ'd a God within,
Where such vast Wonders were produc'd and seems.
Nor was it the dull Piety alone,
And Superstition of our Albion,
Nor Ignorance of the suture Age, that paid!
Honours Divine to thy surprizing Shade.

But they foresaw the Empire of the Sea, Great Charles should hold from the Triumphant Tree.

No Wonder then that Age should thee adore. Who gav'ft out facred Oracles heretofore; The hidden Pleasure of the Gods was then In a hoarfe Voice deliver'd out to Men. So Vapours from Cyrrhean Caverns broke. Inspir'd Apollo's Priestess when the spoke. Whilft ravish'd the fair Enthuliastick stood, Upon her Tripos raging with the God. So Priest inspir'd with facred Fury shook, When the Winds ruffled the Dodonean Oak, And tols'd their Branches, till a dreadful Sound Of awful Horror they proclaim around, Like frantick Baechanals; and while they move. Possels with Trembling all the facted Grove. Their riff'd Leaves the Tempest bore away. And their torn Boughs scatter'd on all Sides lay. The tortur'd Thicket knew not that there came: A God triumphant in the Hurricane, Till the wing'd Wind, with an amazing Cry, Deliver'd down the preffing Deity, Whose thundering Voice Arange Secrets did unfold, And windrous Things of Worlds to come he told, But Truths fo veil'd in obscure Eloquence, They 'muse th' adoring Crowd with double Sense.

But by divine Decree the Oak no more,
Declares Security as heretofore,
With Words, or Voice, yet to the liftning Wood,
Her differing Murmurs still are understood
Ror facred Divinations; while the Sound'
Informs, all but Humanity, around:
Nor e'er did Dryas murmur awful Truth
More clear and plain from the prophetick Mouth,
Than when she spoke to the Chaonian Wood,
While all the Groves with eager Silence stood;
And with erected Leaves themselves dispose
To listen to the Language of her Boughs.

You see (O my Companions) that the Gods.
Threaten a dire Destruction to the Woods,
And to all human Kind—the black Portents
Are seen, of many sinister Lyents;
But lest their quick Approach too much should press,
(O my assonish'd Nymphs) your Tenderness,
The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,
And preposses ye with the Fate to come.
With heedful Reverence then their Will observe,
And in your Barks deep Chinks my Words preserve;
Believe me, Nymphs, nor is your Faith in vain,
This Oaken Trank in which conceal'd I am
From a long bonour'd ancient Lineage came,
Who in the sam'd Dodonean Grove first spoke,
When with assonish'd Awe the facred Valley shook.

Know then that Brutus by unlucky Fate, Murd ring his Sire, bore an immortal Hate

To his own Kingdom, whose ungrateful Shore:

He leaves with Vows ne'er to revisit more.

Then to Epirus a fad Exile came,

(Unhappy Son, who haft's Father flain,

But, happy Father of the British Name.)

There by victorious Arms he did reftore

Those Scepters once the Race of Priam bore.

OFPLANTS. Book. VI In their paternal Thrones his Kindred plac'd, And by their Piety his fatal Crime effac'd. There Tupiter difdain'd not to relate Thorough an Oaken Mouth his future Fate. " Who for his Grandsire's, great Eneas sake, " Upon the Royal Youth will pity take ; Whose Toils to his shall this Resemblance bear A long and tedious Wandring to endure. Tis faid the Delry retaining Oak
Burfting her Bark, thus to the Hero spoke,
Whose Voice the Nymphs surprized with awful 4 Who in Chaonian Groves inhabited. [Dread, Oh, noble Trojan, of great Sylvia's Blood, Hafte from the Covert of this threatning Wood. A Manfion here the Fates will not permit, Vaft Toils and Dangers thou'rt to conquer yet, Fre for a murder'd Father thou canft be Absolv'd, though innocently flain by thee, Much thou must bear by Land, and much by Sea. Then arm thy folid Mind, thy Virtues raife, And through thy rough Adventures cut new Ways, Whose End shall crown thee with immortal Bays. . Though Hercules lo great a Fame atchiev'd : " His Conquests but to th' Western Cales arriv'd: There finish'd all his Glories and his Toils, He wish'd no more, nor fought more distant Spoils, But the great Labours which thou hast begun, Must, fearless of the Ocean's Threats, go on. And this remember, at thy lanching forth, To fet thy full-spread Sails against the North. In Charles's Wain thy Fates are born above Bright Stars descended from the Grandsire Jove, Of Motion certain, though they flowly move. The Bear too thall affift thee in thy Course With all her Constellations glittering Force. And as thou goeft, thy Right-hand shall deftroy Twice fix Gom ritish Tyrants in thy way.

VI

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ead,

Book VL

Though exil'd from the World, difdain all Fear,

The Gods another World for thee prepare, would would would be with the Bosom of the Deep conceal'd

From Ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd.
Referv'd. O Brutus, to renown thy Fame,

And shall be bleft fill with thy Race and Name.

All that the Air furrounds, the Fates decree

To Brutus and Eneas Progeny,

Thus faid the God from the prophetick Oak,
Who stretching out her Branches, farther spoke:

Here fill thy Hands with Acorns from the Tree,

Which in thy tedious Toils of afe shall be,

And Witnesses of all I promise thee.

And when thy painful Wandring shall be o'er,

And thou arriv'd on happy Britain's Shore,

Then in her fruitful Soil these Acorns sow, Which to yast Woods of mighty Use shall grow.

Not their Chaonian Mother's facred Name

Shall o'er the World be fung with greater Fame.

Then holy Druids thou shalt confecrate,

'My Honour and my Rites to celebrate,
'Tentates in the facred Oak shall grow,

To give bleft Omens to the Miffeltoe.

Thus spake the Oak with reverend Awe believ'd,

And in no one Prediction was deceiv'd.

My Lineage from Chaonian Acorns came,

I two Descents from that first Parent am;
And now oraculous Truths to you proclaim.
My Grandam Oak her blooming Beauties wore,
When first the Danish Fleet surprized our Shore:
When Thor and Tuiseo and the Saxon Gods
Were angry with their once beloved Abodes,
Her Age two hundred Years; a small Account,
To what our long lived Numbers do amount,
Such Prodigies then she saw, as we behold:
And such our Ruins, as their Signs foretold.

Now from the Caledonian Mountains came New-rifen Clouds that cover'd all the Plain, The quiet Tweed regards her Bounds no more, But driv'n by Popular Winds usurps the Shore; In her wild Course a horrid Murmur yields, And frightens with her Sound the English Fields. Nor did they hear in vain, nor vainly fear Those raging Prologuesto approaching War-But Silver Show'rs did foon the Foe subdue. Weapons the noble English never knew. The People, who for Peace to lavish were, Did after buy the Merchandize more dear. Curft Civil-Wars even Peace betray'd to Guilt, And made her blush with the first Blood was spilt. O cruel Omens of those future Woes; vide many land Which now fate brooding in the Senate-House! That Den of Mischief, where obscur'd she lies, And hides her purple Face from human Eyes. The working Furies there lay unreveald, Beneath the Priv'lege of the House conceal'd. There, by the Malice of the Great and Proud, And unjust Clamours of the frantick Crowd. The Great, the Learned Strafford met his Fate; O facred Innocence! what can expiate For guiltles Blood but Blood? and much must flow Both from the Guilty and the Faultless too. O Wor efter, condemn'd by Fate to be The mouraful Witnels of our Milery, And to beweit our first Intestine Wars By thy foft Severn's Marmurs, and her Tears: Wars that more formidable did appear Even at their End, than their Beginnings were! Me to (e) Kintonian Hills some God convey,

That I the horrid Valley may furvey; Which like a River feem'd of human Blood, Swell'd with the numerous Bodies of the Dead.

⁽e) Keinson-Fields, Edge-Hill,

Book Vi

What Slaughter makes fierce Rupert round the Field, Whose Conquests Pious Charles with Sighs beheld? And had not Fate the Course of Things forbad, This Day an End of all our Woes had made.

But our Success the angry Gods controul, And stopt our Race of Glory near the Goal. Where'er the British Empire did extend The Tyrant War with barbarous Rigour reign d. From the remotest Parts it rised Peace From the (f) Belerian Horn even to the Orcades. The Fields opprest, no joyful Harvests bear, War ruin'd all the Product of the Year, Unhappy Albio ! by what Fury stung ? What Serpent of Eumenides has flung His Poison thre' thy Veins? thou bleed'ft all o'er.

Art all one Wound, one universal Gore.

Unhappy Newberry, I thy fatal Field, Covered with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld. In Horrors you Philippi's Field out-vy'd, Which twice the Civil Gore of Romans dy'd. Long mutual Loss, and the alternate Weight Of equal Slaughters, pois'd each others Fate. Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro, And knew not where to fix the deadly Blow; At last in Northern Fields like Lightning broke; And Nafeby doubl'd every fatal Stroke. But, O ye Gods, permit me not to tell The Woes, that after this the Land befel? O, keep 'em to your felves, lest they shou'd make Humanity your Rites, and Shrines forfake : " well To future Ages let 'em not be known, For wretched England's Credit, and your own And take from me, ye Gods, Futurity. And let my Oracles all filent lie. Rather than by my Voice they shou'd declare The dire Events of England's Civil-War.

The dire bit the of the avenging Stee

⁽f) St Burien, the uttermost Point of Cornwal.

And yet my Sight a confus'd Prospect fills,
A Chaos all deform'd, a Heap of Ills;
Such as no mortal Eyes con'd e'er behold,
Such as no human Language can unfold.

But now The Conquering evil Genius of the Wars, The impious Victor all before him bears. And O, behold the Sacred Vanguish'd flies, And though in a Plebeian's mean Difguile, I know his God-like Face; the Monarch fore Did ne'er diffemble till this fatal Hour. But O, he flees, diftreft, forlorn he flies, And feeks his Safety mong his Enemies. His Kingdom all he finds hoffile to be, No Place to th' Vanquish'd proves a Sandu'ry. Thus Royal Charles-From his own People cou'd no Safety gain, Alas, the King! (their Gueft) implores in vain, The Pilot thus the burning Vellel leaves, And trufts what most he fears, the threatning Waves, But, O; the cruel Flood with rude Difdain Throws him all struggling to the Flames again: So did the Scots, alas : what shou'd they do, That Prize of War (The Soldiers Interest now) By Prayers and Threatnings back they ftrive to bring But the wife Scot will yield to no fuch thing; And England to retrieve him, buys her King. O, shame to future Worlds! who did command, As powerful Lord of all the Sea and Land, Is now a Captive-Slave expos'd to Sale; And Villany o'er Virtue must prevail. The Servant his bought Mafter bears away, O, shameful Purchase of so glorious Prey. But yet, O Scotland, far be it from me, To charge thee wholly with this Infamy; Thy Nation's Wirtnes thall reverse that Fate, And for the Criminal Few shall expiate: Yet for these Few the innocent Rest must feel,

The dire Effects of the avenging Steel.

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Book Vr.

But now, by Laws to God and Man unknown, Their Sovereign, God's Anointed, they dethrone, Who to the the of Wight is Prisoner sent : What Tongue, what cruel Hearts do not lament ! That thee, O Sintland, with just Anger moves, And Kent who walued Liberty lo loves; And thee, O Wales, of still as noble Fame, As were the ancient Britains whence ye came. But why should I distinctly here relate All I behold, the many Battles fought Under the Conduct fill of angry Stars; Their new made Wounds, and old Ones turn'd to Scare; The Blood that did the trembling Bible die, Stopping its frighted Stream that strove to fly. Or thon, O Medway, Gwell'd with Slaughters, born Above the flowry Banks that did thee once adorn. Or why, O Colchefter, should I rehearse Thy brave united Courage and thy Force; Or Deaths of those illustrious Men relate, Who did, with thee, deferve a kinder Fate. Or why the miserable Murders tell Or why the milerable Murders tell

Of Captives, who, by cooler Malice, fell. Nor to your Griefs will the Addition bring, The fad Idea's of a Marty'd King ; I do son dans A A King, who all the Wounds of Fortune bore, Nor will his mournful Funerals deploce. Left that Celeftial Piety (of Fame O'er all the World) thou'd my fad Accents blame. Since Death he fill efteem'd, howe er twas given, The greatest Good, and noblest Gift of Heav'n. But I deplore Man's wretched Wickedness, but A (O horrid to be heard, or to express!) Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment With her eternal Pains and Panishment But O! what do I fee? alas they bring Their Sacred Mafter forth, their God-like King, There on a Scaffold rais'd in folemn State, range tall And plac'd before the Royal Palace Gate, I gamoved

OF PLANTS. Book VI 452 Midft of the Empire the black Deed was done, While Day, and all the World were looking on. By common Hangman's Hands-Here flopt the Oak, When from the bottom of its Root there broke A Thousand Sighs, which to the Sky she lifts, Burfting her folid Bark into a Thouland Clefts. Each Branch her tributary Sorrow gives, O . 3361 bon And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves; Such Numbers after rainy Nights they fied, When showering Clouds that did surround her Head, Are by the rising Goddels of the Morn and still room! Blown off, and fly before th' approaching Sun. At which the Troop of the green Nymphs around Ecchoing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd, Whose piercing Sounds from far were understood, And the loud Tempest shook the wondering Wood? And then a dismal Silence did succeed, As in the gloomy Manfions of the Dead. But after a long awful Interval, Dryag affum'd her fad prophetick Tale, Now Britany o'erwhelm'd with many a Wound, Her Head lopt off, in her own Blood lies drown'd: A horrid Carcafe, without Mind or Soul, Mar of re-A Trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul. And now who wou'd not hope there shou'd ha' been, After so much of Death, a quiet Scene? Or rather with their Monarch's Funeral, Eternal Sleep shou'd not have seized 'em all. But nothing less; for in the room of One, Who govern'd juftly on his peaceful Throne, of and A Thousand Heads sprang up, deform'd and base, and With a tumultuous and ignoble Race;

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With a tumultuous and ignoble Race;
The vile, the vulgar Off-spring of the Earth;
Insects of poisonous Kinds, of monstrous Birth;
And ravenous Serpents now the Land insect;
And Cromwel, viler yer than all the rest.
That Serpent now upon the Marrow preys,

Devouring Kingdoms with infatiare Jaws 19 LAA

Book VI.

ak,

Now Right and Wrong (mere Words) confounded lie; Rage fets no Bounds to her Impiety; And having once transgrest the Rules of Shame. Honour or Justice counts an empty Name. In every Street, as Pastime for the Crowd, Erected Scaffolds reek'd with noble Blood. Prilons were now th' Apartments of the Brave, Whom Tyranny commits, and only Deaths retrieve; Whose Paths were crowded ere the Morning-dawn, Some to the Dungeons, some to Gibbets drawn. But tir'd-out Cruelty paufes for a while, To take new Breath amidft her barbarous Toil. So does not Avarice, the unwearied fill, Ne'er stops her greedy Hand from doing Ill; The Warriour may a while his Spear forfake, But Sequestrators will no Respit take. What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,

What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,
The Gifts of happy Peace, and Spoils of War;
Whatever liberal Piety did present,
Or the Religion (all magnificent)
Of our Fore-fathers to the Church had giv'n,
And consecrated to the Pow'r of Heav'n,
Altars, or whatsoe'er cou'd guilty be
Of tempting Wealth, or fatal Loyalty,
Was not enough to satisfy the Rage
Of a few Earth-begotten Tyrants of the Age.
The impious Rout thought it a trivial Thing
To rob the Houses of their God and King,
Their Sacrilege admitting of no Bound,
Rejoic'd to see 'em levell'd with the Ground's
As if the Nation (wicked and unjust)
Had even in Ruin found a certain Lust.

On every Side the lab'ring Hammers found, And Strokes from mighty Hatchets do rebound; On every Side the groaning Earth fustains The pond'rous Weight of Stones and wond'rous Beams. Fiercely they ply their Work with such a Noise.

As if some mighty Structure they would raise

OF PLANTS. Book VI. 454 For the proud Tyrant: No, this clamorous Din Is not for building but demoliffing. Annother als spell -When (my Companions) thefe fad things you fee And each beholds the dead Beams of her Parent-Tree. Long finee repos'd in Palaces of Kings, Torn down by furious Hands, as ufeless things; Then know your Fate is come; those Hands that cou'd From Houles tear dead Beams, and long-hewn Wood, Those cruel Hands by unrefisted Force, Will for your living Trunks find no remorfe. Religion, which was great of old, commands, No Woods shou'd be prophan'd by impious Hands, Those noble Seminaries for the Fleet, Plantations that make Towns and Cities great; Those Hopes of War and Ornaments of Peace, Shou'd live secure from any Outrages, Which now the barbarous Conqueror will invade. Tear up your Roots, and rifle all your Shade. For Gain they'll fell you to the cov'tous Buyer, A Sacrifice to ev'ry common Fire, They'll spare no Race of Trees of any Age, But murder Infant-Branches in their Rage Elms, Beeches, tender Afties thall be tell'd, And even the grey and reverend Bark must yield The loft, the murmuring Troop shall be no more, No more with Mulick charm, as heretofore : No more each little Bird shall build her House, And fing in her Hereditary Boughs, Lucir Sacrinege But only Philomel shall celebrate In mournful Notes a new unhappy Pare: 33607 bisions A The banish'd Hamadryads must be gone, And take their Flight with fad, but filent Moan For a Celeftial Being ne'er complains, Whatever be her Grief, in noily Strains. The Wood-Gods fly, and whither shall they go? Not all the British Orb can fearce allow

A Trunk secure for them to reff in now.

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But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,
Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast;
She shakes her brandish'd Steel, and still denies
Length to immoderate Rage and Cruelties.
Do not despond, my Nymphs; that wicked Birth
Th' avenging Pow'rs will chase from off the Earth;
Let'em hew down the Wood, destroy and burn,
And all the losty Groves to Ashes turn;
Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield
Timber enough old Tyburn to rebuild,
Where they may hang at last; and this kind One
Shall then revenge the Woods of all their Wrong.
In the mean time (for Fate not always shows

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A fwift Compliance to our Wish and Vows)
The Off-spring of great Charles for lorn and poor
And exil'd from their cruel native Shore,
Wander in foreign Kingdoms, where in vain
They seek those Aids, alas, they cannot gain:
For still their pressing Fate pursues them hard,
And scarce a Place of Resuge will afford.
O pious Son of such a holy Sire!
Who can enough thy Fortitude admire?
How often tost by Storms of Land and Sea,
Yet unconcern'd thy Pate thou didst survey,
And her Fatigues still underwent with Joy!
O Royal Youth, pursue thy just Dissain,
Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,
Till tir'd with her Injustice she give out,

And leaves her giddy Wheel for thee to turn about.
Then the great Scepter which no human Hand
From the tenacious Tyrant can command,
Scorning the bold Usurper to adorn,
Shall, ripe and falling, to thy Hand be born.

But O, he rouzes now before his time! Illustrious Youth, whose Bravery is a Crime, Alas, what wilt thou do? Ah, why so fast? The Dice of Pate, alas, not yet are cast.

While thou all Fire, fearless of future Harms, And prodigal of Life, affum'ft thy Arms. And, even provoking Fame, he cuts his way Through hostile Fleets, and a rude Winter's Sea. But neither shall his daring Course oppose, Even to those Shores so very late his Foes, And fill to be suspected; but mean while The Oliverian Demons of the Isle, With all Hell's Deities, with Fury burn, To fee great Charles preparing to return They call up all their Winds of dreadful Force, In vain to ftop his facred Vessels Course. In vain their Storms a Ruin do prepare, For what Fate means to take peculiar Care: And trembling find great Cafar fafe at Land, By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortune's Hand. But, Scotland, you your King recal in vain, While you your unchang'd Principles retain; But yet the time shall come, when some small share Of Glory, that great Honour shall confer, When you a conquering Hero forth shall guide. While Heav'n and all the Stars are on his fide, Who shall the exil'd King in Peace recal, And England's Genius be effeem'd by all: But this, not yet, my Nymphs -but now's the time, When the illustrious Heir of Fergus Line, From full a Hundred Kings shall mount the Throne, Who now the Temple enters, and at Scone, After the ancient manner he receives the Crown; But, Oh! with no anspicious Omens done, The Left Hand of the Kingdom puts it on. But now th' infulting Conqueror draws nigh, Diffurbing the August Solemnity; When with Revenge and Indignation fir'd, And by a Father's Murther well inspir'd; The brave, the Royal Youth for War prepares, [stors;

O Heir most worthy of thy hundred-scepter'd Ance-

With

With Thoughts all glorious now he fallies forth to 2

Nor will he trust his Hortune in the North, and I

That Corner of his Realms, nor will his Haste
Lazily wait till coming Winter's past;
He scorns that Aid, nor will he hope t'oppose
High Mountains gainst the Fury of his Fors,
Nor their surrounding Force will here engage,
Or stay the Pressures of a shameful Siege mountain

But boldly farther on resolves t'advance and and give a generous Loose to Fortunia Chance and And, shut from distant Tay, he does to say

To Thames, even with his Death to force his Way.

Behind he leaves his trembling Enemies,
Amaz'd at his stupendous Enterprize.

And now the wish'd for happy Day appears,
Sought for so long by Britain's Prayers and Tears;
The King returns, and with a mighty Hand,
Avow'd Revenger of his native Land.
And through a Thousand Dangers and Extremes,
Marches a Conquerour to Sabrina's Streams;
(Ah, wou'd to Heaven Sabrina had been Thames.)

So wish'd the King, but the persuafive Force
Of kind mistaken Gouncils stopt his Course.

Now, warlike England, rouse at these Alarms, Provide your Horses, and assume your Arms. And fall on the Usurper now for hame, If Piety be not Pretence and Name; Advance the Work Heaven has so well begun, Revenge the Father, and restore the Son. No more let that old Cant destructive be, Religion, Liberty, and Property. No longer let that dear-bought Chear delude. O you too credulous, senseless Multitude! Yourds only form'd more easy to enslave, By every popular and pretending Knave. But now your bleeding Land expects you should be wife, at the Expence of so much Blood;

Rouze then, and with awaken'd Sonfe prepare in //
To reap the Glory of this Holy War, u and I in which your King and Heav'n have equal share. I his Right Divine let every Voice proclaim, which and a suft Ardour every Soul inflame.

But England's evil Genius, watchful ftill To ruin Virtue, and encourage Ill; Industrious, ev'n as Gromwel, to Subvert and vall a Honour and Bayalty in evry Heart; and albied and A baneful Directof four-fold Poilon makes, avin ban And an infernal fleepy Afp he takes men will bak Of cold and fearful Nature, adds to this Opium that binds the Nerves with Lazinels. Mixt with the Venom of vile Avarice Which all the Spirits benumb, as when y' approach The chilling wonderful Torpedo's Touch, 101 11 3800 Next Drops from Lethe's Stream he does infufe, And every Breaft besprinkles with the Juice : Till a deep Lethargy o'er all Britain came wards how Who now forgot their Safety and their Fame. Yet ftill great Charles's Valour flood the Teft : By Fortune though forfaken and oppreft. Witness the Purple-dy'd Sabrina's Stream. And the Red-Hill; not call'd fo now in vain. And Worcefter thou, who didft the Mifery bear. And faw'ft the End of a long fatal War, no dist back

The King, the vanquish'd, still his Fate outbraves, And was the last the captiv'd City leaves:

Which from the neighbouring Hills he does survey. Where round about his bleeding Numbers lay. He saw 'em risted by th' insulting Foe, And sight for those he cannot rescue now. But yet his Troops will rally once again, Those sew escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the Plain; Disdain and Anger now resolves to try on the How to repair this Day's Fatality,

The King has swern to conquer or to die.

Darby and Wilmot, Chiefs of mighty Fame,
With that bold lovely Youth, great Buckingham,
Fiercer than Lightning; to his Monarch dear,
That brave Achates worth Eneas Care,
Applaud his great Resolve: there's no delay,
But toward the Foe in haste they take their way,
Not by vain Hopes of a new Victory sir'd,
But by a kind Despair alone inspir'd.
This was the King's Resolve, and those great Few
Whom Glory taught to die, as well as to subdue,
Who knew that Death, and the reposing Grave
No Foes were to the Wretched or the Brave.
But O! this noble Courage did not rest
In each ungen'rous unconsidering Breast.

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In each ungen'rous unconfidering Breaft,
They fearfully for sake their General,
Who now in vain the flying Cowards call,
Deaf to his Voice, will no Obedience yield:
But in their hafty Flight from o'er the dreadful Field.

O vainly gallant Youth? what pitying God Shall free thee from this Soul-oppressing Load Of Grief and Shame? abandon'd and betray'd By perjur'd Slaves, whom thou hast fed and pay'd, Press with more Woes than mortal Force could bear, And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe.

To whom no Wonders are impossible,
Will, to preserve thee, work a Miracle.
And for the facred Father's Martyrdom
Will, with a Crown, reward the injur'd Son,
While thou, great Charles, with a prevailing Pray'r,
Dost to the Gods commend the Safety of thy Heir;
And the Celestial Court of Powers Divine
With one Confent do in the Chorus join.

But why, O why must I reveal the Doom,
(O my Companions) of the Years to come;
And why divulge the Mysteries that lie
Inroll'd long since in Heav'ns vast Treasury?

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A facted House of lucky Omen flood, which ried ni mil White Lady call'd; and old Records relate, vidicy O Shall free thee from this Soul- or profiting Leanno saw T To Men of Holy Orders confecrate; But to a King a Refuge now is made, The first that gives a wearied Monarch Bread. O. Present of a wondrous Excellence! That can relieve the Hunger of a Prince Cara any and Fortune shall here a better Face put on and woll And here the King Shall first the King lay down Here he dismisses, all his mourning Friends Whom to their kinder Stars he recommends, With Eyes all drown'd in Tears, their Fate to fee, But unconcern'd at his own Destiny: Here he puts off those Ornaments he wore Through all the Splendour of his Life before : Even his blue Gatter now he will discharge, Nor keep the warlike Figure of St. George. That holy Champion now is vanquish'd quite; Alas, the Dragon has fubdu'd the Knight;

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His Crown, that toillome Weight of Glory now Divefts a while from his more easy Brow; And all those charming Curls that did adorn His Royal Head those jetty Curls are shorn; Himself he cloaths in a coarse Russet Weed ; Nor was the poor Man feign'd, but so indeed; And now the greatest King the World e'er faw Is subject to the Houses ancient Law. (A Convent once, which Poverty did profels) Here he puts off all worldly Pomp and Drefs, And, like a Monk, a fad Adieu he rakes Of all his Friends, and the false World forfakes, But yet ere long, even this humble State, Alas! shall be deny'd him by his Fate; She drives him forth even from this mean Abode, Who wanders now a Hermit in the Wood, Hungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his Food. The dark and lonely Shade conceals the King. Who feeds on Flowers; and drinks the murmuring More happy here than on a reftlefs Throne, [fpring: Cou'd he but call those Shades and Springs his own; No longer Fate will that Repole allow, Who even of Earth it felf deprives him now. A Tree will hardly here a Seat afford Amidst her Boughs to her abandon'd Lord. Then (O my Nymphs) you who your Monarch love, To fave your Darling, haften to that Grove; · (Nor think I vain Propheticks do expres) In filence let each Nymph her Trunk poffels; O'er all the Woods and Plains let not a Tree Be uninhabited by a Deity; While I the largest Forest-Oak inspire, And with you to this leafy Court retire. There keep a faithful Watch each Night and Day, And with erected Heads the Fields furvey, Left any impious Soldier pals that way;

Which to our guarding Shade in Charge was given:

And shou'd profanely touch that Pledge of Heaven,

Here then, my Nymphs, your King you shall receive, And Safety in your darkest Coverts give.

But ha! what ruftick Swain is that I fee Sleeping beneath the Shade of yonder Tree, Upon whole knotty Root he leans his Head. And on the mostly Ground has made his Bed? And why alone? Alas, some Spy, I fear, For only such a. Wretch would wander here; Who even the Winds and Showers of Rain defies, Out-daring all the Anger of the Skies. Observe his Face, see his disorder'd Hair Is ruffl'd by the Tempest-beaten Air. Yet look what Tracks of Grief have ag'd his Face. Where hardly Twenty Years have run their Race, Worn out with numerous Toils, and even in Sleep Sighs feem to heave his Breaft, his Eyes to weep. Nor is that Colour of his Face his own, That footy Veil, for some Disguise put on, To keep the nobler Part from being known; For midft of all-fomething of facred Light Beams forth, and does inform my wondering Sight And now arises to my View more bright. Ha-can my Eyes deceive me, or am I At last no true presaging Deity? Yet if I am, that wretched ruftick Thing. O Heavens, and all your Powers, must be the King. 1 Yes, tisthe King! his Image all Divine Breaks through the Cloud of Darkness; and a Shine Gildsall the footy Vizar! ___ but also Who is't approaches him with fuch a Pace? O- tis no Traytor, the just Gods, I find, Have still a pitying Care of Human-kind. This is the Gallant, Loyal Carles, thrown (By the same Wreck by which the King's undone) Beneath our Shades, he comes in pious Care Ohappy Man! than Cromwel happier far On whom ill Fate this Honour does confer.)

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He tells the King the Woods are overspread With Villains arm'd to fearch that Prize, his Head : Now poorly fet to Sale; - the Foe is nigh, and 151 10 What shall they do? Ah, whither shall they fly bid nog! They from the Danger hafty Counfel took, for award and I And by some God inspired ascend my Oak, which is Mill My Oak, the largest in the faithful Wood; & ground world Whom to retrieve I my glad Branches bow'd. And for the King a Throne prepar'd, and spread My thickest Leaves of Can py o'er his Head, The Misseltoe commanded to ascend, and and all as eld Around his facred Person to attend, according and aver ward (O happy Omen!) firsight it did obey, and Madiei and The facred Misseltoe attends with Joy 10 Hom dinola O Here without Fear their proftrate Heads they bow, The King is fafe beneath my Shelter now; And you, my Nymphs, with awful Silence may Your Adorations to your Sovereign pay, and sinds was a D And cry, All hail, thou most belov d of Heaven, and I To whom its chiefest Attributes are given javen and and of But above all, that God-like Fortitude mes and lamos all That has the Malice of thy Rate habdu'd sell or should H And fore the Showing of their long erectho'd loys ! list IIA Thou greatest now of Kings indeed, while yet a bidge A With all the Mileries of Life belet, wo many and and area Thy mighty Mind cou'd Death nor Danger fear, A Nor yet even then of Safety con'd despair moranow sait () This is the Virtue of a Monarch's Soul; and T doing of dout Who above Fortune's reach can all her Turns controul; Thus, if Fate rob you of your Empire's Sway, want soft You by this Fortitude take hers away ; I land to a the same O brave Reprifal! which the Gods prefer, harden That makes you triumph o'er the Conquerour. The Gods that one day will this Justice do Both make you Victor and Triumpher too um add fiel 1A That Day's at hand, O let that Day come on, in ations I Whereig that wondrous Miracle shall be shown; od was I

Whole Rays giltall the Face of reighbouring Thampt.

And rife upon the World with new created Light; Or let that Star, whose dezling Beams were fourl'deq we Upon his Birthaday, now inform the Worlds Herrisely That brave bold Confellation, whichin light mort you! Of Mid-day's Sun durft life his Lamp of Light of yet be Now, happy Star, again at Mid-day rife, as one also y And with new Prodigies adorn the Skies 3/217/22 0 1001 Great CHARLES again is born, Monk's valiant Hand At last delivers the long-labouring Land, ves the last of This is the Month, Great Prince, must bring you forth, May pays her fragrant Pributes at your Birth; sin among This is the Month that's due to you by Fategio yourd O O Month most Glorious, Month most Fortunted and add When you between your Royal Brothers rode, of the ore Amidft your fhining Train attended like fome God One would believe that all the World were met To pay their Homage at your facred Feet mein toh A wee The wandering Gazers, numberlessas these, HA , you had Or as the Leaves on the vaft Forest-Trees, it's all monw o' He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud Din de and Refounds to Heaven , and then, Longlive the Kings and And fure the Shouts of their long-eccho'd Joys & Hart If A Reach'd to the utmost Bounds of distant Seas, strate god Born by the flying Winds thro yielding Air, and the day! And frike the Poreign Shores with awful Fear O tis a wondrous Pleasure to be mad, and nove by hove Such frantick Turns our Nation of has had, and and all ald I Permittinow, ye Stoicker ne er till now the loved on W The Frenzy you more justly might allow, and I and I Since 'tis a joyful Fit that ends the Fears, and aid! ye to Y And wretched Fary of fo many Years. O brave Marchie Nor will the Night her Sable Wings display (2014 to 124) T' obscure the Lustre of so bright a Day. send and and At least the much transported Multitude a new onem choic Permits not the dark Goddels to intrade : the trade to a T The whole Isle feem'd to burn with joyful Flames. Whose Rays gilt all the Face of neighbouring Thamets

But how shall I express the Vulgars Joys, Their Songs, their Feafts, their Laughter, and their Cries; How Fountains run with the Vine's precious Juice, And such the flowing Rivers shou'd produce, Their Streams the richest Nectar should afford: The Golden Age feems now again reftor'd, Sec-Imiling Peace does her bright Face display, Down through the Air ferene the cuts her way, Expels the Clouds, and rifes on the Day. Long exil'd from our Shores, new Joy the brings; Embracing Albion with her snowy Wings; Nor comes the unattended, but a Throng Of Noble British Matrons brings along. Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modelty, Religion, long fince fled with Loyalty, And in a decent Garb the lovely Piety: Justice, from Fraud and Periry forc'd to fly Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty. Blest Liberty, thou fairest in the Train; And most esteem d in a just Prince's Reign:

With thefe, as lov'd, Great MARY too return d In her own Country who long Exile mourn'd, You, Royal Mother! you, whose only Crime Was loving CHARLES, and Tharing Woes with him. Now Heaven repays, the flow, yet just and true, For him Revenge, yet just Rewards for you.

Hail, mighty Queen, form'd by the Pow'rs Divine The Shame of our weak Sex, and Pride of thine, How well have you in either Fortune shown? In either, still your Mind was all your own; The giddy World roll'd round you long in vain, bring Who fix'd in Virtue's Ceptre ftill remain.

And now, just Prince I thou thy great Mind shall To the true weighty Office of a King: The gaping Wounds of War thy Hand shall cure, Thy Royal Hand, gentle alike, and fure: And by infentible Degrees efface Of fore-gone Ills the very Scars and Trees

X D

OF PEANTS Book VI. Force to the injur'd Law thou shalt restore, And all that Majesty it own'd before. Thou long corrupted Manners shalt reclaim, And Faith and Honour of the English Name; Thus long-neglected Gardens entertain Their banish'd Master, when return'd again. All over-run with Weeds he finds, but foon Luxuriant Branches carefully will prune; The weaken'd Arms of the fick Vine he'll raile, And with kind Bands fuffain the loofen'd Sprays, Much does he plant, and much extirpate too. And with his Art and Skill make all things new. A Work immense, yet fweet, and which in future Days When the fair Trees their blooming Glories raise, The happy Gard ner's Labour over-pays.
Cities and Towns, great Prince, thy Gardens be With Labour cultivated worthy Thee. In decent Order thou doft all dispose; Nor are the Woods, nor Rural Groves dildain'd; He who our Wants, who all our Breaches knows, He alkour drooping Fortunes has fustain'd: As Colonies of Trees thou doft replace I'th empty Realms of our arboreal Race; Nay, doft our Reign extend to future Days; And bleft Posterity, Supinely laid, Shall feaft and revel underneath thy Shade. Cool Summer's Arbors then thy Gift shall be, And their bright Winter-Fires they'll owe to thee. To thee those Beams their Palaces fuffain, And all their floating Castles on the Main. Who knows, great Prince, but thou this happy Day. For Towns and Navies may's Foundations lay After a Thousand Years are roll'd away. Reap thou those mighty Triumphs then which for thee-And mighty Triumphs for fucceeding Ages fow : Thou. Glory's craggy Top shalt first estay. Bivide the Clouds, and mark the thining Way; and 10

To Fame's bright Temple shalt thy Subjects guide, Thy Britains bold almost of Night deny'd. The foaming Waves thy dread Commands shall stay, Thy dread Commands the foaming Waves obeys-The watry World no Neptune owns but thee, And thy three Kingdoms shall thy Trident be. What Madness, O Batavians! you posses d, That the Sea's Seepter you'd from Britain wroft, Which Nature gave, whom the with Floods has crown And fruitful Amphitrite embraces round ; The rest o'th' World's just kis'd by Amphitrite, Albion sh' embraces, all her dear Delight. You scarce th' insulting Ocean can restrain; Nor bear the Affaults of the belieging Main, Your Graffs and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain And yet what fond Ambition spurs you on? You dare attempt to make the Seas your own. O'er the vaft Ocean, which no Limit knows, The narrow Laws of Ponds and Fens impose: But Charles his lively Valour this defies, And this the flurdy British Oak denies. O'er guardless Seas the fierce Batavian Fleet Sings Triumphs, while there were no Foes to meet But fear not, Belgian, he'll not tarry long, He'll foon be here, and interrupt thy Song, Too late thou'lt of thy hafty Joys complain, And to thy Native Shores look back in vain. Great James, as foon as the first Whisper came, Prodigal of his Life, and greedy but of Fame, With eager Hafte returns, as falt as they mand died and After the dreadful Fight will run away. And now the joyful English from afer in lear a red towl Approaching faw the floating Belgian War. Hark, what a Shout they give, like those who come From long Fast-India Voyages rich laden home, When first they make the happy British Land,

The dear white Rocks, and Albion's Chalky Strand

OF PEANTS. Book VI. The Way to all the reft great Repert show do some to I rett and thro their Fleet cuts our his flaming Road water well he Rupert, who now the flubborn Fate inclin d. adiated an I he 1 deaven on his Side engaging, and the Wind; Jeanh val 11, Famous by Land and Sea, whose Valour soon William E. Blunts both the Horns of the Batavian Moon, and who had V bi tre Next comes illustrious James, and where he goes, ut I To Cowards leaves the Crowd of vulgar Foes, 2 201 and I Vha Fo the Royal-Sovereign's Deck he feems to grow. n e hakes his broad Sword, and feeks an equal Foe. hip Nor did bold Opdam's mighty Mind refuse The The dreadful Honour which twas Death to chules a day Wol oth Admirals with hafte for Fight prepare, die state ? Wil The rest might stand and gaze; themselves a War But O whither, whither Opdam, don thou fly ? as effect ? By I Tis t can't, it won't or wou d'ff thou proudly die The By fuch a mighty Hand? No Opdam, no 200 117 112 110 Nor Thy Fate sto perish by a nobler Foe. 2 3WE WELLE TO As I Heav nonly, Opdam, thall the Conquitor be. Th A Labour worth its while to conquer thee. And Heav'n shall be there to guard his best lov'd House So 1 And just Revenge instict on all your broken Vows Th The mighty Ship a hundred Cannons bore, - ton 100 100 Suc A hundred Cannons which like Thunder roar and half six times as many Men in Shivers torn, Th E'er one Broad-fide, or fingle Shot't had born, it of bild Tuf Is with a horrid Crack blown up to th' Sky Th Va In Smoak and Flames o'er all the Ocean nigh, Forn, half-burnt Limbs of Ships and Seamen feat-He TI ter d lie. Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown I won back Among the guilty Wretches is not known, "Ballasarga A. Tho likely ris: Amboyna's Wickedness, And broken Peace and Oaths deferv dino less Or whether faral Gun-powder it were By some unlucky Spark enkindled there;

A

As M.

W

en Chance, by Heaven directed, is the Rod, he fiery Shaft of an avenging God, he flaming Wrack, the hiffing Deep floats o'er, ar, far away, almost to either Shore, which ev'n from pious Foes wou'd pity draw, trembling Pity, mist with dreadful Awe. at Pity yet scarce any room can find. What Noise, what Horror still remains behind? In either side does wild Consuston reign, hip grapples Ship, and sink into the Main. The Orange careless of Iost Opdam's Fate, worthy to perish at the self-same rate, will next, t' attack victorious James prepare, and the Rootish Guns sufficient Thunder have

Three Ships belides are burnt, if Fame lays true,
None of whole baler Names the Goddels knew;
As many more the Dolphin did fubdue.
Their Decks in Show'rs of kindled Sulphur steep.

And fend 'em flaming to th' affrighted Deep.
So burns a City, from d and find by Night,
The Shades are piere'd with fuch a dreadful Light;
Such dusky Globes of Flame around 'em broke

Through the dark Shudow of the Guis and Smoke

Can Fire and Water then such Licence claim;
Justly the Water hides it felf for Shame;
The dreadful Wrack our Bretching far away
Vast Ruins o'er its trembling Bosom lay.
Here Masts and Rudders from their Vessels torn,
There Sails and Flags verose the Waves are born,
A thousand floating Bodies there appear,
As many half-dead Men lie groaning here.
If any where the Sea it self's reveal'd.

With horrid purple Tracks the Azure Waves conceal d; All funk or ta'n, 'twere tedious to relate;

And all the fad Variety of Fate

Of PLANTS. Book VI.

One Day produces with what Art and Skill man ? Ey'n Chance ingenious leems, to fave or kill and will To spare, or to torment whoe'er she will. The vulgar Deaths, below the Muse to heed, Not only Faith, but Number too exceed, Three noble Youchs, by the fame fudden Deaths. A brave Example to the World bequeath; Fam'd for high Birth, but Merits yet more high, All at one fatal Moment's Warning die, and abit Torn by one Shot, almost one Body they, 12 and Three Brothers in one Death confounded lay. Who wou'd not Fortune barfh and barbarous call? Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal; For next to thefe-t tremble fill with fear, My Joy's diffurb'd while fuch a Danger near, Fearlels, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral flood, Stunn'd with the Blow, and sprinkl'd with their Blood. Fiorcer he passes on, while they retir'd? He presses on with Grief and Anger fir d. Nor longer can the Belgian Force engage The English Valour, warm'd with double Rage; Breaks with their Loffes, and a Caule fo ill, Their shatter'd Fleet all the wide Ocean fill, Till trembling Rhine opens his Harbours wide, whole Secing the Wretches from our Thunder fly

And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by
In facred Rage the Dryad this reveal'd, which is the Market But this to grace form future Bard will ferve a file of the Both better Poets this the Gods referved I has the said.

The End of the Sixth Book.

A.N.

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